SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1888. No. 4.

THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO.

By John C. Ropes.

II.

In the Village of Wavre.

IT will easily be seen that information of the direction of the Prussian retreat was of the first importance to Napoleon. Yet neither he nor Soult took the necessary steps to ascertain this direction. With the numerous light cavalry at their disposal, this neglect is simply astonishing. That Napoleon himself was greatly fatigued by his day's work on the 16th, we know. But why Soult, on whom, as chief of staff, the acquisition of information as to the whereabouts of the enemy naturally fell, should have failed on this occasion, it is hard to tell. Soult had been, it must be recollected, for some years, an army commander himself, and had had a chief of staff of his own, and it is quite possible that he may not have been suited at this time to fill this particular post. Very probably a younger man, who had had some years' experience in staff duty, would have done better.

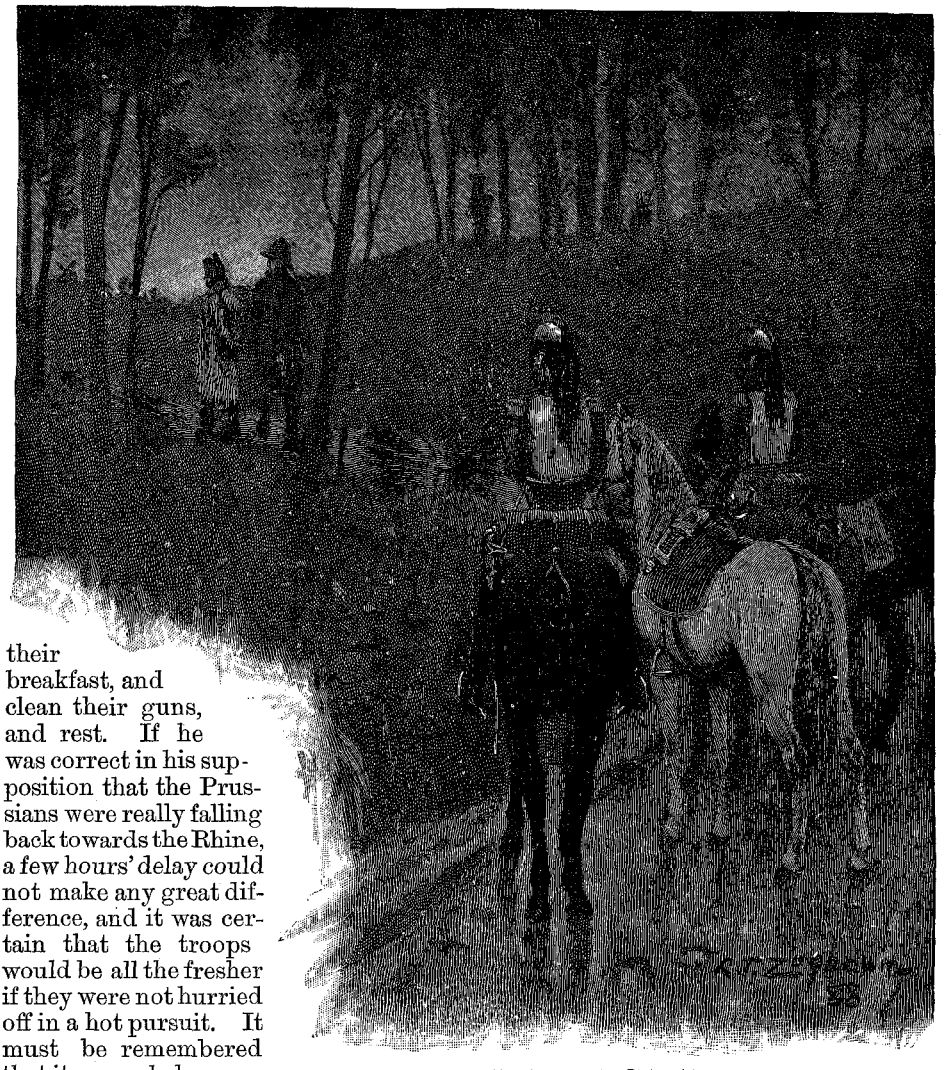
Pajol, however, with his cavalry, went out on the Namur road, and captured some prisoners and cannon. On his return, it was inferred at headquarters, in the absence of all other information, that the Prussian army had fallen back towards its base. Had reconnoissances been sent out to the northward as soon as it was daylight, the long columns of the Prussians must have been seen toiling through the lanes of Gentinnes and Mont St. Guibert in the direction of Wavre. But, strange and unaccountable as it seems, nothing was really known of the Prussians at Napoleon's headquarters on the morning of the 17th of June.

Left without accurate information, therefore, Napoleon was obliged to guess in what direction the Prussians had retired; and he guessed wrong. He supposed they had gone towards their base, towards Namur or Liége. Hence he determined to send his right wing, consisting, as we have seen, of the Third and Fourth Corps, under Grouchy, to follow them up and find out their intentions.

But on these corps had fallen the brunt of the previous day's battle; and he decided to give them the forenoon to get

Copyright, 1888, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Napoleon on the Picket Line.

their breakfast, and clean their guns, and rest. If he was correct in his supposition that the Prussians were really falling back towards the Rhine, a few hours' delay could not make any great difference, and it was certain that the troops would be all the fresher if they were not hurried off in a hot pursuit. It must be remembered that it was only because he thought that the Prussian army was falling back towards the Rhine that he decided to divide his forces and send the two corps after them. Had he known the truth or guessed it, he would beyond a question have kept his army together, and he would besides have done his utmost to bring the English to a battle that day. A rest that forenoon was much needed by the French army, which had been marching and fighting for forty-eight hours, and if, as Napoleon erroneously supposed, the Prussian army was every hour increasing its distance from its ally, there was no sufficient reason why the rest should not be granted.

The Emperor, however, although he believed that Blücher had fallen back to the eastward, and acted on this belief to the extent, as we have seen, of dividing his army, and of allowing his troops a repose, which, however much needed, would never have been allowed them had he known the truth, nevertheless did consider it possible that Blücher might be intending after all to join Wellington. In a written order to Grouchy, which the Emperor dictated to Count Bertrand between 12 and 1 o'clock of the 17th, after directing Grouchy to proceed to Gembloux, a village some ten

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Battle-field of Waterloo—looking from the north towards Napoleon's right wing.

miles to the eastward and explore the roads in the direction of Namur, there is this remarkable passage :

"It is important to find out what the enemy is intending to do ; whether he is separating himself from the English, or whether they are intending still to unite to cover Brussels or * Liége in trying the fate of a new battle."

Fortified with this letter, containing in the sentence cited above the key to the military situation, Marshal Grouchy set out from the battle-field of Ligny about one o'clock, and reached Gembloux that evening about dark, with the Third and Fourth Corps, one division of the Sixth Corps, and a large body of cavalry, some 33,000 men in all.

It is not strange that both Napoleon and Ney should have entirely misunderstood the events of the previous day, and should consequently have had on the morning of the 17th each a grievance against the other. Ney, who supposed that the Emperor had robbed him of one of his corps, in consequence of which his best endeavors to beat the English at Quatre Bras had failed, felt that he had cause to be angry. He sent no report of his doings, and the first news the Emperor received of him was from one of his own staff-officers. In the letter which Soult wrote on receiving this news, we see what Napoleon supposed he had to complain of.

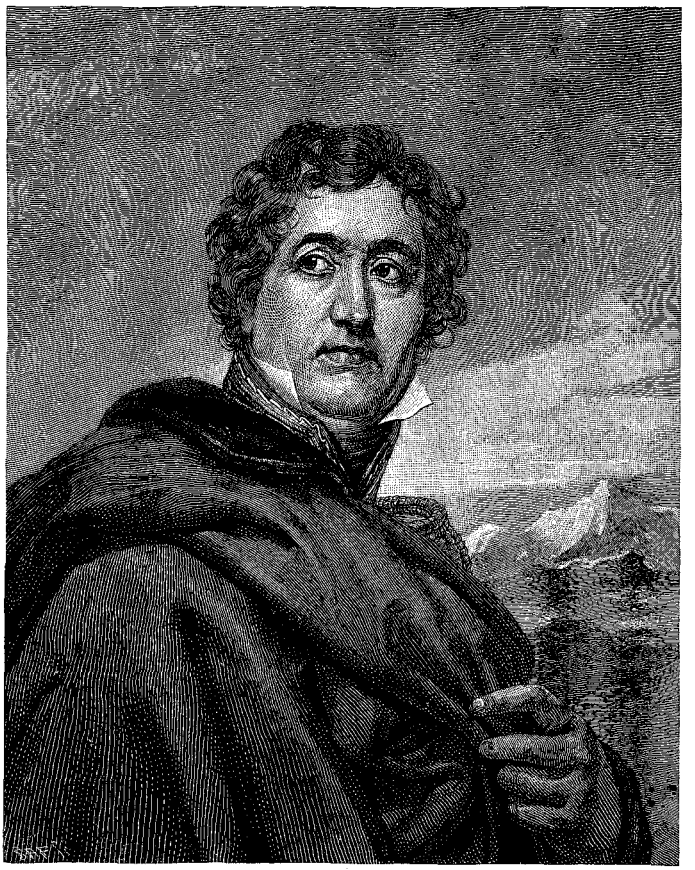
"The Emperor has seen with sorrow that you did not unite your divisions yesterday ; they operated separately ; hence you experienced losses. If the corps of the Counts d'Erlon and Reille had been together, not an Englishman of the force which attacked you would have escaped. If the Count d'Erlon had executed the movement upon St. Amand which the Emperor ordered [that by the Namur road in the rear of the Prussian position], the Prussian army would have been totally destroyed, and we should perhaps have taken 30,000 prisoners. The corps of Generals Gérard and Vandamme and the Imperial Guard have always been united ; one is exposed to reverses if one operates by detachments. The Emperor hopes and desires that your seven divisions of infantry and cavalry will be well united and formed, and that, together, they shall not occupy more than a league of ground, that you may have them well in hand and be able to employ them at need."

Surely no reproof was apparently more deserved, and certainly no reproof was ever more considerately and kindly

* The *et* in the original would seem to have been a mistake of Bertrand's for *ou*, Brussels and Liége lying in such opposite directions.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given. Look at the matter a moment. The two corps composing Marshal Ney's wing of the army had been ordered to unite at Gosselies as early as the afternoon of the 15th ; later in the day the order had been reiterated to the Count d'Erlon ; Ney was fully aware of these orders ; early in the morning of the 16th he had been asked if the First Corps had



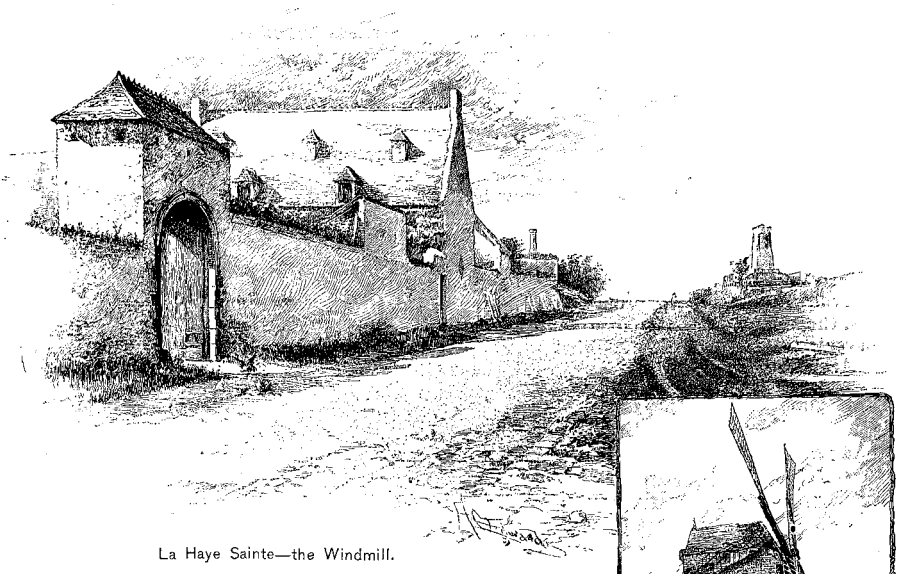
Marshal Soult.

executed the movement prescribed the day before ; at or soon after 10 A.M., he had received the order to take both corps to Quatre Bras and carry the position ; yet, at half past five in the afternoon one of these corps is seen menacing the left of the main army while it is attacking the Prussians at Ligny ! Yet, while these facts are abundantly sufficient to account for Napoleon's censure, the truth is that d'Erlon and the staff-officer who turned the corps off the *chaussée* to St. Amand were probably the only persons to blame,—d'Erlon, for lack of promptness in starting, and the staff-officer for his irregular and presumptuous conduct.

This letter to Ney was written about eight, and should have reached him about half past nine. It ordered him to take position at Quatre Bras, as he had been ordered to do the day before,—the Emperor probably thinking that what might have been impossible for Ney to accomplish the afternoon before with the Second Corps alone, might be feasible enough now that he had both his corps together. But if he should find this impossible, then he was ordered to report the facts in detail at once. To this despatch Ney, apparently out of temper, returned, so far as we know, no answer. Another despatch, dated at noon, directs Ney to attack whatever is in front of him, stating that the Emperor will take position at Marbais, with one corps and the Guard, and that he awaits his reports with impatience. To this also, so far as we know, Ney vouchsafed no answer. Had Napoleon been as active a man as he once was, he would no doubt have galloped over to Quatre Bras himself early in the morning, and seen and heard for himself ; but he seems to have been slow about undertaking any exertion of the kind that could be avoided.

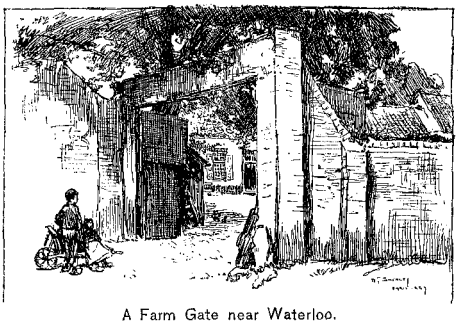
Many writers have blamed Napoleon for not attacking the English at Quatre Bras that morning. It is urged, and with great reason, that, the Prussians

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



La Haye Sainte—the Windmill.

being for the time at any rate out of the way, and the English within reach, two of his corps, the First and Sixth perfectly fresh, and the Guard hardly having suffered at all,—the whole army being in hand—an attack on Wellington's army, if concerted early in the morning, would have had every chance of success, if Wellington had stayed and accepted battle. Very possibly these writers are correct; but would Wellington have stayed and accepted battle? We know from Müffling, who was the Prussian military commissioner at Wellington's headquarters, that the Duke never thought of receiving battle at Quatre Bras; the only question with him that morning was whether he should retreat at once to Waterloo, or give the troops time to breakfast and rest. Müffling advised the latter course, telling the Duke that "it was always Napoleon's custom in Germany," after a battle, "to allow the troops first to cook, and to break up at ten the next morning." And when the French advanced that afternoon, Wellington promptly fell back. We therefore may be permitted to doubt whether Napoleon could have brought the English army to bay on the 17th, unless, of course, the two armies had reached the field of Waterloo in season for a battle in the afternoon. This, perhaps, might have been done by an early start. We have already seen why Napoleon thought he could afford to give his troops a needed rest that forenoon.



A Farm Gate near Waterloo.

Between one and two in the afternoon, however, Napoleon ordered Ney forward, pushing at the same time the Sixth Corps and the Guard over the Namur road to Quatre Bras. The English retired in admirable order. The Emperor, perhaps irritated with Ney for his apparent remissness, and possibly feeling also that he himself had lost some hours of valuable time, rode with the advance

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guard, in spite of the rain which was falling in torrents, and infused an unwonted energy into the pursuit. D'Erlon says "the Emperor did not quit the head of the column of the advance guard, and was even engaged in a charge of cavalry in debouching from Genappe." The author of "Napoléon à Waterloo," who was an artillery officer of the Guard, says:

"One ought to have been a witness of the rapid march of this army in the day of the 17th, a march which resembled a steeple-chase more than the pursuit of an enemy in retreat, to get an idea of the activity which Napoleon knew how to impress upon his troops when placed under his immediate command. Six pieces of the horse artillery of the Guard, supported by the headquarters squadrons, marched in the first line, and vomited forth grape upon the masses of the enemy's cavalry, as often as, profiting by some accident of ground, they endeavored to halt to take position and retard our pursuit. The Emperor, mounted on a small and very active Arab horse, galloped at the head of the column; he was constantly near the pieces, exciting the gunners by his presence and by his words, and more than once in the midst of the shells and bullets which the enemy's artillery showered upon us."

A Part of Hougomont.

Captain Mercer in his journal, before referred to, is also quite sure that he saw Napoleon on this retreat.

"Lord Uxbridge was yet speaking, when a single horseman, immediately followed by several others, mounted the plateau I had left at a gallop, their dark figures, thrown forward in strong relief from the illuminated distance, making them appear much nearer to us than they really were. For an instant they pulled up and regarded us, when, several squadrons coming rapidly on the plateau, Lord Uxbridge cried out 'Fire! Fire!' and, giving them a general discharge, we quickly limbered up to retire, as they dashed forward supported by some horse artillery guns, which opened upon us ere we could complete the manœuvre."

The concurrence of these three eye-witnesses is certainly most interesting. Incidents like this, and the one which happened on the 15th, show the forcible and resolute character of the man, how, when his blood was up, he could take hold as vigorously as ever,—though his powers of physical endurance might be less than in his younger days.

The South Gate of Hougomont.

About half past six o'clock the advance of the French army ascertained that the English were in position in their front. The troops then bivouacked for the night.

About midnight, a despatch quite reassuring in its character arrived from Grouchy. He had been ordered, as we have seen, to find out whether the Prussians were intending to separate from the English or to unite with them and try the fate of another battle. In this despatch he wrote that "if he found that the mass of the Prussian army had retired on Wavre, he should follow them in that direction so that they might not gain Brussels and to separate them from Wellington, but that if he found that they had gone to Perwez [a town on the road to Liége], he should pursue them by that place." This despatch, it is true, when closely examined, did not show a thorough grasp of the situation, for Grouchy ought to have known that nothing that he could

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

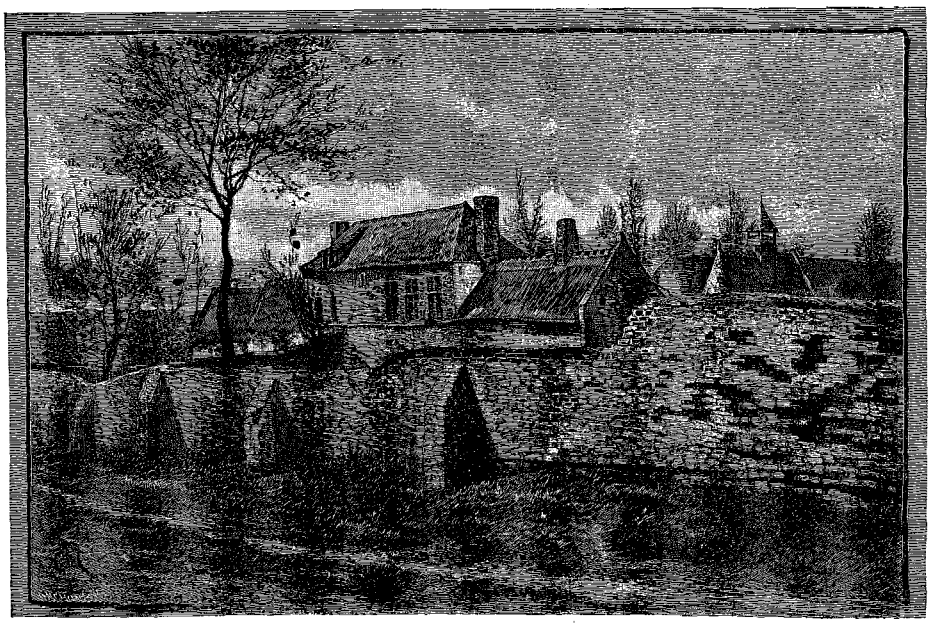
Napoleon Conducting the Pursuit on June 17th.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do could avail to hinder the Prussians from retiring on Brussels, or crossing over to the turnpike and joining the English. Still, any movement of Grouchy's intended to effect the objects mentioned by him must inevitably bring him near the main army under the Emperor, where he would be in a position to render such assistance as might be required. Hence Napoleon felt that he could rely on Grouchy's looking out for the Prussians, and, if need be, coming to his help.

What Napoleon was afraid of was that Wellington would continue his retreat. ders were sent to him to march at once and pursue them with vigor.

"Having formed an entirely different opinion of the enemy's movements from that of this officer," d'Erlon continues, "I sent my chief of staff to the Emperor to tell him that I thought that the enemy was making his dispositions to accept battle. The Emperor came immediately to the advance posts. I accompanied him. Having dismounted to get near the enemy's vedettes, and examine more nearly the movements of the English army, he saw that I was right, and being convinced that it was taking up its position, he said to me: 'Order the troops to make their soup and get their arms in proper condition, and we will see further about this matter towards noon.'"



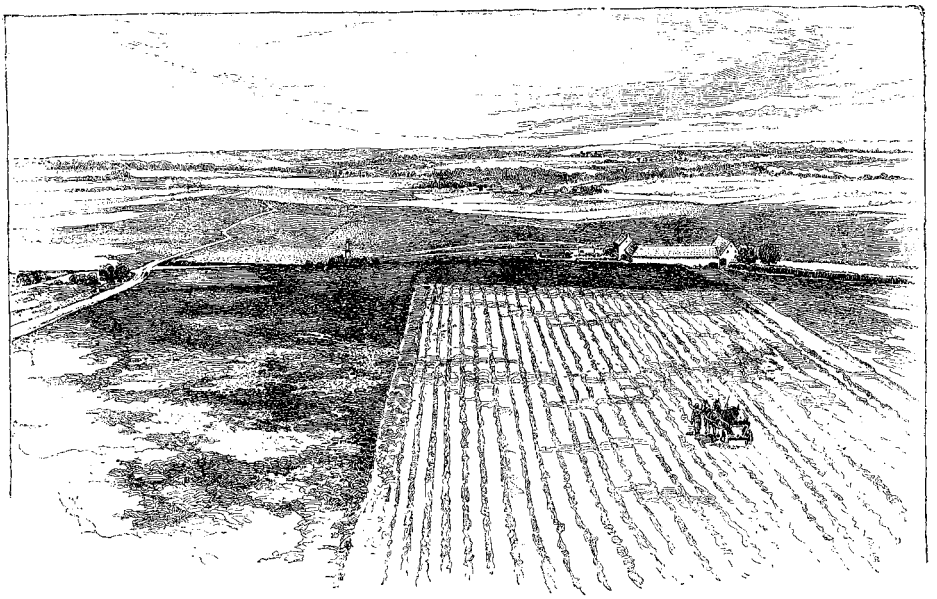
Hougomont.

According to his own account, which is in the main adopted by Charras, he went out himself on foot at one o'clock in the morning in a drenching rain, accompanied only by Bertrand, to the picket line, to see for himself, and returned between two and three, satisfied from the fires which everywhere lit up the northern horizon that the enemy were in position. It would seem, however, that, towards morning, the Emperor was led to believe that the English were retreating. D'Erlon tells us that, an officer, sent by the Emperor early in the morning to the advance posts, having reported that the enemy were continuing their retreat, or-

The point of this story, it will be observed, is not at all to show that the Emperor was particularly active on this occasion, or that he did not spare himself the trouble and risk of a personal reconnoissance on the picket line, but merely that d'Erlon's judgment of the real character of the movement made by the English army was the correct one, and was found to be so by the Emperor himself. Hence, as illustrating in a purely incidental way the still remarkable activity and personal energy of Napoleon, it is a story well worth preserving.

Towards morning the rain ceased, but the ground, much of which was arable

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Battle-field of Waterloo—at right angles with the Charleroi road.

land, was in a very bad condition for the movements of artillery and cavalry. Napoleon always made great use of these arms in all his battles. After some conference with his officers, he decided to defer the attack till after eleven o'clock. Meantime the troops took their assigned positions amidst the music of innumerable bands, and with "all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war." The army was unquestionably in good fighting trim. It had steadily marched forward, always a good thing for troops. A part of the men had seen the Prussians defeated the day but one before. A part had on the same day valiantly attacked, and at one time nearly defeated, a portion of the army now before them, and though not successful in the end, could justly claim that they were beaten by numbers only. The troops had had time enough to rest and get their breakfast. The Emperor was in command. Everything foreboded success.

On the other side of the valley, some half or three-fourths of a mile wide, the Duke of Wellington marshalled his array. Of his British troops, those who had been engaged at Quatre Bras were proud of their day's work, and those who had not been so fortunate as to be there were anxious for a chance to show what stuff they were made of. Many of his allied troops showed also a firm countenance. Still there were some very weak places in the line. With great care then did the Duke distribute his steady and trustworthy troops. His battle was to be a purely defensive one. It was to be fought merely to gain time for the Prussians to arrive to his aid. By strictly adhering to his plan, saving his men as much as possible, and infusing into his army his own fixed and unalterable determination to hold the ground, the Duke of Wellington not only hoped but expected to baffle Napoleon's attacks, and, ultimately, with the assistance of the Prussians, to overwhelm him in a combined assault.

The two armies were nearly equal in numbers, that of Napoleon, which counted about 72,000 men, being the larger by about four thousand. It was also, as has been before pointed out, much the superior in point of quality. The French soldiers were decidedly better fighters than the troops from Belgium, Holland, Nassau, and Brunswick, which formed nearly two-fifths of Wellington's army. Many of these were raw troops, hardly better than militia. The Hanoverians were supposed to rank higher than these, but the Duke really trusted only to his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British troops and to the King's German Legion, of whom there were hardly 30,000 on the field.

Even now, the Duke was so afraid of his right being turned that he left some 18,000 men at Tubize and Hal, some twelve miles off, and never sent for them during the day. Had he been beaten, more would have been said about this.

The battle of Waterloo has been so often described that it would be a useless repetition to tell the story over again in any detail. There is little dispute as to its leading features. Every one is supposed to be familiar with them. We will pass them rapidly in review.

The Emperor began the battle by a fierce attack made by the Second Corps, which occupied the left of the line, on

Part of the Ruins of Hougomont.

the wood and château of Hougomont, and its enclosures. This lasted an hour or more, but after hard fighting and great loss on both sides, the English retained the post.

Soon after one, a much more dangerous assault under the direction of Marshal Ney was made on the allied left and centre. Over seventy pieces of cannon from the reserve artillery were advanced to a ridge running parallel with and some distance in front of the right of the French line, which was occupied by the First Corps under the Count d'Erlon. After a heavy fire from this formidable battery, lasting for about half an hour, the First Corps advanced in several deep columns. They crossed the valley, and broke some of the Belgian troops in the first line of the allied army; but the English infantry, admirably handled by Picton and his lieutenants, were perfectly steady,—the fire from their extended lines was deadly, d'Erlon's columns found themselves brought to a stand and unable to deploy, and their discomfiture was completed by the brilliant charges of the English horse. At the same time, the allied left wing suffered severely; Picton was killed; the English cavalry, having in their excitement gone too far, were badly cut up by the French cavalry when they neared the main French position; and the Dutch-Belgian infantry were a good deal shaken.

Shortly before this attack commenced, the Emperor had seen, far to his right, Prussian troops coming up on the road from Wavre, and, at the close of the attack, soon after 3 o'clock, the Prussians, although not yet arrived, appeared to be in such force, that the Sixth Corps under Lobau, instead of being employed, as had been intended, in a fresh attack against the English left, was detached to make head against this new enemy. Lobau formed his troops across the road leading from Wavre to Planchenoit, facing nearly east.

On the left, Reille's corps had been a good deal exhausted by its unavailing attempt to get possession of Hougomont; and Ney, to whom, now that the advance of the Prussians on the right of the army had assumed such alarming proportions, Napoleon entrusted the general direction of the attack on the Duke of Wellington's army, decided to renew the battle with cavalry. This time he proposed to assault the centre of the English position, the portion lying between La Haye Sainte and Hougomont. With the view of preparing for the cavalry charges, the French artillery redoubled their fire on this part of the line. So long as there was no cavalry in sight, the allied troops lay

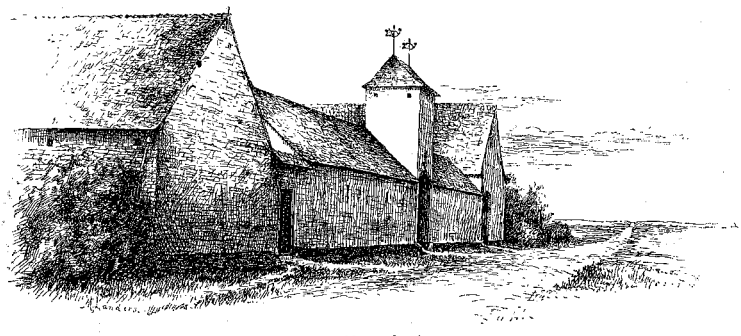
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down and escaped very serious loss. When this fire ceased, the French cavalry, in magnificent array, to the number of several thousand, covering an interval of about a third of a mile to the west of La Haye Sainte, advanced with apparently irresistible force upon the English and allied infantry, now thrown into squares and oblongs. But the infantry on this part of the line had not up to that time been engaged, and were as able to resist cavalry as infantry ever are. So far as known, not a square gave way. The French suffered greatly from the artillery fire before reaching the ridge, and, after that, from the fire of the infantry in the squares. Withdrawn from time to time to the foot of the slope, the cavalry, when reformed, renewed their charges. Captain Mercer in his journal, before cited, gives a most vivid picture of these terrible assaults. As a rule, the English artillerymen, on the near approach of the French, retired into the neighboring squares; but Captain Mercer, who commanded a troop of horse artillery, retained his men at their guns, and by his rapid and well-aimed firing cut up the cavalry in his front so badly that they retired time after time in confusion. His account of the battle is most interesting. Finally, towards six o'clock, the regular charges ceased, but detached bodies of horse remained at the foot of the slope ready to take advantage of any chance that might offer.

While this great cavalry attack was being made on the centre of the Duke of Wellington's army, Marshal Blücher, at the head of the corps of Bülow, consisting of about 30,000 men, was proceeding to move against the two divisions of the Sixth Corps which were all that Lobau had under his command, his third division being with the force under Grouchy. But Lobau made the most of his scanty resources, and for an hour or more the Prussians remained in a menacing attitude without getting to close quarters. About six o'clock, however, heavy reinforcements arriving, Blücher advanced, outflanked Lobau, and compelled him to retire towards the turnpike. The Prussian left-advance was directed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on Planchenoit, a village lying on the right and rear of the French position. Their intention was apparent,—it was to seize the line of communications and retreat of the French army. The blow was aimed at a vital part. The battle which was being fought on the plateau of Mont St. Jean, important as it was, could not divide Napoleon's attention with the defence of Planchenoit. The attack of the Prussians must be met and repelled, or the whole army would have to be withdrawn from the field of battle. By his movement on Planchenoit, where he hoped to establish himself firmly until the Second Corps, under Pirch, should arrive, Blücher was virtually attempting to throttle the French army.



Mont St. Jean.

Napoleon had ordered Ney to recommence the attack on the English position, but he was not now able to give his personal direction to these movements, still less to reinforce the troops with which Ney was proposing to carry the plateau. The fight in and around Planchenoit, which was not a fight for victory but rather for safety, claimed all his attention. English writers, naturally absorbed in the struggle of their own army, have paid no heed to this circumstance; many of them, and, strange to say, some of the most careful, not hesitating to accuse Napoleon of culpable and unaccountable neglect, in not having devoted himself to the battle with Wellington's army during this hour and a half, in which it is certain that his whole attention must have been engrossed by the pressing danger of the Prussian advance towards the turnpike.

In the action near Planchenoit, Blücher outnumbered Lobau more than two to one. Napoleon, who preserved perfectly his courage and coolness in this emergency, threw the eight battalions of the Young Guard into the village. The place was taken and retaken. The Emperor was obliged to send battalion after battalion of the Old Guard, four in all, to reinforce the Young Guard. Finally, after a very hard fight of more than an hour, the Prussians were driven back. In these combats, and in the final struggle for the village, which took place, as we shall see, at the close of the action, they lost 7,000 men.

Left then to himself, Ney, about six o'clock, made a vigorous and successful attack with the infantry of the First Corps upon the farm house of La Haye Sainte. The loss of this post, situated on the west side of the turnpike, a short distance in front of the English line, was a serious blow to the allied army. It was not only because it was the loss of a definite position, because it was a success for the enemy of a tangible kind which it was useless to deny, and which, occurring as it did near the close of the afternoon, had perhaps more than its due weight, but also because it enabled the French to place their guns under shelter of the bank and under cover of the house in a position to rake the English line from east to west. The effect was frightful. Mercer's battery, for instance, as he tells us, was well nigh destroyed by this fire. At the same time, French skirmishers from Donzelot's and Allix's divisions of the First Corps lined the slope, taking deliberate aim at the officers and soldiers in the squares, in which, for fear of further charges of cavalry, their opponents were obliged to stand, an easy mark for both artillery and musketry. From time to time a regiment would deploy to get an extended fire and drive off the French tirailleurs, only to be ridden down by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

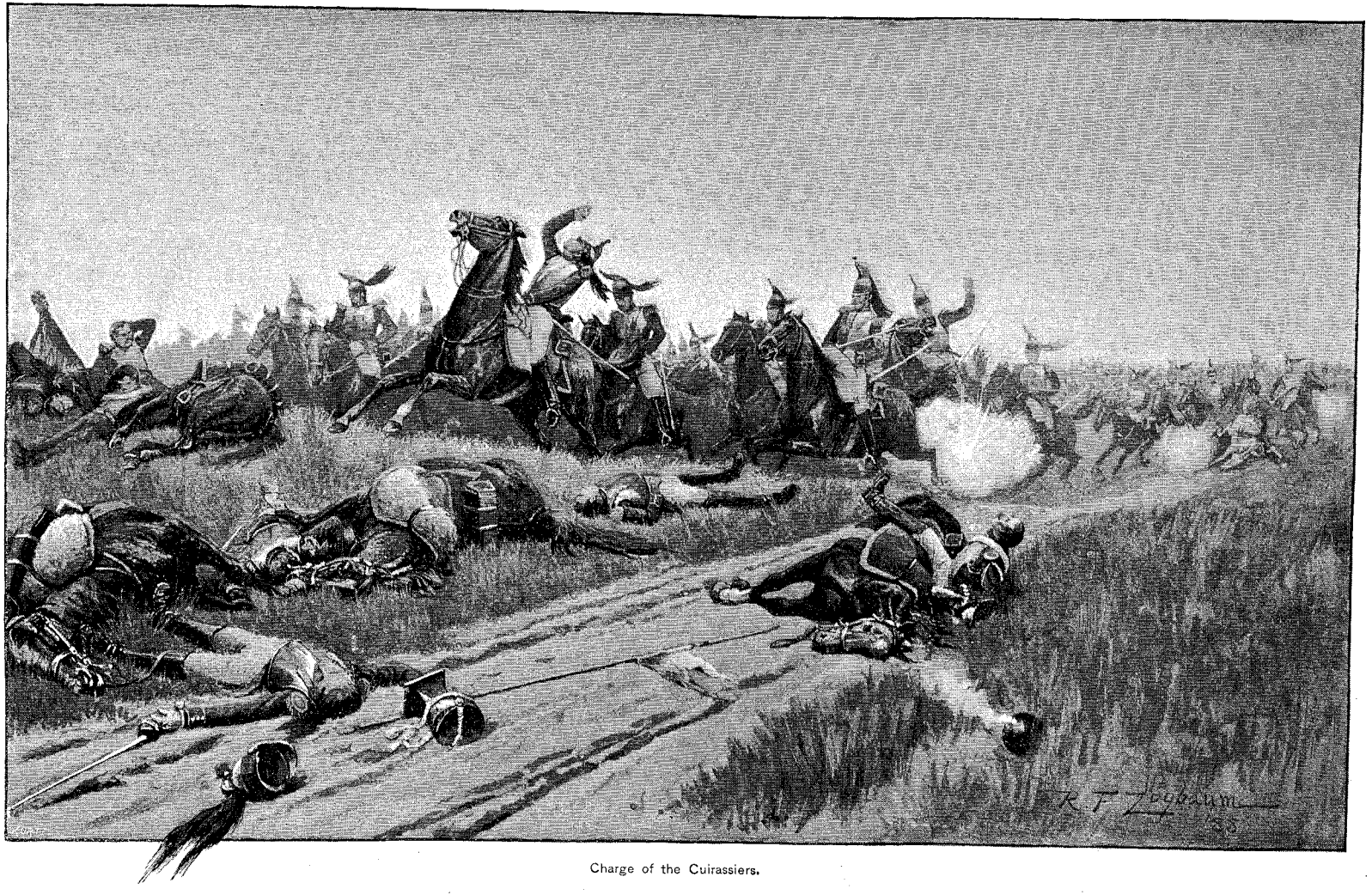
the French cavalry, bodies of which, anxious for reprisals, were lurking near the enclosures of La Haye Sainte or in the valley between the two armies. Under these circumstances the infantry on the centre of the allied line suffered terribly. In some regiments there were hardly men enough left to form square. Most of the guns on this part of the line had been dismounted or otherwise rendered unserviceable. The patience as well as strength of the Dutch-Belgians, of the Brunswickers, of the Nassauers, of the Hanoverians, was fast giving out. The English regiments still held their ground, but in numbers they were fearfully reduced. The principal general officers commanding in this part of the field, the Prince of Orange, Alten, Ompteda, were killed or wounded. It was the critical period for Wellington; and it required all his coolness and courage to oppose to the persistent, and now more or less successful, assaults of d'Erlon's men even a semblance of a connected line of battle. The French were gaining ground perceptibly and rapidly; the Duke's position was extremely perilous; it was well for him that the Emperor's attention at this juncture was necessarily concentrated on the task of repulsing the attacks of the Prussians at the other end of the field of battle.

On the Road to Brussels from Waterloo.

The movements of the Prussians having been, however, as we have seen, for the time being, at least, suspended, the Emperor determined to throw that portion of the Imperial Guard which could be spared from the defence of Planchenoit against the English centre. The eight battalions of the Young Guard and four of the Old Guard were still at or near Planchenoit; two more battalions of the Old Guard remained near the turnpike; all therefore that were available for this attack on the English army were the two remaining battalions of the Old Guard, and the eight battalions of the Middle Guard. Of these, according to the French contemporary accounts, with which several early English authorities agree, four battalions of the Middle Guard,—chasseurs, as they were termed,—were formed in column, and led forward by Ney and Friant; the two battalions of the Old Guard followed closely in support. The other four battalions of the Middle Guard seem to have remained in or near their original position. Nearly all the modern English historians, on the contrary, say there were two columns of the Guard, and two attacks, an interval of some fifteen minutes occurring between them. We have not room here to discuss the evidence; after much consideration, we are inclined to accept the contemporary French accounts. We think it probable that there was but one column, one attack, and one repulse or rout.

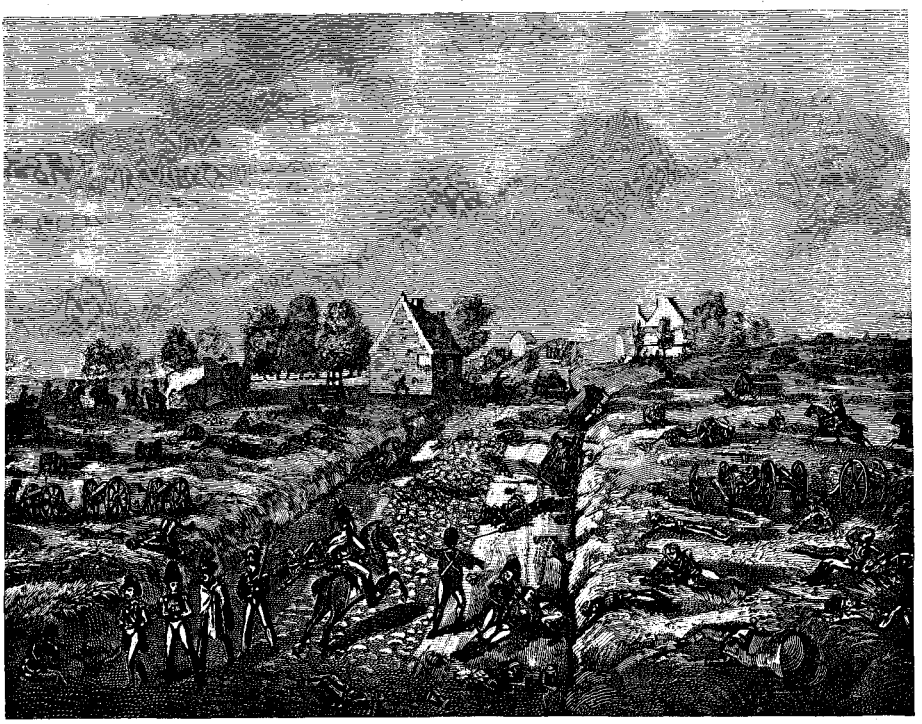
This column, then, composed of four battalions of the Middle and two of the Old Guard, consisted of about 3,300 men. Its approach was known to the skirmishers of d'Erlon's corps, who were well aware they were preparing the way for what was to be the final stroke. Ney had in fact done all that man could do

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Charge of the Cuirassiers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

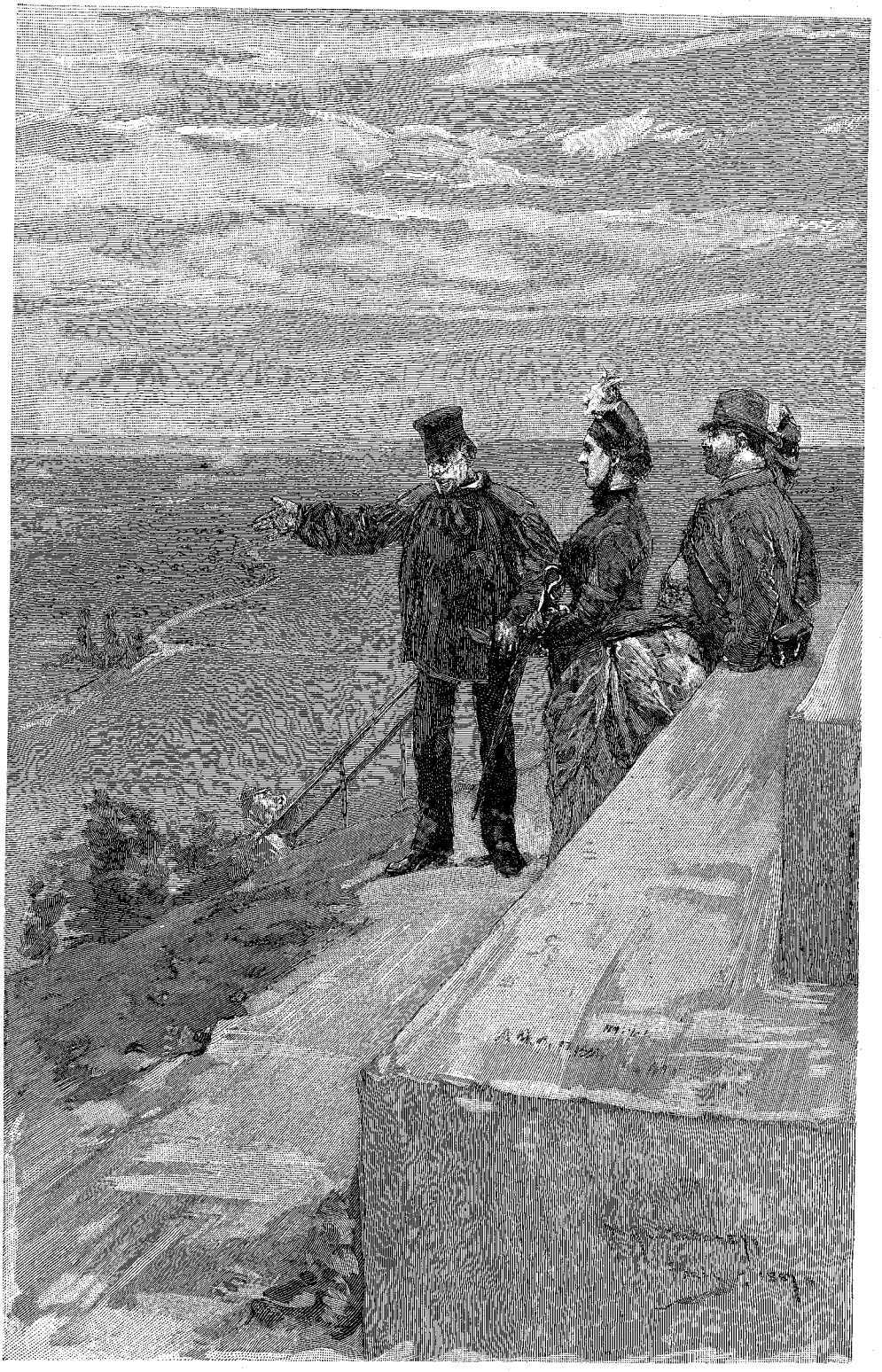


La Belle Alliance. (From "An Illustrated Record of Important Events in the Annals of Europe," etc. London, 1817.)

to make this the decisive blow. He had rallied the two corps of Reille and d'Erlon. The right division of Reille's corps, Bachelu's and Donzelot's and Allix's divisions of d'Erlon's corps, were pressing hard upon the exhausted and depleted regiments of the Anglo-allied army. As the Guard was advancing, Friant was wounded and obliged to leave the field. He reported to the Emperor that all was going well on the plateau.

For some reason or other, Marshal Ney directed the column towards the point where the right of the English line turned to the south towards the château and enclosures of Hougomont. Had it, instead, been directed towards that part of the line which was nearer to La Haye Sainte, where the guns were dismounted, where the English regiments were reduced to skeletons, where the allied infantry were in many instances kept on the ground only with the greatest difficulty, it would not only have struck the weakest place in Wellington's line of battle, but it would have had no enemy to fear except in front. As it was, the column, moving on the right of the enclosures of Hougomont, approached the allied position under a heavy fire in front and on its left flank. Preceded by a numerous body of skirmishers, it nearly reached the top of the hill, where Wellington had stationed himself behind Maitland's brigade of the English Guards, which was lying down. The troops rose and fired on the skirmishers, scattered them, and then charged down the slope upon the mass, creating more or less confusion in it and causing it to fall back in some disorder. On an alarm of cavalry, however, the English Guards retreated to their former position at the top of the hill, and the column of the Imperial Guard resumed its advance. But in a very few moments, Sir John Colborne, an officer of great dash and excellent judgment, commanding the 52d British regiment, a crack Peninsular corps, moved his regiment from its position near the angle of the English line, on Maitland's right, down the slope until it came op-

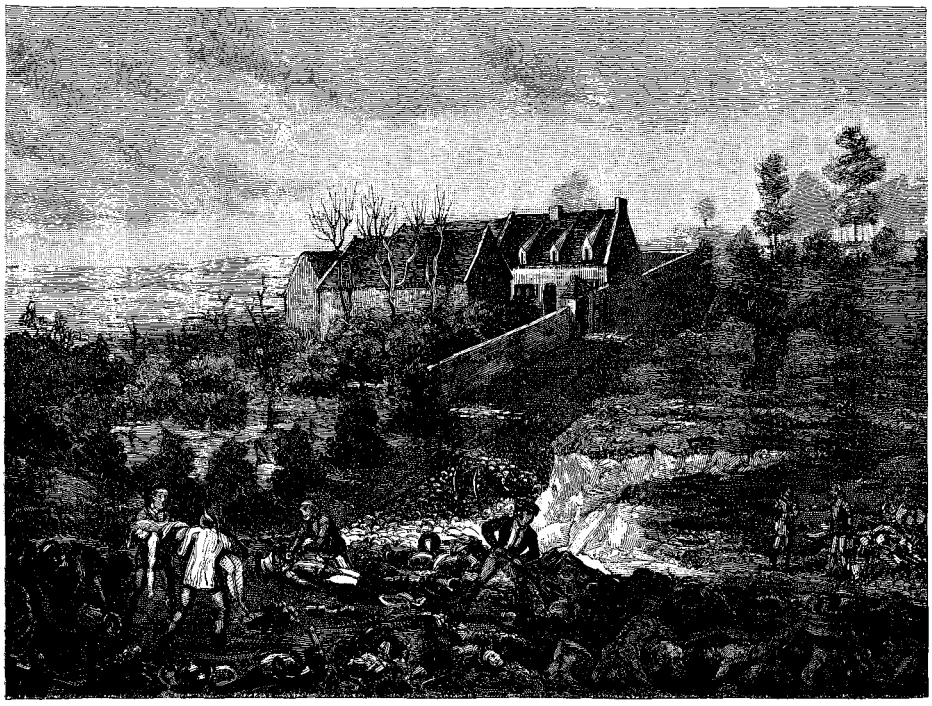
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On the Lion Mound at Waterloo.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

posite the head of the charging column; then, executing a partial left wheel, his regiment, in line, flanked the French column, and poured into it at very short range a deadly fire. The column halted and faced so as in some measure to return the fire, and the action continued some minutes; other regiments partici-



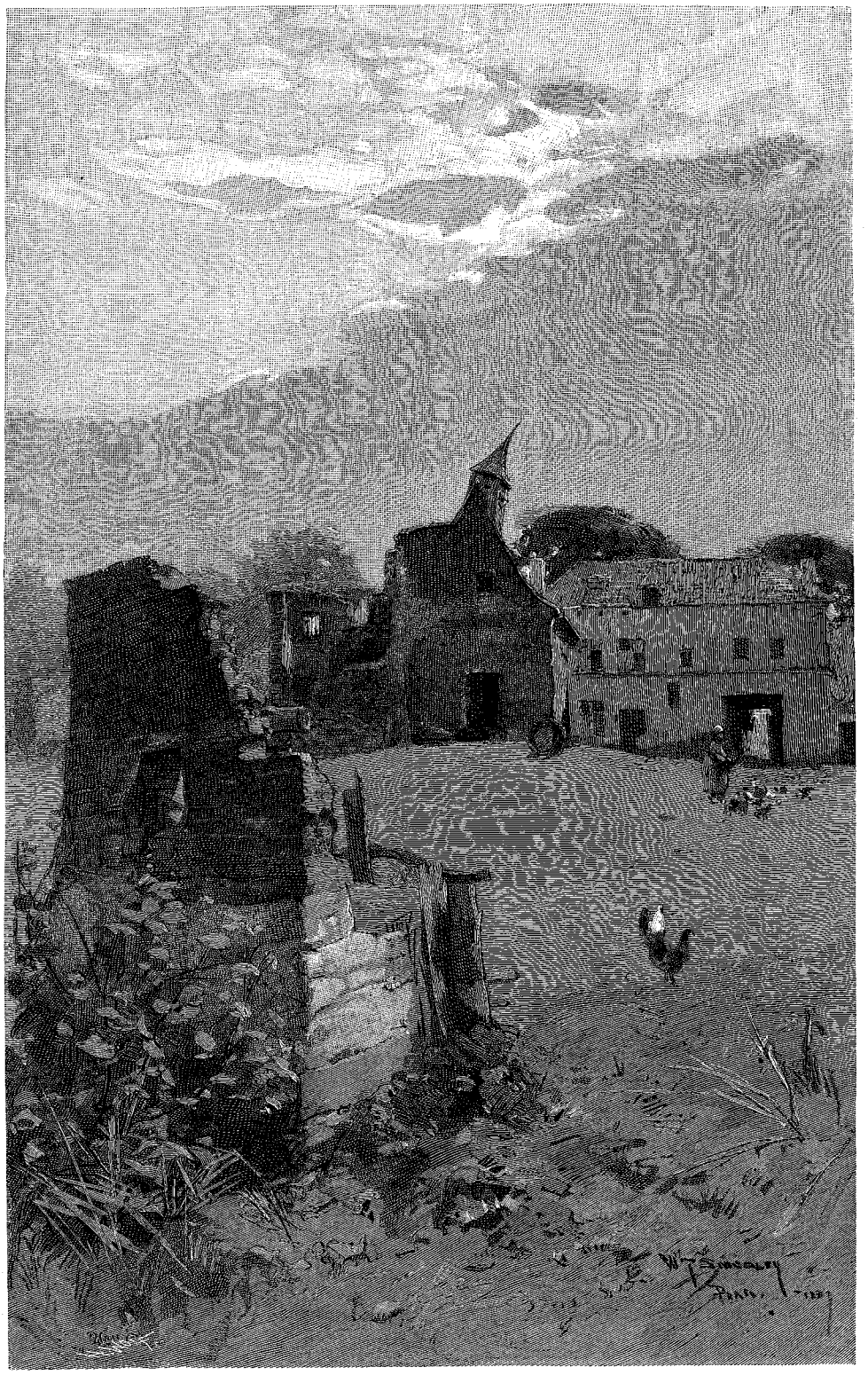
La Haye Sainte. (From "An Illustrated Record," etc.)

pating. Finally the 52d charged the column with the bayonet. The four leading battalions broke and fled,—the two rear battalions, those of the Old Guard, not being opposite the 52d, retired down the slope in good order.

The rout of this column of the Imperial Guard demoralized those French troops who were witnesses of it. Moreover, at this moment the French right had been turned and thrown back in confusion and dismay. Ziethen's corps had arrived on the English left just before the attack of the Guard, and it was now advancing with resistless force upon the right divisions of d'Erlon's Corps, driving them back in disorder, and spreading a panic throughout the French army. Wellington, seeing the moment had come, threw in two fresh brigades of cavalry, those of Vivian and Vandeleur, and then ordered the whole line to advance. The rout of the French was sudden and complete. Only the battalions of the Guard which had not participated in the late attack showed a firm countenance. These were thrown into squares, and, slowly retreating from place to place, repulsed for a while all attacks against them. Napoleon exerted himself to the utmost to rally the army. He galloped from point to point. He threw his headquarters guard of cavalry against the English horse; he personally directed the disposition of the few remaining battalions of the Guard; but it was of no avail. He was forced to seek shelter in one of the squares himself, and finally, when it was evident that nothing could save the army, he was obliged to take refuge in flight.

About the same time, Blücher, whose forces had been nearly doubled by the arrival of the corps of Pirch, after a gallant and obstinate resistance, carried Planchenoit. The whole French army

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



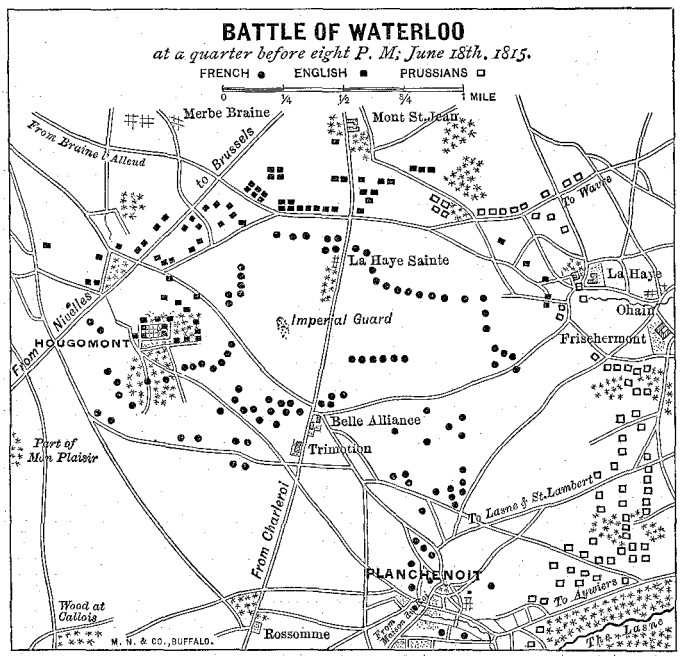
The Ruins of Hougomont.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was now in full retreat, pursued by the Prussians, to whom Wellington gladly left the task of following the defeated enemy.

Such, in brief, was the famous battle of Waterloo. A more complete overthrow never overtook an army. No wonder, then, that the world has recurred again and again to the study of this campaign to see, if possible, how it came about that such a crushing defeat was suffered by the great master of modern warfare. Let us try to account for it, if we can.

It must, we think, be fully admitted that, but for the assistance of the Prussians, the army under the Duke of Wellington would have been beaten. Not only did the advent of the Prussians diminish by about 16,000 men the force available for attacking the English position, but it interfered in every possible way with the employment by Napoleon of the troops which were available for this purpose. It compelled him to fight two battles at the same time. Had there been no Prussians, but had the army with which the Emperor was about to engage Wellington simply been diminished by 16,000 men, the battle would without doubt have been much better fought by him. But, had there been no Prussians, and had the whole 72,000 men of which his army consisted been employed without any interference or distraction against the miscellaneous force which Wellington commanded, it is easy to see what would have been the result.



Napoleon's calculations were, then, perfectly correct as to the relative strength of the two armies, his and Wellington's; his error lay in supposing that he would not be attacked by Blücher. This brings us at once to the consideration, in the first place, of the steps which he adopted for dealing with the army of Blücher after the battle of Ligny, and, secondly, of the manner in which his orders were carried out.

His great mistake, as we have pointed out, was in not ascertaining the direction of the Prussian retreat after the battle of Ligny. His erroneous conjecture as to the direction of their retreat led him to divide his army, to send 33,000 men after them under Marshal Grouchy, and, supposing, as he did, that they had gone towards their base, he saw nothing to be gained by a very prompt pursuit. He did, however, as we have seen, warn Grouchy of the possibility of their effecting a junction with the English and fighting a battle for the defence of Brussels, and Grouchy had said that if he found they had retreated on Wavre, he would endeavor to separate them from Wellington. On receiving this word from Grouchy, Napoleon felt secure. Grouchy, he thought, must, if he manœuvres for this object, approach us, he will probably cross the Dyle during the forenoon, and operate on my extreme right flank.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marshal Grouchy ascertained before 3 A.M. of the 18th that the Prussians had retired on Wavre, and so wrote to the Emperor. Their object in so doing could be nothing else than to unite with the English. His *rôle* then was a plain one,—to unite with the main army under Napoleon, and prevent his being overwhelmed by both the allied armies. Nothing that he could possibly do, even if he should leave Gembloux at daylight, could hinder the Prussians from continuing their retreat from Wavre to Brussels, or from marching from Wavre towards Wellington. The only thing for him to do was to march as soon and as fast as he could towards the main army, and await further orders. Had he left Gembloux at or before sunrise, say at four o'clock, crossing the Dyle at the bridge of Mousty, a distance of ten miles, he would have put himself in communication with Napoleon before 12 or 1 o'clock, making allowance for the muddy country roads. His numerous cavalry would have informed him of the Prussian march from Wavre to Planchenoit, and his corps might have reached the defiles of St. Lambert, by 2 or 3 o'clock. That he would have met any serious resistance in such a movement seems very improbable. The Prussian army was all full of the idea of joining Wellington. Their leading divisions were across the Dyle at Wavre at daybreak, at the moment when Grouchy should have started from Gembloux. That Blücher would have renounced his plan, would have gone back on his word given to Wellington, his promise that he would march to his relief with his whole army, that Blücher, instead of this, would have taken his army, or sent any part of it, towards Gembloux to fight Grouchy, is not to be believed for a moment. What settles the matter is that Thielemann, who commanded the last of the Prussian corps, had orders to follow the others in case no enemy appeared at Wavre, and was preparing to do so when Grouchy's advance guard appeared. There is therefore no good reason to suppose that Grouchy would have been opposed by any force of the Prussians, other perhaps than cavalry, before reaching the bridge of Mousty, and, once across that bridge, he would have communicated directly with Napoleon, and his two corps would have operated on the right of the main army. This would have relieved Napoleon from the necessity of detaching the Sixth Corps and the Young Guard to resist Bülow, and would have enabled him to employ his whole force against the army under Wellington, —and the result of this would, as we have seen, have been in all human probability a decisive victory for Napoleon.

What Grouchy did was to march in pursuit of the Prussians by way of Sart-à-Walhain. It never seems to have occurred to him that there was more than one way of moving on Wavre, that, while it was possible to operate, as he was doing, in such a way as to have the Prussians between himself and Napoleon, it was also possible and far preferable to operate in such a way as to be nearer to Napoleon than they were. At Sart-à-Walhain he heard the sound of the cannon of Waterloo, but nothing could induce him to change his plan; the Prussians were at Wavre, he must attack them there; nothing that Gérard could urge had the slightest effect on his mind. To Wavre then he went, by the outside route, so to speak; he occupied the afternoon in driving the corps of Thielemann in the direction of the turnpike; when the catastrophe took place, Grouchy was ten miles away, and the whole Prussian army was between him and his master.

Whether, if he had taken Gérard's advice, he could have arrived in time to be of any service, is not easy to say; it is eighteen miles from Sart-à-Walhain to Planchenoit; his march lay through bad roads; but he would have encountered no opposition; the whole Prussian army was on the other side of the Dyle and marching as hard as they could on roads just as bad; they would not have turned back and interfered with him. He might have got up in season to have checked the final attack on Planchenoit, and prevented the rout. But to have been of any great use to Napoleon he should have started to rejoin him the instant he was satisfied that Blücher had retreated north so as to join Wellington.

Into the questions that have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

raised concerning the dispatches sent to Grouchy, we have not time to enter now. At any rate, they were received by him too late to affect his action; when he took his course, they had not arrived. No doubt Grouchy tried to do his best; but this was his first experience in an independent command, and he seems to have been by no means a clear-headed man. Had Napoleon had Davout in his place, as he might and ought to have had, it is not likely that the catastrophe of Waterloo would have occurred. And it must also be remembered that Grouchy would never have been sent away from the main army to pursue the Prussians, if Napoleon and Marshal Soult had not, between them, neglected to ascertain the direction of the Prussian retreat after the battle of Ligny. This was Napoleon's only mistake of any great consequence in the campaign; but this was a most serious omission, which nothing but the greatest activity combined with a quick and correct military judgment on the part of the officer in command of the detached force could hinder from being a fatal omission; and these rare qualities were certainly not possessed by Marshal Grouchy. On the other hand, it is not true to say that Napoleon did not in the least take into account the possibility of the Prussian army's joining the English; he did take it into account, and warned Grouchy against it. But it must be confessed that no warnings against a possible danger can take the place of intelligent action founded upon ascertained facts.

Near Wavre.

"THE SNOWING OF THE PINES."

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Softer than silence, stiller than still air,
Float down from high pine boughs the slender leaves.
The forest floor its annual boon receives
That comes like snowfall, tireless, tranquil, fair.
Gently they glide, gently they clothe the bare
Old rocks with grace. Their fall a mantle weaves
Of paler yellow than autumnal sheaves
Or those strange blossoms the witch-hazels wear.
Athwart long aisles the sunbeams pierce their way;
High up, the crows are gathering for the night;
The delicate needles fill the air; the jay
Takes through their golden mist his radiant flight;
They fall and fall, till at November's close
The snow-flakes drop as lightly—snows on snows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CENTRE OF THE REPUBLIC

By James Baldwin.

FIRST PAPER.

I.

IT is just one hundred years since the old Congress of the Confederation was holding its last feeble sessions in the city of New York, and making ready for that change of government which was to come in with the adoption of the Constitution. That legislative body had had a fluctuating existence of a little more than a dozen years. It had begun its work by inaugurating the war with the mother-country and by declaring the independence of the colonies; it had been the chief law-making and executive power of the States during the long and trying struggle which followed; it had been instrumental, in no small degree, in securing the blessings of peace and liberty to the American people. But now its work was thought to have been finished; that it was capable of performing any further great act of legislation seemed to be impossible. With barely a quorum in attendance, hampered by many restrictions, having little more than the shadow of authority, and possessing neither the confidence nor the respect of the country, there was really little that could be expected of it save quietly to abdicate in favor of the new order of things.

Nevertheless, at the very moment that all men's eyes were turned toward Philadelphia and the convention of delegates that was there framing a new Constitution for the young republic, the old Congress quietly crowned the work of its short existence by an act of the highest importance, not only to the future prosperity of the country, but to the continuance of the Union. It is needless to say that this act was the passage of the now memorable Ordinance of 1787, providing for the settlement, government, and development of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio. No measure of legislation since the declaration of the nation's independence has produced results more wonderful or more enduring than this last supreme effort of the dying old Congress. "Never probably in the history of the world," says Chief-Justice Chase, "has any law so accurately fulfilled, and yet so mightily exceeded, the anticipations of the law-making power which framed it."

The Territory Northwest of the River Ohio embraced, as every reader of history knows, that portion of the country now included within the boundaries of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and that part of Minnesota lying east of the Mississippi. This region had lately been ceded to the general government by Virginia and other States which had claimed it, or portions of it, by reason of their charters from the mother-country, or on account of certain treaties made with Indian tribes. With the exception of a few trading posts and military stations, it was an unbroken, almost unexplored, wilderness. The entire number of white inhabitants did not probably exceed two thousand, and of these many, especially in the north and west, were of French extraction.

The motives which prompted the passage of the Ordinance respecting this Territory were not altogether unselfish or patriotic. At the bottom of the movement there was on foot a money-making scheme—a private speculation in land—in which, as one of its promoters acknowledged, many of the principal characters of America were concerned. It was proposed by a company of capitalists, mostly New Englanders, to purchase some three and a half millions of acres in the Valley of the Ohio, paying therefor in public securities, at the nominal rate of about seventy-five cents per acre. They believed that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

should a good form of government be secured to this Territory the time would soon come when the land could be sold to settlers or others at a handsome advance, and thus large profits be realized. There were many persons, doubtless, who ridiculed this scheme, and who regarded its promoters as visionaries dreaming of an impossible great empire in the wilds beyond the Alleghanies; but these capitalists had faith in the undeveloped resources of the Ohio Valley, and were willing to risk the investment of their funds if the Congress would only guarantee a form of government which would encourage immigration to the Territory. On the other hand, Congress was anxious to sell the land, and by doing so diminish the national debt; and thus, while the public attention was directed elsewhere it was easy for an arrangement to be effected highly satisfactory to both parties and absolutely wonderful in its unforeseen results. "Every man that had a share in the passage of this act," says Bancroft, "seemed to be led by an invisible hand to do just what was wanted of him; all that was wrongfully undertaken fell to the ground to wither by the wayside; whatever was needed for the happy completion of the mighty work arrived opportunely, and just at the right moment moved into its place."

The sagacity, indeed, with which the makers of this Ordinance provided for the future interests of the "Northwest," and thereby for the welfare and perpetuity of the Union, seems to us little short of miraculous; nowhere has it any parallel save in the matchless wisdom displayed by the framers of the national Constitution. The Ordinance and the Constitution, although originating independently and from motives entirely different, were equally necessary to the establishment and preservation of the union of the States: each was the complement of the other—in the absence of either, the other would have failed to accomplish its full measure of good.

The convention which was sitting at the same time in Philadelphia and debating the adoption of a new Constitution was a body greatly superior both in numbers and influence to the Congress at New York. Among its members were the leading statesmen of the time—Hamilton, Madison, Randolph, Franklin, Washington, and many others. Yet it is worthy of note that their vision into the future was far more limited than that of the eighteen men, unknown to fame, who voted upon the passage of the Ordinance. They had little knowledge of the hidden resources of the West; they had less faith in the possible future of that section. The country for which they were framing a fundamental code of laws was, so far as their knowledge extended, only that comparatively narrow extent of territory embraced between the mountains and the sea, and bounded on the north by the St. Croix River and on the south by Florida.

There were, of course, in that convention a few men, more far-seeing and more enthusiastic than the rest, who fancied that at some dim, distant period great commonwealths might be founded beyond the mountains, and new stars be added to the galaxy of the States. But by most of the delegates there assembled any marked extension of civilization westward was deemed a possibility too remote to be seriously considered. Colonies would probably be established in the Ohio Valley, but for many generations to come these would be but little more than mere "barrier settlements"—a species of outposts between the States of the Union and the domains of barbarism. The Constitution of the United States was, therefore, intended primarily to meet the wants of that part of the country east of the Alleghanies, and not to provide for the possible needs of a western empire. Had the men of the convention possessed that faith in the future of the West which animated some of the members of the old Federal Congress, it is impossible to say to what extent of folly they might have carried their schemes of legislation. But a wise Providence, while hiding from their eyes the magnitude of their work, directed their counsels and enabled them, in establishing a form of government for the East, to provide with equal sagacity and satisfaction for the future, undreamed-of demands of the West.

Three years passed. The old transitional government of the Confederation of States had been dissolved. The new

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

government of and for the people of a great nation, as established and provided for by the Constitution, had been inaugurated. The first Congress of the United States had assumed the functions delegated to it, and with new blood in its veins and new power in its hands, it was laying firm and broad the foundations of the national republic. Among the first duties of this Congress was that of selecting a site for the permanent location of the nation's capital. The seat of government, it was argued, ought not to be far from the centre of the inhabited portion of the country. Where was that centre? The first census had shown that the population of the States was nearly evenly distributed in all directions about a point some twenty-three miles east of Baltimore. That point, then, was practically the centre of the republic. As the population should continue to increase, what would be the result? Would the location of the centre be changed? If so, in what direction would it move?

Not for several ages, argued some of the members, would the centre of population depart from its present position near the city of Baltimore, and never would it move westward. The cities and towns of the Atlantic coast were increasing rapidly in wealth and importance; if the focal point of the country should change its location at all, its course would be eastward, toward the sea. Not one of the men in that First Congress seemed to have any faith in the growth and future importance of the West. "Not for at least a hundred years," said Fisher Ames, "will that part of the country's population beyond the Alleghanies be sufficient to merit serious attention."

To these legislators, the trackless woods and boundless prairies lying between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes were scarcely of enough importance to be looked upon as actually a part of the new republic. That region was indeed within the boundaries of the national domain, and as such should be provided for and protected; yet it was to be regarded rather as a kind of back-pasture to the original homestead—a kind of dependency whose interests should be considered only so far as they affected the welfare of the States. That it would ever prove to be much more than a sort of troublesome appanage to the nation seems scarcely to have been reckoned among the possibilities.

II.

But the centre of population was at that very moment changing its location; and, contrary to the opinions of the wisest statesmen, it was moving westward. To us, living a century later and looking backward instead of forward, it is a matter of surprise that our first national legislators should have been so blind to the promises and possibilities of the future. That their predecessors of the Continental Congress had, by the Ordinance of 1787, opened wide the way and invited immigration into the Western Territory, appears to have been a fact unnoticed by them, or at any rate to have been regarded as a matter of no importance whatever. They seem not to have been aware that the passes of the Alleghanies were already teeming with pioneers eagerly making their way westward toward the back-pasture of the republic; that the great forests of the Ohio Valley were being rapidly felled, and that innumerable broad farms were being opened in the rich bottom-lands along the water-courses; that villages and towns were being founded which erelong would become the centres of trade and a busy Western commerce; and that, beyond the mountains, men were beginning to talk of the organization of new States in the territory so lately an unexplored wilderness. Does it appear strange that men, with these evidences in existence of the westward march of empire, should fail to perceive them, and should honestly believe and assert that the centre of population and influence in this country would never pass beyond the ridge of the Alleghanies? How much more strange is it that at this very day there are numbers of otherwise well-informed people living in the States of the Atlantic slope, who hug the same delusion and look upon the "West" as still a sort of uncultivated tract of forest and prairie, inhabited by illiterate and uncultured country-folks!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Within ten years from the passage of the Ordinance regarding the Northwest Territory the population of that region had increased to nearly fifty thousand persons. Within thirty years it was almost a million. Long before the taking of the fifth census, Ohio ranked as the fourth State in the Union. In 1880 the population of the five States originally embraced in the Northwest Territory was more than eleven millions—nearly one-fourth that of the entire country. To-day it cannot fall short of fourteen millions.

For one hundred years the point which represents the centre of the republic has been steadily moving due westward along the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude. Its average rate of progress has been about five miles per year. In 1800 its location was eighteen miles west of Baltimore; in 1810 it had crossed the Potomac; in 1820 it was well on the western side of the Shenandoah Valley; in 1830 it had reached the highest ridge of the Appalachians; in 1850 it had passed the mountain-barriers and was following the course of the Little Kanawha through West Virginia; within the next ten years it had, by a rapid march of more than eighty miles, reached a point over half-way across the State of Ohio; in 1870 it was within fifty miles of Cincinnati; in 1880 it had entered the valley of the Miami; in 1890 it will probably be found well within the boundaries of Indiana.

That sooner or later this central point which represents the westward "course of empire" in the United States will cease to advance, or otherwise will reach a turning place, is absolutely certain. Should its progress continue for another century as during the past hundred years, it would at the end of that time be more than half-way across the State of Missouri. But this is not likely to be the case. Each succeeding census for several coming decades will doubtless show a slacking up in the rate of advancement westward, and finally the direct forward movement must cease. Bearing in mind the narrow vision and the mistaken forecasts of our early legislators, it seems hazardous to conjecture with regard to future probabilities. Yet there is good reason to believe that not for many years will the nucleus of the country's population pass beyond or even reach the Mississippi River.

Indeed, it requires but little boldness of assertion to predict that within the limits of the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio—that territory so grandly provided for in the Ordinance of 1787—the westward march of the centre of population will find, for a long time, its limit. That region is no longer a barrier-land on the outskirts of civilization; it is the centre of a civilization the most progressive on the globe. It is no longer a sort of back-pasture to the original national domain; it is one of the richest and most prosperous portions of the republic. It is no longer the Northwest, nor even the West;* the States which are embraced within its limits are now the Central States of the Union.

To be merely the focal point around which sixty millions of people are distributed, is in itself a matter of but little consequence. The central location of the States north of the Ohio affords them many natural advantages; yet the benefits arising from these advantages would deserve no mention, did not the wealth, intelligence, and moral influence of that section of the Union harmonize with its position. Nowhere within this country has progress in material affairs been more rapid or more substantial; nowhere have social culture and intellectual enlightenment shown a more wonderful development than has been exhibited in these States within the memory of the present generation. It is the purpose of the remaining portions of this paper to call attention to some of the causes and phenomena leading to, and attendant upon, this development.

III.

THE American citizen who had crossed the Alleghanies and had hewn out for himself a farm in the woods of the great Northwest could not fail to realize in a striking sense the immensity of his country. Its possibilities were not confined between the mountains and the sea, but

* For the sake of convenience, however, I shall continue in this paper to use the term West, as the most common designation of that section of our country.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were as broad as the continent and as numerous as the water-courses which feed the flood of the Mississippi. Its boundaries—if, indeed, there were boundaries—were not included within any visible horizon. Here there was room to grow, to expand, to feel and to know true freedom, to originate projects, and to carry them to successful issues. Influenced by impressions such as these, the Western pioneer developed a kind of self-reliant patriotism of the true old Roman type. New aspirations began to fill his breast, new ideas and opinions found lodgement in his brain. In the untrammelled freedom of the forest, and beneath the limitless skies of the Western plains, old traditions were forgotten; the conservatism bred of years of dependence upon the mother-country became a thing of the past; a new meaning was added to the idea of independence — the true American spirit of self-government had then and there its birth. Every man was a free man—free not only in a political sense, but in every sense. The beaten roads and ruts of servile imitation were abandoned; originality in thought and action became common, as a matter of both necessity and choice; instead of a meek dependence upon the leadership of others, every man acquired a kind of hardy self-reliance and a faith in his own opinions and abilities which made him under all circumstances his own master; the ordinary class distinctions were ignored, and the equality of men, not only before the law, but in the relationships of life, was generally not more a precept than a practical reality.

For the acquisition of these qualities of character and these opinions the pioneer citizen of the Northwest was indebted to a variety of circumstances and influences. He was indebted not more to the vastness of his surroundings than to the peculiar difficulties and dangers which they presented. He was indebted not more to the great natural resources and advantages which were waiting to be developed and utilized, than to the necessities of his position, which obliged him to make the best of whatever came to his hand. He was indebted not more to any of these things and circumstances than to the wise provisions embodied in the Ordinance which the Congress of 1787 had enacted for the government of the Territory of which he was a citizen.

By the first Article of compact in that Ordinance he was granted the right of freedom in matters of religious opinion: "No person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments."

By the second Article he was assured that no law should ever be enacted which would interfere with or affect private contracts. He was also guaranteed the right of trial by jury, the writ of *habeas corpus*, and the privileges of the common law—rights for which Englishmen had contended for centuries, and in the possession of which they were scarcely yet secure. These rights, it is true, were also affirmed in the Constitution of the United States, but not until after their recognition in the Ordinance of '87.

By the third Article, and the necessary enactments which followed, the education of the pioneer's children was assured, and the diffusion of general intelligence was made obligatory: "Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged."

By the fourth Article the Territory, and the States which might "be formed therein," were declared to be forever a part of the United States and subject to the laws thereof—thus assuring to the pioneer the right of national citizenship and protection, while at the same time discouraging all attempts toward independent sovereignty and an undue assumption of State rights.

By the fifth Article it was provided that the States—not fewer than three nor more than five—which might be formed within the Territory should be admitted into the Union "on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever,"—thus encouraging on the part of the pioneer an interest in local and sectional as well as in national politics. In accordance with the provisions of this Article, Ohio became a State in 1802, Indiana in 1816, Illinois in 1818, Michigan in 1837, and Wisconsin in 1848.

By the sixth and last Article freedom

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was assured to every inhabitant, irrespective of race or social condition: "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted."

Through such conditions and causes —and moulded by their environments, natural and political—the men of the West became thinkers and doers of a type distinctively Western. The States of the Ohio Valley became the nursery of new and progressive ideas; the rallying point of radical movements in politics; the birthplace of innumerable absurd theories, wild projects, and impracticable "isms;" but, withal, the great centre of influence whence has issued a mighty leaven shaping public thought, directing public action, and lending robust strength to the national character.

IV.

In the settlement of the States north of the Ohio River there occurred a peculiar blending of diverse elements. From the New England States, from New York and Pennsylvania, there came a class of hardy, industrious, enterprising immigrants who sought new homes in the West because of the grand possibilities which they believed to exist in that section. From the Carolinas and from the mountain region of Virginia there came a very different class—a class of poor men who, unable to obtain recognition or acquire a foothold in communities where all labor was performed by slaves, were attracted thither by the abundance of game in the forests, the cheapness of the land, and the comparative ease with which a humble livelihood might be obtained. These latter were generally content to settle among the hills in the less fertile southern portions of Ohio and Indiana. Some of them penetrated as far as to the rich plains of Illinois; but, strange to say, instead of making their homes on the prairies, where the land was ready for and inviting cultivation, they preferred the woodland and farms which could be made productive only after the slow and laborious process of clearing the ground of underbrush and trees.

With the exception of a few of the better class of Virginians, and perhaps also of the Quakers from North Carolina, the pioneer squatters from the Southern States were not an enterprising nor, indeed, a well-to-do class of citizens. The impress made upon them and their ancestors by two centuries' contact with slavery was not readily removed or forgotten. With many of them there long remained a lingering respect for the institution which had made life in the South undesirable to them; with others there was engendered a growing antagonism, which in the course of time developed into rank abolitionism. With scarcely an exception, these early settlers were hospitable, large-hearted—generous even to a fault: yet their aspirations were exceedingly limited, and the provision which they made for future necessities was as insignificant as their knowledge of the morrow was indefinite. They were happy in that they were contented with but little; hence, they were opposed to innovations, and were ignorant of the true meaning of progress. They had a kind of admiration for superiority of intellect, and at the same time they regarded mere book-learning with a peculiar indifference amounting almost to contempt. Scrupulously honest, simple-minded, chivalric—they were withal uncouth in manners, indolent, careless of personal appearance, inclined to boastfulness. Their language was a jargon the like of which has ceased to exist, but which certain critics on the Atlantic coast still imagine to be the distinguishing trait of the "typical Hoosier." One may perhaps find to-day in the mountains of West Virginia and Tennessee a state of society similar to that which existed forty years ago among the Southern pioneers in Indiana and Ohio; but the Hoosier, as he is commonly represented in the popular romance, or as he is pictured in the lively imagination of his Yankee kinsman who has never seen the western slope of the Alleghanies—the Hoosier of pioneer days has long ago disappeared from the West. If the typical countryman of the Wabash Valley to-day differs materially

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the typical countryman of Pennsylvania or Connecticut, the odds are rather in his favor.

Very many causes have contributed to the enlightenment and social elevation of the descendants of these early pioneers from the South; but none have had greater influence than their contact with that other element of Western society—the enterprising stock of New England extraction. Indeed, the partial fusion of these two elements, like that of the Norman and Saxon in old England, has resulted in the production of a type of manhood different from that found in either and yet possessing the nobler qualities of both. It is a fact worthy of remembrance, however, that the lines of demarcation which once so sharply separated the Southern from the Eastern tide of immigration have not yet been wholly obliterated. A careful study of country and village life as one passes leisurely from the Lakes to the Ohio River, cannot fail to reveal a gradual change in the social customs, the industrial spirit, and the political preferences of the people. Yet the leaven of enterprise introduced by the Eastern element of immigration has permeated the whole mass, and the time is not far distant when these differences will have vanished.

That the pioneer from the East should thus exercise a predominating influence upon the character of the people of the West, is a fact worthy of more than passing notice. What sort of man was this New England settler in the valley of the Maumee or of the Wabash that the weight of his example and the powers of his genius should accomplish results so important? The story of his life has not yet been written, save in caricature by the novelist or the so-called "dialect poet." The history of his struggles and sacrifices is paralleled only perhaps by the story of his Puritan ancestors in the early settlement of the North Atlantic States. To find materials for such a history it is unnecessary to go back more than half a century from the date of this magazine, when the tide of immigration into that section was at its height. There are men still living on the farms which they won with axe and grubbing-hoe from an almost impenetrable forest, who will tell you of their struggles with the silent yet powerful forces of Nature in the wilderness. Poor in this world's goods and dependent upon their own brawn and muscle for the very necessities of existence, they had no time to cultivate things purely æsthetical or to enjoy the amenities of life. And yet, although labor with its prosaic routine claimed their entire attention, we have no reason to suppose that they lacked appreciation of the beautiful and the true, or disregarded the improvement of the intellectual faculties. They were not men of broad culture or of deep learning; yet as a rule they were not illiterate, and they had the keenest appreciation of the value of knowledge. Their poverty was not to them a source of discouragement; it was their birthright which they had brought with them from beyond the mountains, and it was an ever-present spur and incentive to perseverance. They had come into the wilderness knowing that they would encounter discomforts and many sore trials; and these they met, endured, and surmounted, plucking up new courage with the appearance of each additional difficulty, and content in the hope that their children, at least, should reap rich benefits from their labor. There was in their minds little thought of failure; for it was not in the nature of things that men with strong arms and a worthy purpose should be defeated.

The story of one of these pioneers is a fair illustration of the experience of very many. I tell it briefly and without exaggeration, in almost the exact words in which he himself related it to me. A little more than half a century ago—late in the spring of 1832—he began his clearing in the dense, almost impenetrable woods of Central Indiana. In a single small wagon he had transported his family and his household goods by a long and toilsome journey from the older settlements farther east. The roads for hundreds of miles were scarcely more than paths; over a part of the course he had been obliged to cut his own way among the trees and thick underbrush. He had invested all his money in the purchase of government land, and when he arrived at his possessions he had not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a dollar in his pocket nor, indeed, any immediate means of obtaining one. With the help of his fellow pioneer and nearest neighbor he felled trees, cut them into proper lengths, and of the round logs constructed the walls of a cabin; he hewed rough puncheons for the floor; he rived long boards for the roof; he made a great fireplace of clay and sticks: within six days from the beginning, he had erected and made habitable the building which for several years to come was to be his home. Not a nail nor a brick was used in the construction of that house; nails and bricks were luxuries which the onward march of civilization would by and by bring into that region—but the time had not yet come for luxuries of any sort. For weeks, during that first spring in the wilderness, the doorway of the cabin was closed simply by hanging a bed-quilt loosely from the top, like a kind of rude curtain. The wolves howled around the cabin at night; the pioneer was not disturbed by such sounds—the hunger-wolf was more to be dreaded than the gray beast which skulked in the thickets. Until his first small crop of corn ripened he was by no means sure of food for the winter. He carried his grain ten miles to mill, and waited for it to be ground, in order that he might not disappoint his expectant family, eagerly waiting for the much-needed grist of corn-meal. The first twelve months were months of sore trial; but the end of the year found him firmly established in his new home and out of the reach of want. Even in the very darkest moments, he saw in imagination the wilderness giving place to fields of yellow grain and orchards of over-laden trees; and these thoughts gave him fresh courage and strength for further conquests.

Little by little the great trees and the thick underwoods were cut down and cleared away; every year there were new "deadenings" in the forest and broader patches of corn and wheat and flax in the openings; herds and flocks increased and flourished in the woodland pastures without expense and without especial care; and, sooner than he had dared hope, the pioneer began to see the realization of his dreams. Yet the ordinary comforts of civilized life were long delayed in their coming. For several years all the clothing of the family was homespun—tow-cloth and linen, from flax raised upon the farm; jeans and linsey-woolsey, of flaxen threads interwoven with wool from the farmer's own sheep. Nobody was idle. Wife and daughters were busy from daylight till dark, caring for the cows and the poultry and the garden, carding the wool, turning the spinning-wheel, mending garments, knitting, sewing, churning; and, if need required, they were neither afraid nor ashamed to do a day's work in the fields—it was all a part of the family economy. Even the small boy was a manful helper of his father, knowing quite early the meaning of labor. The farmer himself was a jack-of-all-trades, and good at more than one. He manufactured his own chairs and tables; he tanned his own leather; he made his children's shoes and hats; he wove jeans and tow-cloth for his own clothing and that of his boys; he was an adept at coopering and harness-making; he could make a spinning-wheel, and knew how to tinker clocks; he built barns and houses for his neighbors; and in the long winter evenings, by the light of the blazing fire in the great chimney, he tied brooms and taught his boys and girls how to read and cipher. Was there, even in the days of republican Rome, nobler nurture and training than that which fell to the lot of these sons and daughters? Such bringing-up would nowadays be regarded as fraught with unendurable hardships, unrelieved by any redeeming features; but in the West, as it had done before in other countries and communities, it produced men and women of a type that was able to influence humanity, and in a measure shape the national character.

When, in time, the farm produced more grain than the family and the live-stock needed for food, the farmer turned his thoughts to the best methods of disposing of the surplus. During the first few years, the nearest market was more than fifty miles distant; but that was only a trifle of two or three days' journey, and the entire trip, both to and from, might be accomplished in less than a week. Over roads by no means the best, a few bushels of wheat, and perhaps some vegetables or a pail of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

butter, were "hauled" to that distant market. It was rather a holiday jaunt than anything more serious; the farmers of the neighborhood usually went together in caravan style, camping by the roadside at night, and withal making a right merry time of it. The produce was exchanged for salt, and some other indispensable household commodity; and now and then a few yards of calico or some ribbons were carried home to the good wife or the grown-up daughters. There was no hardship in all this. The long journey once or twice a year relieved the monotony of pioneer life, and—the markets would certainly be nearer some time.

And little by little the markets did draw nearer; and there were not only larger crops, but the price of grain was higher, and the farmer began to know, by actually seeing and handling it, what was the color and shape of money. One comfort after another came to lighten the labors of the household. The busy noise of the steam saw-mill, and soon the whistle of the locomotive became familiar sounds. The farmer's boys and girls gradually discarded homespun and clothed themselves, especially on Sundays, in "store goods;" and the farmer himself indulged more and more frequently in some inexpensive luxury of which he had long been obliged to deny himself. One after the other he put aside his weaving, and tanning, and shoemaking, and carpentering; and finally he had nothing to do but to turn his whole attention to his farm and his stock. A neat "frame-house" was built nearer the roadside, and the old log cabin, the scene of many joys as well as sorrows, was deserted. Comfort and plenty abounded on every hand. The blessings of civilization, following in the wake of honest labor, had come at last; and our pioneer, who had hardly hoped to enjoy them himself, but rather to win them for his children, deserved his full share of them. For had he not earned them by the sweat of his brow, by cheerful perseverance, by long and hard wrestling with poverty and the savagery of the backwoods?

But after his life of privation and toil the pioneer was not the man that he might have been had another lot been his. His health had been enfeebled by exposure to the malarial atmosphere of the woods and marshes; his face had been bronzed by the scorching heat of many summers and wrinkled by the bitter cold of many winters; his head had been whitened by many sad experiences, and his hand had lost its former strength and cunning. More than all this, the habits of the backwoodsman, insensibly acquired, clung to him; he was a stranger to the modes of thought and the refinements of polished society; his language was a mixture of localisms and inaccuracies; he could ill adapt himself to the changed order of things which the schools, the railroads, and the development of the natural wealth of the country had brought about. Yet, as a compensation for all his losses and failures, he had this knowledge to console him: He was one of ten thousand veterans who had made conquest of a mighty empire, made its wonderful resources available, and bequeathed it—an inconceivably rich heritage—to coming generations. No hero of history, no warrior-patriot, had ever served his country better, or earned laurels more nobly. For what he had suffered and for what he had accomplished, he was conscious that no one ought to deny to him the lasting gratitude and remembrance which posterity owes to the nation's benefactors.

And what of the sons and daughters born and bred in the midst of the trying influences of poverty and deprived of what are popularly called "advantages and opportunities?" It is not an uncommon thing to suppose that they were illiterate, coarse, unambitious; that even after they had acquired competence and wealth, they retained the boorish manners of the backwoods; that their knowledge of the world was limited to the horizon of their own neighborhood; and that their aspirations for mental and social culture remained undefined and extremely feeble. Such suppositions, although correct in some cases, are far from correct as regards the majority of those who composed what may be termed the first generation of natives. The privations which had been theirs, the necessarily stern discipline under which they had been brought up, the very lack of ready-made opportunities—all tended to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foster self-reliance, to kindle ambition, and to encourage invention and the acquisition of knowledge. Were schools established? The slender opportunities which they offered were seized upon and made the most of. Were railways constructed? They not only brought the markets nearer, but they destroyed the isolation of communities and made one neighborhood of the whole world. Were libraries founded? They were eagerly patronized, and the wealth of knowledge which they contained became a source of inspiration to many a hard-working farmer's boy. Was leisure won after years of slavish toil? It was not unfrequently given to mental improvement and to moral and social culture. And thus from among the sons of the Western pioneers, men have come who have stood in the foremost ranks of every department of private or public life. Scholars, teachers, inventors, statesmen, divines, —the most celebrated thinkers and doers in the nation—have been among those whose lives were shaped and whose characters were moulded through these influences of poverty and stern discipline.

V.

WITHIN the life of a single generation the States which were originally comprised within the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio have advanced to the dignity and condition of powerful commonwealths. As regards wealth, enterprise, and future prospects, that section of our country is now the worthy rival of the older States between the Alleghanies and the Atlantic. That territory, which a century ago was regarded as the profitless back-pasture of the nation, produces annually more than one-third of all the corn, and nearly one-half of all the wheat that is raised in the United States. The value of its farm products for a single year amounts to more than seven hundred millions of dollars. As to mineral wealth, it takes foremost rank, producing more than four-fifths of all the copper, nearly one-third of all the iron, and more than one-third of all the bituminous coal mined in this country. The growth of its cities has had no parallel. On the spot where sixty years ago was naught but an expanse of wild prairie, stands Chicago—doubtless to-day the third city in the Union. Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, and scores of other cities and towns—smaller, and yet the centres of great industries—attest the marvellous wealth and unrestrainable energies of the West. The facilities of that section for commerce by water or by land are unexcelled and unlimited. Its manufactures, already extensive and profitable, are increasing in number and importance. On every hand are the evidences of thrift and of successful enterprise.

These facts and many others relative to the progress and natural resources of the West are known to every schoolboy in the land, and no comment upon them is necessary. It is the purpose of these papers to trace the social and intellectual phases of development through which the people of the West have advanced, rather than to dilate upon the unexampled material prosperity of that section. And yet no clear conception can be had of the influences through which this development has taken place without some consideration of these facts. Its geographical position—bounded, as it is, by two large rivers and the Great Lakes, and being the natural passageway through which the trade between the East and the States beyond the Mississippi must necessarily pass—this, together with the fertility of its soil, and its inexhaustible resources, is alone sufficient to mark that section as the natural and ultimate centre of the Republic.

VI.

A REVIEW, in this connection, of the political history of the West would be not only interesting, but in a certain measure instructive; and yet, save with reference to one or two subjects of national importance, such a review falls scarcely within the scope of this paper. The pioneer, from whatever part of the Union he may have come, was a patriot of the truest type; and yet, when once he had taken the measure of the situation, he was not more a patriot than partisan. In his humble cabin on the very outskirts of civilization, he felt that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he was personally responsible for the proper management of governmental affairs. The ballot to which he was entitled was a sacred trust of which he was bound to give a good account; and yet, in the exercise of his rights as an American citizen, there was nothing which forbade him to consult, in any honorable way, his own personal interests—indeed, he believed that his own welfare was his country's welfare, and cast his vote in accordance with that belief.

The first disturbing element in the politics of the West—strange as it may seem—was the question of slavery. There were many of the settlers, as well from the East as from the South, who were dissatisfied with the anti-slavery clause in the Ordinance of 1787, which declared that there should be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude within the Territory. Indeed, notwithstanding this prohibition, many of the immigrants had brought slaves with them from their old homes, and were loath to give them up; and as slavery was permitted at that time in nearly all the States of the Union, they could not understand why it should be prohibited in the Territory Northwest of the Ohio. Soon after the admission of the State of Ohio into the Union, the people of the remaining portion—known then as Indiana Territory—petitioned Congress for at least a temporary suspension of the anti-slavery section of the Ordinance. But the committee to which the matter was referred, and of which John Randolph of Virginia was chairman, reported that it deemed it "highly inexpedient to impair a provision wisely calculated to promote the happiness and prosperity of the Northwestern country, and to give strength and security to that extensive frontier." Notwithstanding this rebuff, the people of the Territory continued to petition Congress for a suspension or abrogation of the obnoxious article—the fifth and last appeal, signed by Governor Harrison himself, being presented and refused in the winter of 1807, twenty years after the adoption of the Ordinance. The final submission of the people of Indiana Territory to the prohibition of involuntary servitude within their boundaries marks the turning point in the history of slavery in the United States. Of the later effort, in 1823, to introduce slavery into the State of Illinois; of the steady growth thereafter of the anti-slavery sentiment; of the opposition to the fugitive slave law; of the aggressive movements of the Abolitionists; of the famous "underground railroad" from the Ohio River to Canada, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. The fact of paramount importance in this connection is that it was by and through the Ordinance of 1787 that slavery received the first blow in the conflict which finally resulted in the emancipation proclamation of 1863; and that although the first settlers of the Northwest Territory were made parties to this action, they are deserving of but little commendation for their original attitude toward slavery. The influence of the sixth Article of the Ordinance upon the character and acts of the people of the Northwest, and the effects of its provisions in determining the ultimate destiny of the nation itself, have scarcely yet been sufficiently recognized or understood.

It was in the West, also, during the pioneer period, that what is popularly known as wild-cat banking had its origin. This has been described as an "attempt to break up an 'odious monopoly' in banking by making everybody a banker, and to create prosperity by unlimited issues of paper currency." The result was much embarrassment and financial distress—to many, indeed, it was bankruptcy and ruin. "But the lessons it taught," says Judge Cooley, "needed to be learned at some time, and were not likely to be learned except with experience as a teacher. One of its lessons was that neither real estate nor anything else not immediately convertible into money can support the credit of bank currency. But for the experience of the several States in banking, in the years 1837–39, who shall say that the national currency act, when it came to be passed, might not have been as little guarded against dangerous schemes as some of its State predecessors?"

A further review of the political history of the West would serve only to illustrate and reaffirm what has already been said regarding the traits of char-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acter which distinguish the people of that section. We should find many things to condemn because of their corrupting influences and dangerous tendencies; many things to condone because, although they were conceived in weakness and failed to produce the intended results, they were nevertheless prompted by worthy and patriotic motives; many things to commend because of the noble ends which they accomplished, or the good which they are still accomplishing. But we must rest content without further specification. It is pertinent in this connection simply to call attention to the fact that at the present time no other section of the Union exerts a more powerful influence upon national politics and national legislation than do the five States which have been formed from the Territory Northwest of the River Ohio.

[Concluding Paper in the May Number.]

THE GREEK VASE.

By William P. P. Longfellow.

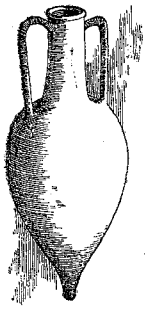


Fig. 1.—From Cesnola.

IT was a happy thing for the lovers of classical study that just when the battle of education seemed to be turning against them, a new interest in Greek art came in to strengthen their cause. In this phase the study has become a fashion—mainly, perhaps, because it has busied itself with the fine arts, with which the educated and the fashionable worlds have of late been much enamored. It is curious that study of Greece should have been kept up among the learned for many generations with hardly a serious thought for her art, when yet half her wonderful influence in later ages has been in this art. Hardly anything is more pervasive in modern civilization than its lesser forms. You cannot, to this day, go through an American village without seeing in the houses, inside and out, as many traces of these forms as you will hear roots from the Greek vocabulary in the spoken tongue, though the forms and the roots are alike unrecognized to the common eye and ear, and—if I may say it—alike bedevilled. Now that Americans have heartily taken up the arts of design we have still as much to learn from these incomparable forerunners by conscious study as by unconscious imitation.

For the side on which we are weakest is precisely that on which the Greeks were strong—stronger than any other people have been—the knowledge of form and sense of design. This strength, nourished chiefly by study of the human figure (a study which we almost wholly neglect), showed itself pre-eminently in their sculpture. All artists bow before their power over the finer and nobler qualities of form, as it appears in their sculpture and their architecture. But the same power, the same exquisite sense for refinement and nobility of form are embodied in their lesser decorative arts. In the little figurines which have of late years been found abundantly at Tanagra, at Athens, at Myrina, and many other places, in their architectural carving, in their sarcophagi, stelæ and cippi, in their ornamental bronzes and vases, the Greeks show a skill in the use of form which is so far outside our ordinary range that we may easily overlook it. No work of theirs has come down to us which has not its artistic aspect: the smallest household utensil that we find among their ruins has some decorative intention. I have lately read in a newspaper that the Americans are the Greeks of the modern world. Whatever we may say to that, we are in one respect their analogue, for we are now in a fever of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

decoration. Everything we use must be ornamented, and we must have a thousand ornaments that we never use. The shops in which many of us spend

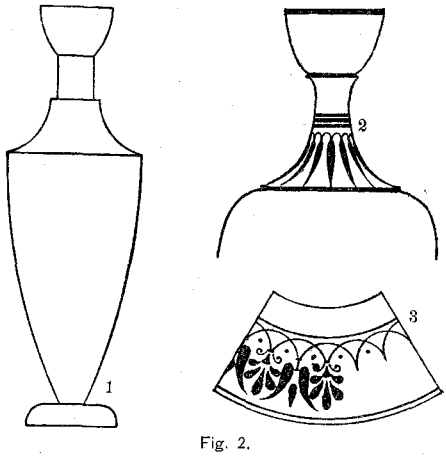


Fig. 2.

most of our money are those that deal in ornamental wares. Half our young women are busy doing one kind or another of decorative work ; and when the work is done they have no notion of confining it, like their grandmothers' samplers, to their own chambers or parlors. Painters and other artists forsake what would once have been their legitimate callings to lead the way in various decorative experiments. All this has its bright side. Our homes are much more cheerful and attractive, our cities the finer for it. Americans have grown rich with astonishing rapidity: they have grown luxurious if possible faster still. A wise friend once said to me that art was the natural corrective for luxury. Interest in it is bred of wealth and leisure. People who would otherwise care nothing for the arts are attracted to them in their decorative form. That so much money should be spent in ornament is perhaps not to be deprecated ; for this might not be otherwise better spent. The time and attention given to it are more important: it is much to be desired that they should not be given to a mere chase after finery, that the zeal for bric-a-brac and handsome furnishings should lead up to, and not away from, appreciation of the qualities of higher art. It is only in the work of half-civilized nations that we find color and splendor developed to the neglect of form ; and it is to Turkish, Persian, Indian and other uncivilized races that we are fond of looking for our examples. I will not try to hold the balance between the two kinds of excellence, nor to place the Japanese and Chinese in the scale of civilization ; but it is safe to say that every cultivated people, according to our standard of cultivation, has based its ornamental design on the careful study of form, and it is certain that no art is completely good which neglects it. Among such cultivated peoples Greece has confessedly held first place for her perception of the finer qualities of all art. In Greek work pre-eminently, the qualities of the

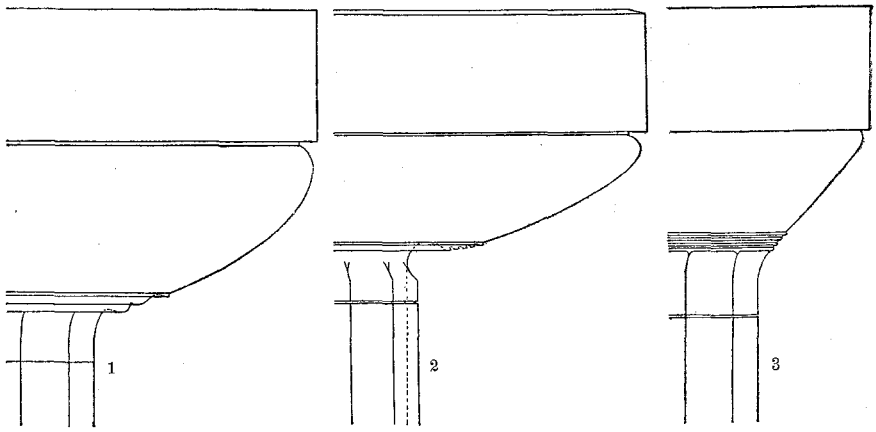


Fig. 3.—1, Cadacchio; 2, Selinus; 3, Theseum.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

greater arts are reflected in the lesser ones, and in none of it are they more simply and gracefully evident than in the vases.

It is hard to realize to-day the importance of vases, as we call them, in ancient life. They seem, in the first place, to have been the universal receptacles, serving the Greeks and other ancient peoples for casks, boxes, drawers, cupboards, clothes-presses, bottles, jugs, cups. They were used for storage, for shipping, for cooking, for drinking. Necessarily they were of all shapes and sizes, from the diminutive *Aryballus*, carried by the bather and the athlete for the oil that anointed their bodies, to the *Pithos*, a huge, round clay vase, as high as a man, and sometimes used for his coffin. The so-called tub of Diogenes was really a

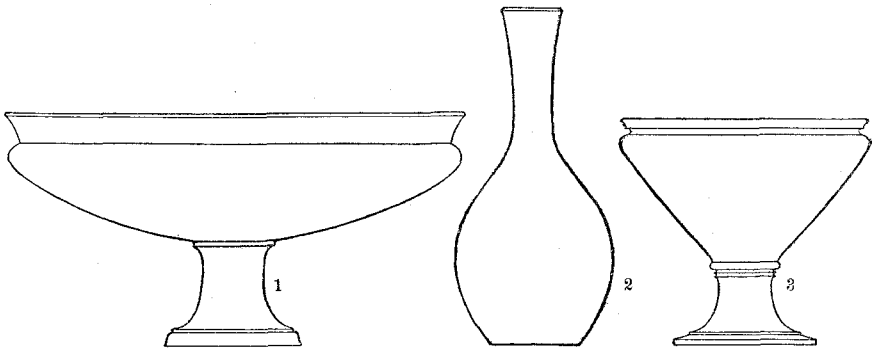


Fig. 4.

pithos. Juvenal, in one of his Satires, congratulates him, that if his house breaks down he can easily have it mended with lead rivets, or get a new one; and there are in existence reliefs that show him crawling from it to warn Alexander out of his sunshine. For these homely uses pottery was made everywhere. But vases were also the household ornaments, furniture, treasures, bric-a-brac of ancient times. For such purposes they were made with the greatest care and elaborately ornamented. Corinth, Sicyon, afterward Athens and Samos, were famous for the beauty of their vases, and sent them all over the civilized world. There were two large districts in Athens, one within the walls and one without, called Ceramicus, and given up to the manufacture and sale of pottery. The name and the industry survive there to this day, as the name of the Tuileries has preserved till lately the recollection of the tile-works displaced by Catherine de' Medici. The potters who made the china vases and the painters who decorated them wrote their names upon them. Their forms show that the refinement which distinguished the Greek sculptors reached to the workmen of lower degree. Their painted decoration has been a store-house of beautiful ornamental forms to later ages. The pictures on them are the only things we have left to indicate the qualities of Greek painting; our illustrated compendiums of mythology; our documents for many facts of history and chronology—reflecting the manner, the creations, and sometimes directly imitating the works of the great painters. These vases were cherished by the ancients in their homes; were buried beside them in their tombs, as have been the personal belongings of nearly all peoples of primitive habits. If bodies were burned, the ashes were buried in cinerary urns. It is from tombs that almost all our collections have been made.

The first were made from tombs in Etruria, and the vases were at first therefore called Etruscan. Now it is believed that though they were ultimately made in many places where Greek colonies or manners were planted, their inspiration and fashions came from Greece, and also that wherever they were used very many of them, perhaps most of the finer ones, came from Greece proper, and especially from Athens, whose export trade in them was enormous. Those that make the great modern collections

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

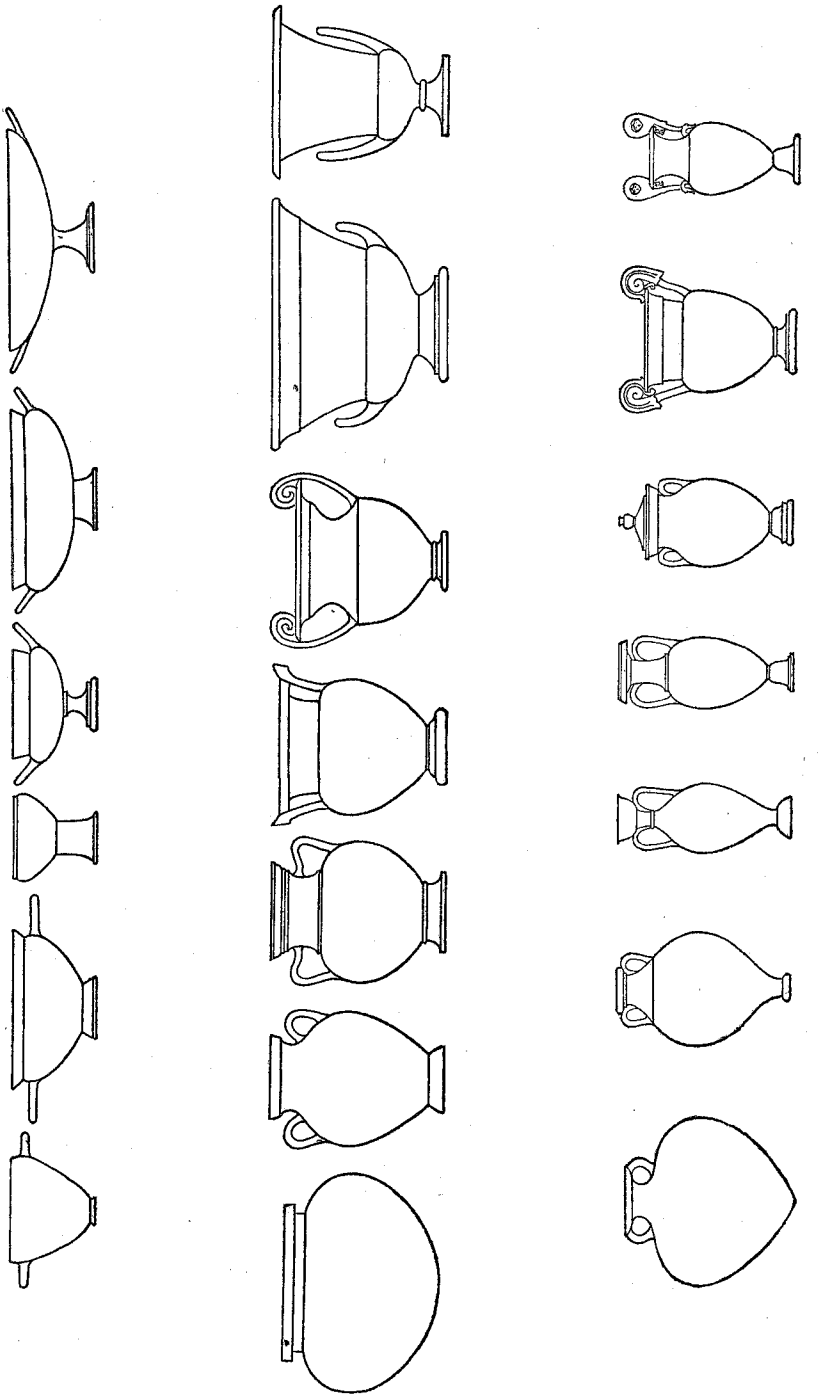


Fig. 5.

are naturally of the finer kinds, which were worthy to be preserved in the tombs of their owners. That they were very highly valued in their day is evident. Some of them which have been found in tombs were carefully mended

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with clamps or rivets of lead or bronze. Connoisseurship in them seems to have been rife in the old day, as in ours.

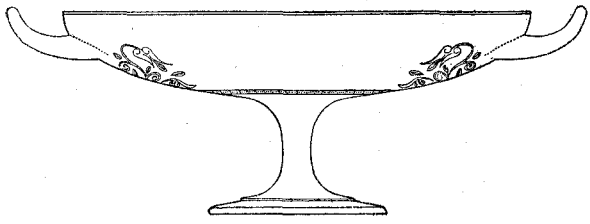


Fig. 6.—From Lau.

Pindar describes the vases which were given as prizes at the Panathenaic games of Athens, and some of them are still preserved to us. There is evidence that famous potters of Athens grew very rich. At Mount Kolias, near Phalerum, one of the ports of Athens, was a pit of peculiarly fine clay from which were made vases of high repute; and it is recorded by Plutarch that a certain dainty connoisseur who had been poisoned refused to take an antidote until he could have it from a cup made of this clay.

Almost all the study that has been given to these vases has been in the way of historical and mythological exegesis, chiefly in archæological studies of the vase paintings, whose style and subjects are determinants in problems of chronology and history. Into their archæology I do not propose to enter, only mentioning here for convenience the names and shapes of a few of the most common types. Let us examine instead the things for the sake of which they were made and for which the Greeks treasured them—their qualities of design, their form and decoration—and if possible the secrets of their beauty.

The commonest kind and most pervading type, for both practical and ornamental uses, was the *Amphora* (Fig. 1). It was of medium size, with oval body, tapering downwards, two handles set high on the shoulders, a rather long neck and a well-marked rim. They were used to store wine and oil, often other things, and for this purpose were pointed at the bottom, that they might be set upright in the earthen floor of a cellar. Sometimes they were set into a clay ring; later this ring was made part of the vase itself and became its foot. The vases given for prizes at the Panathenaic games were amphoræ; with them was given oil from the sacred olive-tree on the Acropolis. Many of these vases, or similar commemorative vases, have been preserved and are to be seen in our museums. Fig. 10 is one of them. Reminiscences of its shape are to be seen in the heavy rims and the bodies attenuated downwards of many other forms of vase (Figs. 5, 13, and 14).

A small vase used for carrying oil and unguents, which we may call a cruet, was the *Lekythus*, in its best form narrow, upright, with tall, slender neck, and emphatic rim apparently copied from the amphora. A kind of lekythus called the white lekythus from the color of the ground laid for the picture on it, was peculiar to Attica and was used as a funeral vase. It has been found abundantly in the tombs about Athens.

The *Hydria*, or water-jar, was a finely shaped vase (Fig. 9). It had three handles, a high one to hold and pour by, and two small ones on the shoulders to lift and steady it. The picture on the one here illustrated shows women at a fountain—one balancing an empty hydria on her head, another lifting one apparently full.

Fig. 7.—From Moses.

The *Oenochœ*, or wine-jug (Fig. 11), was for pouring wine. It had a single handle, like what Americans call a pitcher, and a mouth or lip which was often trefoiled (clover-shaped). The vessel for mixing or serving wine was called a *Crater*. It had a variety of shapes, but was always a largish vase, with wide open mouth (Figs. 8, 14, and 15), from which the wine could be ladled out with a mug called *Cyathus*.* Some were like

* It will be seen that I give these names in their Latin form. Some of them are so familiar in that shape that it would seem unreasonable not to keep it here, and for symmetry, when I know a Latin form for the others I use it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a widely opened amphora (Fig. 13); some were bell-shaped (Fig. 12). Some were of a nondescript form, sometimes called *Oxybaphon* (Fig. 14). Of drinking-cups there was a great variety. The finest type is the *Calyx* (Kylix), a broad shallow vase, usually with prominent foot and two spreading handles (Fig. 16)—a form often spoken of among us by the Italian name *tazza*. Others were shaped like horns, or like heads of men and animals, and so made that they must be emptied before they were set down.

There were very many other shapes, whose innumerable names are preserved to us, and are identified with more or less of certainty or probability. The types run into one another, and many shapes may be classed indifferently under one or another name. The vases were all turned on the wheel, except the moulded shapes, which did not suit that manufacture, and the pithos, which was too big and was proverbially difficult to make. This way of making them gives them their distinctive character of form: they are all what geometers call solids of revolution, of which balls, columns, vases and balusters are our commonest examples. They are circular in plan, and in every horizontal section, and rigidly symmetrical about a vertical axis. This condition makes them a class of forms by themselves, and while it allows of endless variety of shapes, by its restriction it exacts the greatest nicety in their design, and simplifies them for purposes of study.

The form of a vase, so manufactured, depends entirely on its vertical outline or profile. The double curvature requires pure and simple forms; the process of manufacture condemns or opposes convolutions and deep indentation of outline. We may notice, too, at the outset that the sculpturesque quality in modelling, the wayward play of light and shade which comes of surfaces undulating in all directions, is out of court, and is replaced by simpler modelling, fair surface, delicate gradation of light, and carefully fixed contrast of shade. The characteristics of sculptured ornament are to be added only in carved decoration and considered as sculpture. The artist, or the amateur, who does not love pure lines and fair surfaces does not know the quality of Greek vases.

But pure lines and fair surfaces have fallen into neglect nowadays, our present fancy being for rude lines, and for wrinkled or blotchy surfaces, on which fine modelling is either impossible or invisible. This comes of a feeling which we consider artistic, a revolt against what we think stiffness and conventionality. In the passion of this revolt we incline to call every line stiff that is clean and firm, every form artistic that is ragged. We are influenced in this very much, I believe, by the modern habit of painting landscape. There is a charm in the freedom of natural lines, which easily leads us to think that all lines must be like them. There is, for instance, an unsurpassable nobility in the broken outlines of mountains, which are usually as far as possible from any look of mechanical smoothness; but these lines are of a kind for pictures, and not for decorative use. And yet even these are very clear and decided, in themselves hard and abrupt, and only softened by distance into gentleness. The beautiful long lines of snowfield and glacier which swing down Alpine slopes are as uncompromisingly clear-cut as the sculptor could carve from marble. It is not the firmness of a line in drawing or sculpture that makes it forbidding; it is the stiffness or poor quality of its modulation. Looseness of handling is the dust that the weak designer raises, either in mere clumsiness, or to obscure the traces of his ignorance.

The beauty of a vase then depends on the beauty of its outline: let us look for a moment at the elements out of which the designer constructs this outline. The circle and straight line are both opposed to freedom and to accentuation—to freedom, because they must follow unswerving law; to accent, because the movement of each is unvarying in all its parts: but feeling cannot show itself without freedom, and by its nature it seeks an accented utterance and shuns monotony. We may dismiss the straight line as unsuited to the potter's use. The circle is necessarily the horizontal outline of his vase. It has its kind of beauty and its value as a foil to the freedom of the other lines, and in marking

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the axis of symmetry. Moreover, as we look at the vase we almost invariably see the circles flattened into ellipses by foreshortening. This natural use of

We used to have given us for the type of beauty in line the wave, or reversed curve, sometimes called Hogarth's line of beauty. But oval curves have

Fig. 8.—From Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's Collection.

the circle is sufficient. For his profile the potter prefers the free curve which the unembarrassed movement of his hands gives to the clay. Attempt to outline a lekythus, for instance, with arcs of a circle (Fig. 2,[1]) and all the life of the form is gone. Varying curves, on the other hand, are sensitive and expressive, capable of infinite adjustment and combination. The full curves are more robust; the gentler are more refined and delicate; but a flat curve may have an elastic spring which gives it as much vigor as a full one, and the full curve may be swollen and vulgar. In Fig. 15 the full curve is a fine one: in Fig. 18 it is cheap and ordinary. The curve in Fig. 11 has more vigor, in virtue of its elasticity, than the more robust lines of Fig. 17, and there is nothing finer in its way than the upward spring of the delicate outline of the best Attic lekythi. (Fig. 25.)

more power: they are more natural to vases, and in them, at least, finer. Such a curve is the *ovolo* of Greek architecture, the *echinus* of the Doric capital. Here are (Fig. 3) three examples in outline, showing different forms of the echinus. They illustrate the gradual change from round fulness in the earliest Doric to flatness and severity in the late. There was an analogous change, though much less marked, in the vases. It is worth notice that the degree of straightness which fits the line for duty in a capital unfits it for the outline of a vase: In Fig. 4,[1] the fuller curve from Selinus might make a tolerable cup, but the line from the Theseum is an obvious failure. (Fig. 4,[3].)

It will be seen in studying all fine lines that curvature is concentrated in places and spared in others; generally the flatter part of the line predominates, and the strong curvature is carefully reserved

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a smaller space. This accords with a law that holds in every kind of composition,—the concentration of strong effects, as when the musician restrains his richest bursts of harmony within small compass, or the painter paints the most of his picture in half tints, reserving his highest coloring or strongest light and shade for a small area. Compare the late amphora (Fig. 19), or the lekythi (Fig. 25), with the Dodwell vase (Fig. 18) and note how much stronger as well as finer their modulated curves are than the monotonous fulness of the other. Or set the hydria (Fig. 9) or Fig. 11 beside the other amphora (Fig. 10). It is quite possible to fall—as some designers have done in an austere struggle for purity of line—into dryness and hardness by too much reserve of curvature and too sharp contrast (Fig. 4,[3]). But a commoner fault is the vulgarity that comes of excessive curvature, as we may see in Fig. 21—or in Fig. 23, which cleverly exemplifies both faults at once.

There is in all good profiles a leading line, a principal part, to which the others are adjusted as subordinate. This in a vase is naturally the line of the body, the member which dominates, and for which the others exist. Perhaps it was to shun the fault I have last mentioned, perhaps because oval curves have more decision and force, or because the natural office of a vase suggested them, probably from all these motives, that the old potters did not use a reversed curve for their leading line, except where for the sake of simplicity they cast the neck and body into one sweep, continuous or nearly so. And here let me notice a technical device which seems a trifle and yet is one of the secrets of good profiling—the interruption of tangent curves by a little thread or fillet which is enough to break their absolute continuity and define their limit without disturbing their flow. A glance at Fig. 2,[2] shows how it may give life to a profile whose grace would otherwise be insipid. It keeps up the movement of the outline, which may thus reconcile the successive parts into one broad sweep without sacrificing their individuality. It charms like a pebble in a running brook, or the ripple in the third and fourth lines of each stanza in Tennyson's poem of "The Daisy," thus:

Fig. 9.—From Lau.

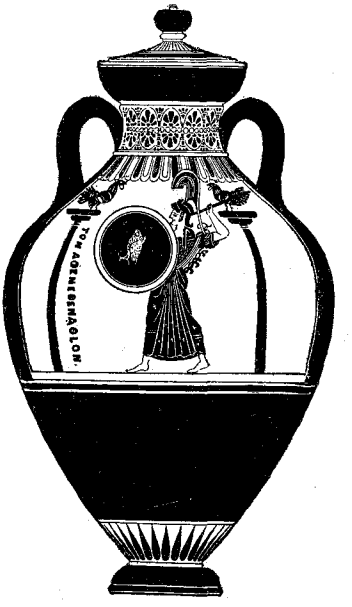


Fig. 10.—From Lau.

O Love, what hours were thine and mine
In lands of palm and southern pine,
In lands of palm and orange blossom,
Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine.

The Greeks used this device with the utmost delicacy and refinement. It is as serviceable in breaking an angle that might without it be abrupt (see Fig. 16,[2]) as in accenting a union that is too tame. In truth the junctions of the different members are critical points in the design, and need to be carefully articulated. It is easiest to round over the junction, and melt the lines into one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—an example, out of many, where technical processes conflict with the demands of design—and it required a special effort of the potters to mark the separation decisively. But a vase, or any other design, that has no articulations is like the caterpillar among animals, well enough in its way perhaps, but uninteresting to the eye. Such a vase as Fig. 4,[2] may have a graceful outline—this one is Japanese—but we should soon tire of such forms, and ask to have character given them by color or decoration. Many old vases have what we may call confluent necks, some amphoræ for instance, where the passage to the body is quite unmarked in the shape. In these it is sure to be clearly marked in the decoration, and usually offset by a vigorous articulation at the foot (Fig. 19). In the lekytho-amphora, if I may call it so, of Fig. 20 the parts are all confluent, and in spite of the vigor of its outline, the want of articulation infects it with indecision. Even in the exquisitely outlined calyx (Fig. 6), which is saved from over smoothness of outline by the little break in the splay of the foot, we can hardly help wishing that the junction of the foot with the bowl were marked by a slight ripple, as it is in many of its kind. In other vases — in the hydria and œnochoë, for instance (Figs. 9 and 11)—the curves join at a sudden angle which substitutes the boldest contrast for the fluent smoothness of the other vases. Here the fine energy of the curve below carries it off well. It is likely that the use of the vase dictated this form for the safe carrying about of fluids: it prevents slopping, but on the other hand makes it hard to pour. Or they may meet in what is called the cusp (Fig. 2,[3]), the most energetic and piquant kind of junction. This gives great animation to a composition, and is a constant resource of decorators. The salient cusp is not often seen in vase profiles, for it implies hollow lines and fragile edges, but the reëntrant cusp comes in with spirited effect at this junction of the foot in many round-bodied vases, as in the florid crater (Fig. 15) and also in the narrow lekythi (Fig. 25). It will be seen that this cusped junction displays the qualities of the curves at their meeting most conspicuously: therefore it is not easy to bring curves together in this way with good effect. Let the untrained reader try the experiment *in corpore vili*, by drawing the curves of a Roman capital R on a large scale, and he will be likely to find it somewhat difficult, even in this humble instance, to bring the lines together without bunching them awkwardly at the junction or else making them lean and stiff. It is one of the nice points in the joining of lines that they shall show their sensitiveness to each other at uniting by yielding a little, to give way if they are opposed, or to follow each other if they are consonant. We can see in Fig. 15 how the convex turn of the foot is quickened, that it may display the sweep of the body.

Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.—From Moses.

Fig. 13.—From Lau.

We see a like thing in the ovolo of the capital of the Theseum (Fig. 3,[3]). The upper turn, if the curve stood alone, would seem hard and dry, but turning as it does to receive the line of the abacus above, it is altogether satisfactory. We notice also in these cases the effect

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fig. 14.—From Moses.

of the small dividing fillet which we have praised before, here sunk in the recess between impinging curves, but just as valuable in giving clearness and vivacity to the articulation.

In most Greek vases the foot is very subordinate, and after the earliest periods as sharply marked off from the body as practicable. This subordination and detaching of the foot had its justification in two artistic purposes—to give predominance to the body, on which the potter and the decorator expended their chief art, and to keep its curves as unbroken as possible. We have just seen how, where the foot has a profile of any importance, the line is carefully led away from that of the body. In the monumental florid vases of late period (Figs. 15 and 24) the base takes on added height, and the carved marble vases (Fig. 12) that succeeded them make the foot an elaborate and important part of the composition. In the charmingly outlined œnochoë (Fig. 7) of rather late style, this enlarged foot is gracefully added. On the other hand, the straight lekythus, most upright of vases, stands like a sentinel on a perfectly plain flat disc. The broad, shallow calyx rests on a foot that grows higher as the bowl grows broader and shallower. In these two extreme and opposite types the principle of contrast, dear to designers, is the key to the treatment. In the calyx the foot is lengthened as the body becomes shallow, and both grow slender together (Figs. 16 and 6). Here, in this perhaps most delicately graceful of all the Greek forms, we have concord and contrast most felicitously combined. The curves are alike in kind but opposed in direction. The handles bear out the contour of the bowl in a delicate undulation. The composition is graceful and yet spirited, entirely simple and perfectly refined.

Fig. 15.—From Moses.

This brings us to consider the general composition of vases, from which, perhaps, we have been kept too long. Their precision of symmetry in one direction makes it very desirable, in order to give the form animation, that it should not be symmetrical in another. A spherical vase has an uninteresting form. The

Fig. 16.—From Lau.

different exigences of neck and foot make it difficult to shape them alike, but to make even the body symmetrical above and below the middle line will give a dull outline, and we shall not find it in any but the straight-bodied Greek vases, which are late and inferior, as for instance Fig. 23. A natural consequence is the taper of the vases, upward or downward, to which we have alluded. The upward taper tends to stability; but an upright expansion suggests elasticity, nerve, growth as it were, and so gives more spirit and effect to the outlines of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

small objects like vases. Sometimes they expand boldly to the top, and even the clumsy oxybaphon (Fig. 14) gets some character from the uncompromising way in which it spreads at the mouth. The calyx contracts its high stem for a moment, and then suddenly opens out like a flower. The stately Apulian crater (Fig. 24) spreads gradually to its full shoulders, and as the neck is drawn in continues the expansion in the handles. The tall lekythus owes its fine *élan* mostly to the way in which the upright lines of the body are stopped before they begin to deflect inward, and the upward movement, caught and continued by the hollow curves which lead into the columnar neck, is again renewed at the very termination in the expanding rim. This ends the vase with an echo of the form of the body, as a painter takes care to support his principal mass of strong color by repeating it in his picture. This treatment of the rim is one of the characteristic points in the composition. It closes with an accent like that of the masculine rhyme at the end of a line of poetry. In point of fact, the rim is important in the composition of every vase, though it may seem trivial. An ornamental composition, if it is not circumscribed like a panel or a picture, needs a well-marked termination, as every piece of music exacts its closing cadence; and many decorators enfeeble their designs in not remembering this.

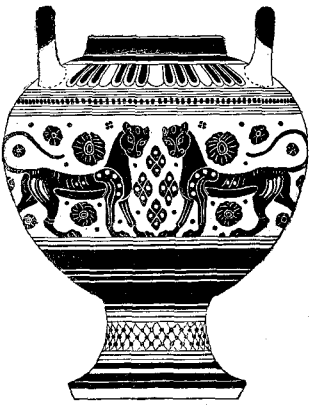


Fig. 17.—From Lau.

The right proportioning of the members in a vase is of the first importance, though it is difficult to analyze satisfactorily. Fine proportion, like beauty of line, is a thing to be felt, and reasoning takes us but a little way to it. There are, it is true, certain ratios of dimension that are usually agreeable; we know that Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Hindus, mediæval artists, have had great deference for numerical ratios and geometric framework. Yet the truth is that numerical proportions are so obscured, and belied, and modified to the eye by differences of treatment in other respects, and by necessary obliquities of view, that outside a narrow range of applicability they are inoperative. They may do for roughing in, but the eye, not the scale, is the final judge of proportion. The sense for it is incommunicable, like the sense for color; and comes only by birthright or of long training. Many people, I believe, feel it when their attention is called to it who go through life mostly without enjoying it because they do not look for it. Fig. 5 will in some sort indicate how wide is the range of variation in proportioning the members of a vase, and what diversity of types the Greeks found in the different adjustment of these simple members, the body, neck, and foot. These are but a few out of an enormous number of forms. The variations of proportion are endless, and there are beautiful examples of each type.

Fig. 18.—The Dodwell Vase, from Moses.

Fig. 19.—From Moses.

A thing that we can never afford to overlook in a vase is its general contour. The eye quickly descries an enclosing line, an oval of some sort, which mainly follows the principal curve and bounds the subordinate members. Unless this

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fig. 20.—From the Englefield Collection.

contour is good the composition has not succeeded. It need not be as precise as the profile of the vase itself; it may be transgressed with picturesque effect by a salient point—the edge of the rim for instance, or the spur of a handle—and the foot generally lies outside it. In most vases the decorative office of the handles is to maintain it and carry it over into the neck, where the body withdraws from it. It is curious to notice how persistently the Greek potters affixed these handles to the curve which represents the body in the original type, through all the changes of form, so long as even a segment of it remains. Even in the bell-shaped craters (Fig. 5), where the neck has monopolized the vase and the bowl has dwindled to a mere survival, the handles cling to the body with more than filial fidelity, though this makes them useless for carrying the vessel. The artistic reason for this is clearly that here is where they can best continue the flow of the line of the body, atone, as it were, for its compression, and divert the contour line toward the upper part of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neck. In most of the finer forms, especially in the amphoræ and lekythi, the handles bridge across from the shoulder to the neck. In the beautiful amphora (Fig. 8,[2]) we feel the bounding line which leaves the body at the shoulder, and catching the upper turn of the handles bends inward till it is tangent to the rim. The handsome lekytho-amphora (Fig. 22) is marred in contour by the excess of the rim. If this were cut off in the middle, the rim would fall in with the contour of the handles, and the change of proportion would add a new charm to it. In some smooth, fat vases, on the other hand, the handles simply make a break in the outline, which, like the ears that protrude under a boy's close cap, may be regarded as ornamental or not, according to our taste. When the contour of the vase is cut off by a horizontal line at the top, as in the calyxes (Figs. 16 and 6), or the bell mouthed vases, the handles simply set off the shape of the bowl with a graceful allied curve, but in the heavy-rimmed crater (Fig. 13) they emphasize the squareness of the termination into harshness. In the wide-mouthed florid craters, on the other hand (Figs. 15 and 24), they soften the abruptness of the outline by the way they rise above the rim. In the beautiful œnochoë (Fig. 11) the handle and the mouth are so balanced that they complete the outline by suggesting the full closed oval. In the later œnochoë (Fig. 7) the excess of the handle which wilfully projects beyond the oval is skilfully balanced by the enlargement of the foot.

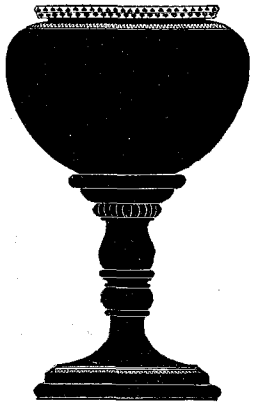


Fig. 21.—From Lau.

Fig. 22.—From Englefield.

Fig. 23.—From Lau.

The foot, as I have said, is usually outside the effective contour of the vase, forming a base for it, and some of the charm of outline is lost if the eye does not seem to trace the line of the body unbroken through the foot. In the most beautiful vases we always see this: it will be noticed in many of our illustrations. In this respect the amphoræ are apt to be less satisfactory than many others, halting, as it were, between two opinions—between the pointed end made to stick in the ground and the ring which became affixed to it. When, in the drinking-cups, and in the later ornamental vases—the florid Apulian craters and the still later Græco-Roman carved vases—the foot became much more prominent, it was a nice matter to proportion it well. In the elaborate bell-shaped marble vases the temptation was, I think, to make the foot too large (Fig. 12) and too detached. In the delicate lekythus, on the contrary, the sharp

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fig. 24.—From Mr. Thomas B. Clarke's Collection.

cincture only emphasizes its elastic uprightness. (Fig. 25.)

I am far from insisting that all Greek vases are beautiful. To admire simply because they are called Greek argues the same insensibility as to fail to see their beauty. They are of all degrees, beautiful, commonplace, and ugly. But it is not often that those lack charm which were really made in Greece, and in the period of fine work. Here is one, Fig. 23, which is made attractive by its rich ornamentation, and to which the reduced engraving lends a delicacy that is not its own—a late florid incense-vase, probably of Italian manufacture. There are touches of grace here and there in the outline, but it sins at most points. The contour is feeble, the equal divisions of height unpleasant; its neck is too long, its mouth too big, its body meagre—that or the sprawling handles, one or all, might be turned upside down without making any difference. This sounds like harsh criticism, and would not be worth making if it did not emphasize by contrast the excellence of the fine vases. Nice proportioning, subordination of parts, flow and modulation of outline, the harmony of consonant lines, and the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vivacity of contrast are their virtues ; and are the means, so far as form is concerned, by which the designers of all fine work have gained their effects. More than this, the serene grace, the absence of effort, result of a harmony in which every part is attuned to one effect, the delightful self-restraint and repose—qualities of which our own ever-struggling art is for the present bereft, and which have their finest expression in the architecture and sculpture of Greece—have their sufficient echo in these lesser forms of her art.

Fig. 25.

THE SHADOW CHASER.

By Henrietta Christian Wright.

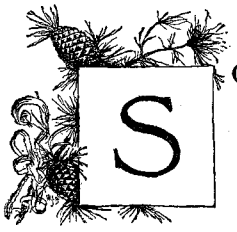
With outstretched hands he saw his child joys flee,
And vanish with the passing of the day,
Like ships that keep their course far out at sea,
Nor heed the longing watchers in the bay.
And glad youth found him following ardent-eyed
The fleeting phantom that he ever lost,
And all his eager manhood was denied
The sweet reward such weary searching cost.

Then came at last Life's lord, sweet Death, and said,
"Oh, loyal heart, well done, behold thy wage."
And lo !—with fadeless beauty overspread—
The shadow of his childhood, youth and age.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TOWN OF THE HOLY CHILDREN.

By Thomas A. Janvier.



SO full are they of meaning and of music that, at least to stranger hearts and ears, there is a great charm about the names of the towns which the good Fathers long ago founded in this old country of New Spain. That in which Don José dwelt was called La Villa de los Santos Niños —The Town of the Holy Children: and it was so small, and so pervaded by the spirit of peace and restfulness, that its gracious name seemed to have cast over it a lasting spell.

It was a very little town: only a cluster of five or six adobe houses, built not around a plaza, as the usual custom is, but bunched together anyhow, beside a tiny church at the end of a narrow lane. The lane went crookedly across the fields—following closely the water-channels, that as much as possible the irrigable land might be spared—for a mile or more, and then opened out upon the highway that led, far across the waves of sand-hills clad with cedar-brush, to the great city of Santa Fé.

Along this lane was the one line of communication between the Town of the Holy Children and the outside world; and the travellers by way of it were few. Save the Padre and Don José, only old Máximo, the Padre's sacristan and servant, and old Pedro, who was at once Don José's factotum and humble friend, ever had journeyed to the capital; and, having visited a place so far away and so magnificent—wherein a Bishop dwelt, and also a General—Máximo and Pedro were accorded by their fellows a well-deserved reverence that had an enlarging effect upon their souls. The journeyings of the rest of the townsfolk were confined to jaunts to the other little towns lying roundabout in cosy nooks among the mountains, or basking in the plentiful sunshine of the broad Rio Grande valley—Santa Clara, San Pedro, San Cárlos, San Juan, San Ildefonso: and so on through the saintly calendar.

Don José had known better days; at least days which would seem better, when judged by the every-day standard of the working world. Once he had been rich. Now he was poor. Yet his riches had not brought him happiness, only vexation of spirit and of body; and now, in his poverty, he had found contentment and peace. To be sure, at times his thoughts would go back longingly to the days when the great *hacienda* in Chihuahua was his; when five hundred *peones* were his also; when in the midst of his great possessions he reigned supreme—as reigned the patriarchs of old. And he would contrast somewhat bitterly this kingdom of his youth with the petty principality that remained to him now that he was grown old: his thousand or so acres of land, only partly cultivated; his subjects only old Paquita and old Pedro—who managed the one the work of the house and the other the work of the fields.

But when Don José's thoughts went thus sorrowfully astray, Juanita had a way of stepping up softly and kissing him upon a particular little spot upon his cheek, just below the cheek-bone, where his gray whiskers grew thinly—a little spot that she herself had discovered, and that was all her own. And then the wrinkles would disappear from his forehead, the look of longing would fade from his eyes, and he would say, cheerily: "Si, Juanita; 'sta 'ueno, mi chiquita"—Yes, Juanita; it's all right, my little one—and his care, with its cause, would be buried once more in the past.

Juanita, who shared Don José's little kingdom with him, and thus exorcised sorrow from it, was his daughter: and a fairer, more lovable Crown Princess never reigned!

DON JOSÉ had lived in the Town of the Holy Children for a long time. Juanita—who looked upon herself as being quite an elderly sort of a person because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at the next feast of San Juan she would be seventeen years old—said that he had lived there always. As far back as she remembered anything, she remembered only the surroundings of this village home. Nor could she see that her father in this time had changed in any way. As a little child she remembered him as she still knew him: his tall form bent a little by age, his kindly face framed in a mass of tumbled, curly hair and shaggy beard, which also, being grizzled and streaked with gray, showed the touch of Time. Pedro, seeing more clearly with his old eyes than Juanita saw with her young ones, perceived that Don José in truth had grown older. There was more of gray in his tumbled, curly hair, his shaggy beard was shaggier and grayer, too, and his tall form still more was bowed—as though the burden of the years had grown heavier to bear.

And Pedro could see a much greater change by going back yet a little farther—beyond the sad time when the Señora's life ended on the very day that Juanita's life began. He scarcely could believe that the Don José, bowed and gray, whom he served now, was the Don José, erect and still young in his vigorous middle age, whom he served before that great sorrow came. But he kept such thoughts as these to himself. Thus far Juanita had known no sorrows; and old Pedro loved her too well to cast upon the bright morning of her life the shadow of a dark day dead and gone.

Save this change in Don José, that somewhat early had made him an old man, and the lesser changes wrought by the flight of time in those around him, no change at all had come to anything within the Town of the Holy Children in the nearly seventeen years of Juanita's little lifetime. The days drifted by pleasantly. With them came no burden of care, and with them went no burden of regret—for other days as fresh, as beautiful, as full of quiet happiness, ever were ready to take the place of those which were gone.

Juanita found great joy in the glad air and friendly sunshine. And, in their due season, she found not less pleasure in the friendly rains. The red mountains of New Mexico are very beautiful in the rainy time. All the green things, which try so hard, but so vainly, through the dry season, to grow upon their arid flanks, rejoice as the loving rain comes down to comfort them after their nine months' battle with the sun; to give them strength to live again through the nine months of sunshine that surely will come when the rain is at an end. And the red mountains grow redder, even to purple, as their crests and sides are bathed by the many showers sent down upon them by the kindly clouds. No wonder is it that the Spaniards of old, reverently seeing God in all His works, gave to these red mountains, so nobly beautiful, the name of *El Sangre de Cristo*—The Blood of Christ.

Much of the love that was in Juanita's heart went forth to these great masses of everlasting stone which girded in her home. For the peaks and cañons and beetling cliffs she had special love-names of her own; for they were her close and dear friends. She made stories about them for herself, peopling their purple heights with saints and heroes of the Church, of whom the Padre had told her brave stories—saints and heroes too good for the lower levels of the earth. Chief among these strange loves of hers was the mountain of San Yldefonso, that, ten miles away to the westward, rose sharply from the very centre of the valley and outlined its square, battlemented crest in pale gray-blue against the deep turquoise-blue of the sky. In this noble castle, for so she called it—and so, indeed, it seemed to be, so regular and so symmetrical was its shape—dwelt her bravest soldiers and her best-loved saints. She never tired of looking at this mountain down the vista of the fair valley; of fancying that the Rio Grande, glittering in the sunlight between its green banks, while the red mountains of the blood of Christ towered above, was the golden pathway that led to its stately gates; of fancying that down this pathway rode ever noble knights to the waiting saints who, within the castle, would reward them fitly for their gallant deeds.

Juanita had time and to spare wherein to weave her fancies. In gentle old New Spain there is none of the bustle and toil and vexation of spirit by which

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the dwellers in less favored portions of the world are wearied in body and cast down in heart; and fancies are very real in this land where life, no longer a burden, seems more than half a pleasant dream. Nor in all New Spain was there a place where fancies wove themselves more readily or in more airy forms than here in this little Town of the Holy Children—where trouble never came, where all was placid happiness and peace.

YET at last there did come, one day, into La Villa de los Santos Niños a thrill of surprise. The Padre, returning from the great festival of the Corpus, in Santa Fé, brought with him a strange rumor, that the Americanos were coming down again once more from the North—not as they had come long years before, as conquering soldiers, but as railroad-builders; though what a railroad was, not a single man, woman, or child in the Town of the Holy Children, save the Padre himself and Don José, at all could tell. The phrase *ferro-carril*—a rut, a roadway, of iron—was uncouth, strange, incomprehensible. Doubtless, being an invention of the Americanos, this *ferro-carril* was also an invention of the devil. As everybody knew, between the devil and the Americanos the relations were of the closest.

After much pondering upon the matter, in conference with his friend Máximo, this popular view of the matter was presented by Pedro to Don José for confirmation. Nor did the explanation that Don José gave at all tend to shake his faith in the satanic genesis of the threatened invasion. On the contrary, the explanation only bred in his mind a hazy concept of a great howling demon, fed on fire and boiling water, that tore across the land at a speed greater than that of a runaway *burro;* greater than that attainable by anything earthly—in a word, of a more prodigious devil than his imagination well could lay hold upon. Therefore he went back to Máximo in fear and trembling, crossing himself vigorously, and fervently praying that the devastating horror which menaced the Town of the Holy Children might be stayed. After this, no one doubted that the *ferro-carril* of the Americanos was altogether devilish and abounding in danger to Christian souls.

Presently the vanguard of the army of invasion arrived. After all, it was not a very formidable army: only a half-dozen engineers for cavalry; an axe-man, a cook, and a couple of teamsters for infantry; while the nearest approach to an artillery train was a Studebaker wagon, in which certain venturesome investigators discovered a few Winchester rifles, stacked handily upon a loading of general stores. To be sure, besides the Winchesters, the army was well provided with formidable revolvers; but these reposed quietly in their holsters, and their wearers, so far from manifesting a warlike disposition, were friendly to a degree. Indeed, the party was made up of brisk, merry young fellows, bent fully as much upon having a good time as upon making surveys, and apparently quite determined to make themselves as agreeable to the Mexicans as possible. Had they not been Americanos, their laudable endeavor to establish themselves upon a friendly footing in the land certainly would have been successful; but the conditions of the case were against them, and their endeavor failed. The memory of the siege of Taos, of the battle and sack of Santa Cruz, of the wreck of their own tiny town, of the fall of Santa Fé, all this still was green in the memory of the dwellers in the Town of the Holy Children—far too green to permit them, being good Mexicans, to make friends of these Americanos, who, for all they knew to the contrary, were the very sons of their old-time foes.

For a time Don José shared this popular sentiment and had little to do with the railroad men. He had borne his part bravely in that long-past, troublous time. High up on his forehead, just under the edge of his tumbled, curly hair, was a gallant scar—the mark of a Texan sabre, got as he stood firmly in the breach of the church wall at Taos. As a good soldier, he bore no ill-will to the soldier who had struck him down; but it was not in human nature that he should feel kindly toward the nation to which that soldier belonged; toward the people that had conquered his people, and that had left his land bereft and desolate. And therefore it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that while, as became a Mexican gentleman, he was courteous in his dealings with these railroad-building Americanos who had come down across the mountains from the North, he made his dealings with them few, and treated them as strangers, not as friends.

Yet presently, to the horror of old Pedro, his manner toward the invaders changed. It was Don José's fortune—his fate, perhaps—as he rode homeward one day, down the valley, to fall in with a couple of the American engineers. The young men, full of enthusiasm in their work, and thoroughly convinced that it was destined to regenerate the benighted land in which they were carrying it on, and also charmed with this delightful old fellow, whose manner and whose speech were so pervaded by a courtly elegance, told in uncertain Spanish, but with an earnest energy, of the many benefits to the people and to the country which the building of the railroad surely would bring. They believed heartily what they said, and their faith was infectious. At first Don José listened only for politeness' sake to their glowing description of the coming season of revival, of universal comfort, of the fortunate few who certainly would acquire great wealth. But as they rode on and on, along the dusty road by the river-side, he grew more and more interested in their talk; and presently his dark eyes began to sparkle with an eager light, such as had not shone in them for years; not since the time in his early manhood when he began the grand speculations that were to make him the richest *proprietario* in all Mexico—and that ended in leaving him owner of but one little, poor scrap of land.

Again he grew inattentive to their talk; but now not because it did not interest him, but because the spirit of it had entered into the depths of his being and was working great commotion there. The stray phrases which penetrated to his mind—rich farms, successful vineyards, sales of land, new towns, great fortunes, and the like—gave strength to the flights of his own fervid fancy, and filled with a greater eagerness his eager soul. When their roads separated—at the ford at Chamita—he scarcely roused himself to bid the engineers farewell, so earnestly was his mind engaged with the bright future that had opened out before him at the magic spell of their hopeful words.

Don José rode slowly through the ford, slowly along the Santa Fé road to the point where the lane leading to the Town of the Holy Children branched off from it, and slowly down this lane to his home. Outside the little town he met the Padre, setting forth upon a mission of mercy to one lying sick unto death, whose soul was to be purged of the sins of the world that it was about to leave; but Don José rode on, his head bowed upon his breast, and made no answering sign of reverence to the Padre's salute. At the gate of the corral he threw the end of the lariat to old Pedro without a word—though Pedro could not remember a time when the like of this had happened before. Very close friends were old Pedro and his master—much closer than master and man of the Saxon race, howsoever steadfast their good feeling toward each other, ever could hope to be. Pedro, too, had been in the fight at Taos; and in the darkness of night—daring death—he had stolen into the church, and thence had brought Don José from among the dead, and had nursed him back to life. Don José never had forgotten this—until to-day. But to-day Don José's nature seemed to be entirely changed. He even chid old Paquita—who never before had heard from his lips an unkind word—because by some mischance in the cooking she had suffered the *frijoles* to be burned. And, strangest of all, Juanita's kiss for the first time failed to drive the care-wrinkles from his forehead and to bring a gentle light into his brown eyes.

And so began Don José's new prosperity.

From this day onward, instead of shunning the Americanos, Don José paid court to them. He spent much time with them in their camp; he rode out with them while they ran their lines and staked off for construction; he even made them welcome guests at his own home. The engineers were rather flattered by this unexpected tender of friendship; and as it took a practical turn they were well pleased with it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Presents of fresh corn, of toothsome joints of kid, of melons and fruit, came across to their camp on old Pedro's unwilling shoulders, and were very welcome there. And after the rigors of camp food, the meals which Don José gave them, of old Paquita's cooking, were veritable feasts—though, had they known how heartily Paquita hoped that each mouthful would choke them, it is possible that these feasts would have lost a little of their relish.

The standing topic of conversation on all these occasions was the grand season of prosperity that would come when the railroad should be finished and the enterprising people of the North should pour down into the land. Don José never tired of hearing how the railroads of the Americanos were pushed out into desert wastes—only to make the wastes gardens and the deserts populous. If a railroad thus could make a barren country rich, how much richer then, he argued, must it make a country that already was peopled and needed only a market in order to develop abundantly its latent wealth. And the bright vision of his little possessions, fabulously increased in value and sold at a price that would enable him again to own the great *hacienda* down in Chihuahua, ever was before his eyes.

He tried, one day, to make all this plain to old Pedro. But for once Pedro's opinions were very much at variance with those of his master. The upshot of their talk was that Pedro said, very sturdily, that it was better to be poor than to take the devil's money. And, in answer to the objection that the devil had nothing to do with the matter in hand, he expressed his emphatic belief that the league which existed, and which always had existed, between the devil and the Americanos made devil's money and Americanos' money one and the same thing. Pedro's opinions were not many, but such as he had were positive and strong.

About this time Don José fell in with a new acquaintance who pleased him mightily. This was a certain Señor Richards—an Americano, of course—who had drifted down into New Mexico for no particular reason, he said, but for the general purpose of seeing what chances there were for investments in the land that the railroad so soon was to make rich by opening it to the world. His anticipations of coming benefits were broader and more sanguine, even, than those entertained by the engineers, and, therefore, much better suited to Don José's needs. Don José had found the engineers rather lacking in enthusiasm, latterly. He had no cause for complaining of lack of enthusiasm on the part of this new ally—whose flights of hopeful fancy more than matched his own. Where the Mexican saw a promise only of hundreds, the American saw thousands; and when Don José ventured, doubtfully, to speak of thousands, Señor Richards firmly and positively spoke of millions. Indeed, there was no end to the wealth and prosperity that he foretold.

Nor were his forecasts vague or illusive. They were precise and practical. A land improvement company; a company for the sale of town lots; a company that would dig a great irrigating canal, and so bring under ditch thousands of acres of arid land; a company that would plant vineyards and manufacture wine—these were the more notable of the plans which were to make Don José's level lands in the valley and ragged stretches of hill-side turn at last into gold. Don José's brain was in a whirl with all these fine projects. He could not at all take in their details, and much of their general purpose was more than he could understand; but their grand result was clear enough to him, and contemplation of it made him glad at heart.

Moreover, he already held in hand an earnest of his riches. The sum of money paid him by the railroad company for the right of way across his lands seemed to him in itself enormous—for in this blessed region all the things which make life comfortable were to be had in plenty, and money, with which comes sorrow, scarcely was known at all. But Don José did not by any means look upon his money as the seed of unhappiness; on the contrary, he believed that with its possession happiness had come to him such as he had not known for many long years. In truth, he looked back now with something like contempt upon the placid life that had been his in the past.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To be sure, in this past time—since the Señora's death—he had known no real sorrows. He had lived in quiet contentment, drawing from his little herd and from his few fields all that he needed to supply his bodily wants, with enough of overplus to help his humble neighbors in times of dearth—and being thus liberal with the goods which God had given him, and being also gentle and kindly in his dealings with those about him, he had many friends. But now, in contrast with the life of magnificence that so soon would be his, this simple life that he had been for so long contentedly leading seemed worthless and mean.

By this time Señor Richards had shifted his position from that of a constant visitor to that of a permanent inmate of Don José's home. The two had so much to talk about, so many brilliant schemes to plan and shape, that they could not afford the time lost in riding backward and forward between the Town of the Holy Children and Española, where Señor Richards had found quarters. So, quite naturally, the American was induced, as a favor to his Mexican friend, to change his abode. Old Pedro's patience was tried sorely by this new move, for he hated the Señor Richards most cordially; but he had found by this time that remonstrance with his master was useless, and so, moodily, he held his peace. With old Paquita the case was different. She was not in the habit of setting a guard upon her lips at any time; and at a time like this least of all. In a fine rage she presented herself to Don José, and freed her mind completely of the burden that rested upon it—of anger that an Americano should be thus received; of conviction that he would repay his debt of hospitality by some hurtful, evil deed. Paquita did not specify what particular evil deed she looked for; but the thought of Juanita, young, beautiful, motherless, was in her heart. Yet Don José was not moved—save to unwonted anger—by this outbreak of rebellion on Paquita's part. Nor did it in anywise affect the result. Precisely as had been arranged, the Señor Richards came with his few belongings to the house in the Town of the Holy Children and made it his home.

Juanita was the only member of the household, save Don José himself, who regarded complacently this addition to the household's membership. Of late her life had been a lonely one. Engrossed by his many plans for getting rich again, Don José had spared no time for the pleasant, idle talk with Juanita—about her heroes and saints in the castle of San Yldefonso, about her friends the mountains, about her goats and sheep and the *burro*, and such like small matters—in which they both had found much simple happiness in the time that was gone. And being thus cut off from the companionship that had become, though she knew it not, a necessary part of her life, Juanita was more than ready to welcome to her home this stranger, whose presence promised to afford her at least the pleasure and excitement which come with change. From what her father had told her—lacking anybody else to tell it to, for Pedro steadily refused to have part or parcel with the new order of things—she was greatly impressed by the wonderful power that this Americano possessed of making their poverty turn into wealth. To be sure, she never had known—until Don José now told her—that she was poor; and wealth was a word altogether strange to her. But it was only natural that the promise of wealth should seem very good to her when she found that its possession meant for her many new gowns and real jewels, much finer than the sham ones worn by Our Lady at Santa Cruz on the day of her festival, and visits to the capital every year, for the Corpus and the other great feasts of the Church. Hundreds of times she had sat upon old Máximo's knee and listened—with an eager longing that she herself might see it all with her own eyes—to his descriptions of the Corpus and of the many splendors of Santa Fé. No wonder, then, that she looked with a reverent admiration upon this Americano, who was to work the change in their fortunes that would put these wondrous and much-hoped-for delights within her grasp. Nor did her admiration of the potent Americano suffer any decrease because he was young and handsome—not handsome as were her own countrymen, but with a fair beauty that was altogether strange

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to her, and the more attractive because it was thus strange. Presently, in Juanita's day-dreams, the bravest knights in her castle of San Yldefonso also were fair.

While Don José and his friend, the Señor Richards, talked over their many fine projects for fortune-making, and while Juanita's day-dreams took a shape and color that they never before had known, the work of building the railway went on with a rapidity that, to the easy-going Mexicans, seemed nothing short of miraculous. Although they themselves did the digging and the carting of the earth, the celerity with which the embankments grew, and with which the cuts through the hills were completed, was so prodigious—knowing, as they did, how a whole summer scarcely had sufficed them when they dug the great *acéquia* that watered the hill-side above San Pedro—that they were more than ever sure of the existence of the league between the Americanos and the devil. Nor were they well pleased with their work in some other respects. The fields which they loved, having tilled them all their lives long, and knowing that in the past their fathers had tilled them for centuries, were laid waste as the earthworks grew; and everywhere their cherished water-courses were divided. Yet, with the tendency of their race to make life a holiday, they found solace for what they deemed their misfortunes in the seemingly vast sums of money paid them by the railroad company for their labor and for their wasted fields. The possession of money was new to them, and they found that it brought them many pleasant things. The traders who came down with wagon-loads of beautiful wares and stuffs from the North did a brisk business; and every night there was a dance, and every Sunday a *fiesta*, in one or another of the little towns. Nor did these simple prodigals stop in their merry-making to consider that as their money was going as fast as it came, and going only to secure them passing enjoyment, nothing would remain in the end to compensate them for the injury done to their farms—that would remain an injury always.

Don José was the one exception to this improvident rule. He held what had been paid him for his own land, and, under the guidance of the Señor Richards, he added to his little fortune largely. The two made expeditions together down the valley, in advance of the railway workings, and bargained for the land over which the railway was to pass; and presently sold what they had bought to the railway company at a goodly advance; for the valley folk had faith in Don José—because of the name for kindliness and goodness that he had borne among them for so long a time—and did not question the fairness of the prices which he offered them; and the less, because these prices were higher than ever had been paid in the valley for land before.

Señor Richards stated the case to the right-of-way agent of the railroad company in these terse terms: "We pay 'em a d——d sight more for their land than it's worth to *them*, and we take all the trouble of dickering for it and squaring the titles; and then we sell it for a d——d sight less than it's worth to *you*. It's what I call a d——d fair and square transaction all around. And, d——n it all, I'm not here for my health, anyway."

In language less vigorous, and more in harmony with the sedate forms of Spanish speech, Señor Richards made this same presentment of the case to Don José; and urged, besides, that if the great plans which they had in mind were to be realized, it was necessary that they thus should accumulate a working capital. The business that they had in hand was a legitimate business, he said, one in which any honorable gentleman honorably might engage.

At first Don José certainly did not take kindly to this "legitimate business," but gradually he suffered himself to be convinced by the arguments of the "honorable gentleman" with whom he was associated. And a still stronger argument tending to his conviction was his growing love for the growing mass of silver dollars which he had in store. He had made a hiding-place for his treasure in the clay floor of his sleeping-room, and at night he would dig away the clay that covered it and would sit for hours contemplating it in a dreamy ecstasy, as he pictured to himself the de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lights which soon now were to be his: how he would be the owner again of the great *hacienda* in Chihuahua; how he would live again the free, careless life of his youth; how once more he would receive the respect and honor that is the due of him who owns broad lands. And, thus richly fancying, he would grow pitiful of himself as he thought of the many years that he had lost, here in this miserable Town of the Holy Children, in a meaningless and ignoble life.

And yet, though he tried to smother it in the depths of his heart, the thought would force itself upon him, now and then, that his wealth was being bought at the cost of certain precious things which wealth, in turn, could never buy. Already his land transactions had brought him the ill-feeling of the valley folk—who, in past times, had known him only by his kindly deeds, and who had felt for him only respect and love. Those whose land he had bought for little and sold for much, as they gradually came to understand the loss that they had suffered, were wroth with him; and as they told, up and down the valley, of the wrong that he had done them, a sentiment of ill-will against Don José arose that widened and gathered strength from day to day. In the course of his rides abroad he no longer encountered smiling faces and greetings which came warmly from the heart; the Padre, too, his tried and trusted friend through many years, had drawn away from him; and even in his own home there was a chilling change. But Don José, filling his mind with thoughts of his great store of dollars, and of the joys which these dollars would buy for him, was able for a long while to hide from himself the dismal truth that, in going out into his new life in search of riches, he had left the love and friendship—precious above all riches—of his old life behind. Yet at last the time came when his mind no longer could keep this secret from his heart.

One day, the Señor Richards being away on an expedition down the valley, concerning some land that they purposed buying, Don José tried to make clear to old Pedro the excellent things which were in store for them all when his plans should be accomplished; and so sought to justify his acts in his servant's eyes. But Pedro listened but coldly, and refused to be convinced. So the end of their talk was that Don José bade him begone for a stupid old fool. And Pedro, shouldering his clumsy hoe, went down sadly and wearily to his labor in the fields, wondering the while if Don José had thought him so stupid that night, long ago, when he crept in between the camp-fires of the Americanos to the church at Taos and saved his master's life at the risk of his own.

And much this same thought came into Don José's own mind as, his anger cooling, he watched old Pedro slowly and sorrowfully shambling away. For a long time he sat with his head bowed down, while his face grew more and more thoughtful and sad. It is a dreary thing suddenly to realize that the friendship of more than half a lifetime is broken—though the friendship thus riven be only that of master and man, and the friend lost only a clumsy old fellow with no ideas in his thick head save those of duty and love. And Don José, as the thought came full upon him that Pedro—who had saved his life, and who for so many years had served him with a loving loyalty—now no longer was his friend, was very sad at heart.

While he sat thus mournfully musing, Paquita crossed the *patio;* and he noticed, being in the mood to perceive the omissions, that she did not turn, as for so many years had been her wont when she came near her master, to interchange with him the friendly smile that was sure to be the prelude to a little friendly talk. Here, then, was another faithful friend estranged.

He heard Juanita's step in the house and called to her; but when she came out to him her face was grave and, stopping a little space from where he sat, she asked what he would have her do. She did not come running to him with a laugh and kiss him upon the cheek; and he knew of a sudden that a long, long while had passed since she had given him this sweet caress.

"Dost thou not love me, little one?" he asked; and his heart grew colder and sadder still as, instead of the loving answer that she would have given a year

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before, she said, simply, "Si, Señor," but made no motion to come to his half-extended arms. And then, waiting a moment or two respectfully, to know if he had any commands to lay upon her, and finding that he remained silent, Juanita walked quietly away.

As he looked after her, longingly, he marked with surprise how much within the year she had changed. She no longer was a slim slip of a girl, and instead of her light, quick step she walked heavily. In the doorway she paused and half turned, as though irresolute to go or stay, and he saw that her face was flushed with a deep red. For a moment her eyes met his, and the old-time love-light seemed again to shine in them—but it was strangely blended with an expression, half of doubt, half of fear. Yet, before he had time fully to perceive all this, still less to comprehend it, she turned again, hastily, and was gone.

And thus it was that Don José came to know clearly that the money which he had gained had cost him all the love that was his in the world.

For awhile he again sat silent and sorrowful; and then he arose and walked, with something of eagerness, out from the *patio* and across the road into the little chapel. Although living at the very door of this chapel, Don José but rarely entered it. In common with the men of his race generally, he was content that the services of the Church should be discharged for him by his womenkind. But now he turned to the chapel in earnest need, as the one fit place wherein his sorrow for the past might be lost in prayer, and wherein, through the answer to his prayer, might come hope for a better future. The duskiness of the little church, as he entered it and left behind him the glare of sunlight, was comforting to him—soothing him as he would have been soothed by a soft, cool hand laid upon his hot forehead. There was no one in the chapel—he was glad of that—and he sank down upon his knees before the little altar, restfully, as a wanderer finding welcome in a home from which he has gone far astray. As he prayed there, less in words than in thoughts, peace seemed to come back to him, and love entered once more into his heart. The memory of the many placid, happy years which he had passed here in the Town of the Holy Children came over him and filled him with a quiet joy in which there was rest and thankfulness; and at the same time the firm determination that—by the sweet Children's aid, and by the Blessed Virgin's grace—this life again should be his filled and gladdened his soul. And so, at last, he arose from before the altar and went forth once more into the sunlight; and in his heart was happiness.

Don José, a sinner, forgot that sin—though through God's great goodness and mercy it may be forgiven—is a deadly stain that even true repentance cannot efface; forgot that, while evil may be stopped at its source, the consequences of evil done must go on and on until through bitter sorrow is accomplished the expiation that Fate inexorably demands.

THE Señor Richards, having, with some little trouble, satisfactorily arranged a very promising deal down the valley, came back late in the afternoon to the Town of the Holy Children, to report the transaction to his partner, and to lay out plans for continuing their highly profitable campaign. For private reasons of his own, Señor Richards did not intend to carry on this campaign much longer, and he already had partly mapped out a bold stroke with which he intended to bring it to an end. But that Don José should desire to end it was a possibility that had not occurred to him. Therefore, he was not a little surprised when—in the after-glow of sunset, as the two sat together in the *patio* smoking their *cigarritos*, while the cool wind poured down from the mountains and brought with it a delicious refreshment after the long heat of the day—Don José told him of his changed intentions in regard to the execution of their plans. Don José spoke nervously, almost timidly, for his instinct told him that the Señor Richards could not in the smallest degree comprehend the motives which actuated him in renouncing the fair certainty of wealth; and he felt that this friend, who had helped him so well, so disinterestedly, had a just right for complaint in a sudden stoppage of their joint work

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while its profits yet remained all on one side—for, though the money already in hand might be divided, the great schemes for fortune-making, of which this money was the substantial basis, still remained in the air.

For a little space, while he unfolded his intentions in the slow speech that was habitual with him, the angry light that he expected to see in the eyes of the Señor Richards indeed was there. But as he talked on this light died out, and when he had made an end of his discourse the Americano's face wore a smile—not a pleasant smile, it is true; nor one easy for a simple-minded man like Don José to understand. However, it seemed to be well meant, for the Señor Richards raised no objections to the dissolution of their partnership. It made no difference to him, he said, whether or not their plans were executed. Other land-owners on the line of the railroad, no doubt, would accept gladly the chance that Don José chose to throw away; and if they would not, he did not greatly care. On many accounts, he added, he was disposed to return to the States; this was but a slow country for an American to make money in; after all, these plans which they had formed for fortune-making were quite as likely to fail as they were to succeed.

Don José, thinking only of his desire to retreat from his position, did not notice the wide difference between his friend's views now and those which he had expressed that very morning—when he had repeated with emphasis his frequently-urged belief that the very plans which he now dismissed so airily would assure to them both the speedy acquisition of fabulous wealth. Had Don José perceived this change of front, the thought might have occurred to him, ignorant though he was of the darker side of human nature, that the honorable gentleman his partner, for some reason that might not bear examination, had been aiding him and urging him to build a house of cards.

The proposition that the money should be divided was accepted by the Señor Richards briskly. It had better be done at once, that very night, he said; since Don José had decided to abandon their joint undertaking, he would leave immediately—in fact, by the train that passed Chamita a little after midnight—for the States. In anyone else, Don José would have deemed strange such exceedingly prompt action; but in the case of this Americano he had come to know that intention and action usually went hand-in-hand.

Juanita had been sitting near them while they talked, but neither of them had spoken to her—her father had not even thought of her. Women are looked upon as useful creatures in this part of the world, but they have no part in the serious affairs of men. Now she arose from the bench by the doorway, and, with a sob that startled them both, went into the house hurriedly.

"Ah! the poor little one! She mourns the loss of the Corpus, and the beautiful gowns, and all the fine things which I have promised her," said Don José. The Señor Richards made no answer in words, but again there appeared upon his face that curious, not pleasant, smile.

The two men went into the house to Don José's sleeping-room, and Don José—discovering now for the first time its hiding-place to his friend—dug up from the clay floor his hoard of silver dollars and made a fair division of them. He was strongly tempted—little liking the way that he had come by them—to give them all to the American; but the thought of Juanita restrained him. With such a sum as still was left to him he could give her a marriage portion that would assure her a worthy husband; he felt that he was old now, and his heart's desire was to see Juanita, the one true treasure of his old age, well settled in life before he died. Therefore he checked his impulse, and, when the Señor Richards had verified his count, he returned his own half of the money to its hiding-place in the clay floor. Señor Richards stood by and watched him—the unpleasant smile again upon his face, though this time it was unseen by Don José—while he filled in the hole and carefully levelled over it the clay.

When the two men separated—for the few hours of sleep which could be caught before the Señor Richards would ride away to take the north-bound train—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don José returned across the dark *patio*. As he passed the door of Juanita's sleeping-room he heard, through the darkness, the sound of bitter sobs. Pushing aside the partly open door, he went to where his daughter lay sorrowing. Very tenderly, for his own heart felt a nameless sorrow that entered into and was a part of his great love for his child, he asked:

"Doth thy little heart suffer, my little one, now that all I foolishly promised thee is lost?"

But Juanita answered only with a moan, and in the darkness she clasped eagerly her father's hand.

For a long while, stroking her hands soothingly, he sat beside her. But she would not be comforted, and her quivering sobs wrung cruelly his loving heart. At last she said, with such hollow tones of grief in her voice as made it seem the voice of a tormented soul speaking from amidst the agonies of hell: "Not now, my father, not now. I must tell thee my sorrow—but wait yet a little time. Leave me for this one night longer with thy dear love, that I had thought already was lost to me; leave me, and let me make to the Mother of Sorrows my prayer."

And Don José, half smiling that so small a grief thus should stir to its very depths Juanita's heart, yet sorrowing because his own folly had brought this grief upon her, kissed gently and lovingly her little tear-wet cheek, and left her alone in the darkness to pray.

Sleep came to Don José slowly. This had been a day of great excitement to him, and his mind was charged with many and conflicting thoughts. He had taken a decisive step that shaped positively his future life. As he believed, he had relinquished wealth that was within his grasp; as he certainly knew, he had accepted comparative poverty as his portion for the remainder of his days. Both his conscience and his heart approved what he had done; yet it was not in human nature that, after making such a choice, he should not feel some twinges of regret. And a real poignancy was given to his sorrow by the grief that his choice had caused his child. He felt sure, of course, that this little trouble of hers would be cured by time, and that the life which he had chosen for her was far more likely to bring her happiness than the life which he had rejected; yet it troubled him to think that any act of his—no matter how temporary her pain, nor how greatly for her good the eventual result—should make in her tender soul so harsh a wound. And underlying all these troubling thoughts, now that his mind was awakened to the change that a year had wrought, was a haunting fear that with the coming of the Americanos the restfulness and peace of the Town of the Holy Children had departed, never to return. When at last he slept, his sleep was dreamful and unsound.

Don José was awakened less by a noise than by a presence—by an instinctive feeling that he was not alone, and that deadly peril was near. The room, without windows, was densely dark; only a faint suggestion of dim, reflected light came in through the open door from the star-lit *patio*. Through this slightly luminous space, as he gazed intently, a figure seemed to move; and a moment later he heard a very slight, soft sound, as though a hand were moving over the surface of the clay floor. The sound came from that side of the room where his treasure lay buried, and, as his light sleep wholly left him, he knew that he was being robbed. Some one of the many loose characters with which the valley had been infested since the coming of the railway must have guessed that he had money by him, and so had planned this daring theft. In the excitement of the moment, and in the confusion of a mind aroused from sleep, it did not occur to Don José that a robber of this sort would not have the precise knowledge of the interior of his house, nor of the exact spot where the money lay hidden, that this robber manifestly was in possession of. Indeed, he did not pause to think about the matter at all. Over his head, hanging upon the wall, within easy reach of his hand, was the sword that he had carried so gallantly through the long-past war—the sword that had fallen beside him, when he was struck down in the church at Taos, and that Pedro had brought away, in that dismal night-time, to keep as a precious

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relic, should his brave master die. It was a good sword, and Don José's blood coursed hotly through his veins as he felt, although he was an old man now, that he still could use it well. With a cry he seized it, sprang to his feet, crossed the room, and made a fierce lunge in the darkness. But his thrust went into the empty air—and before he could recover himself a hand had clutched his throat.

"Hold your noise, you d——d old fool! I don't want to murder you. I only want the money. Keep quiet, and you'll be all right. Make another sound, and I'll choke you!"

Don José did not understand this speech, for the words were English; but he recognized the voice, strained by passion though it was, as the voice of the Señor Richards. But had he fully understood what was said to him, and no matter who the robber had been, he would not have yielded. His old soldierly spirit, long at rest, was aroused again; and it was fiercely strengthened by the sense of the cruel wrong that was being done him by this Americano, whom he had sheltered in his own home, and whom he had made his friend. He cried out as loudly as he could for the grip upon his throat, and he gave one thrust, at least, with his sword that told. And the cry and the sword-thrust sealed his fate. A revolver cracked, throwing out for an instant a glare of red light into the darkness, and Don José fell back upon the little heap of upturned clay beside his treasure—dead.

As he fell, a gleam of light shone out side the doorway in the *patio*, and then —carrying a lantern, and armed with no better weapon than his big hoe—Pedro rushed into the room; behind him came Paquita, and with her, wild-eyed and fear-stricken, Juanita. The light lasted only for an instant. The revolver cracked again, and Pedro fell dead by the side of Don José. In the war-time of old, often had Pedro prayed that should his master fall, battling fairly with an honorable foe, he might thus fall beside him. But what bitter irony of that prayer it was that they should die together in such a dastard fight as this!

For the instant that the light lasted Juanita's eyes met those of her father's murderer; and even the Señor Richards, who was blessed with a commendable coolness under trying circumstances, trembled, with chilled blood, before that wild look in which was mingled deadly horror and desolate despair. Then Pedro's life and the light went out together, and went out, also, all light from Juanita's forever-darkened soul.

In the darkness the two women heard the murderer move the bodies upon the floor; heard, a little later, the clink of silver—he was not the man to lose the fruit of his work; heard him pass through the door, close beside them, and so across the *patio* to the *corral*, where his horse, ready saddled, stood tethered; heard him mount, and heard the sound, ever lessening, of his horse's hoofs as he galloped toward the ford in the river, guided by the clear, pale light of the stars. So still was the night that they even heard the splashing of water as he crossed the ford at Chamita. At the same moment sounded shrilly the whistle of the approaching train for the North; and they knew that to arouse pursuit was useless—for the devil had saved his own.

Thus cruel death and yet more cruel despair came together into the Town of the Holy Children, and broke forever the sweet spell of its gentle, gracious name.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A DREAM.

By Ellen Burroughs.

Last night, what time dreams wander east and west,
What time a dream may linger, I lay dead,
With flare of tapers pale above my head,
With weight of drifted roses on my breast;
And they, who noiseless came to watch my rest,
Looked kindly down and gentle sentence said.

One sighed "She was but young to go to-day;"
And one "How fiercely life with death had striven
Ere God set free her spirit, sorrow-shriven!"
One said "The children grieve for her at play;"
And one, who bent to take a rose away,
Whispered "Dear love, would that we had forgiven."

GIBRALTAR.

By Henry M. Field.

I HEARD the last gun of the Old Year fired from the top of the Rock, and the first gun of the New. The bugles that sounded at night sounded again at morning. Scarcely had we caught the last echoes, that, growing fainter and fainter, seemed to be wailing for the dying year, before a piercing blast announced his successor. The king is dead! Long live the king!

It was a notable day, even in a life of travel, when I entered the Straits of Gibraltar. Coming from Cadiz, and touching at Tangier, the port of Morocco, after a few hours we glided between the two continents, which here come within hailing distance of each other (only nine miles separating the most southern point of Europe from the most northern point of Africa), and are at once in sight of the Rock, which looms up grandly before us. Although it was but the middle of the afternoon, the winter sun hung low, and striking across the bay, outlined against the sky the figure of a lion couchant—a true British lion, not very unlike those in Trafalgar Square, in London, only that the bronze is changed to stone, and cut out of a mountain. But the figure is there, with the kingly head turned toward Spain, as if in defiance of its former master, every feature bearing the same character of leonine majesty and power. That is Gibraltar!

It is a common saying that "some men

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." The same may be said of places; but here is one to which both descriptions may be applied —which has had greatness thrust upon it by nature, and has achieved it in history. There is not a more picturesque spot in Europe. Imagine a rock fourteen hundred feet high—more than three times as high as Edinburgh Castle, and not like that firm-set upon the solid ground, but rising out of the seas—and girdled with the strongest fortifications in the world. Such greatness has nature thrust upon Gibraltar. And few places have seen more history, as few have been fought over more times than this in the long wars of the Spaniard and the Moor; for here the Moor first set foot in Europe, and gave name to the place (Gibraltar being merely Gebel-el-Tarik, the mountain of Tarik, the Moorish invader), and here departed from it, after a conflict of nearly eight hundred years.

The steamer anchors in the bay, half a mile from shore, and a boat takes us off to the quay, where, after being duly registered by the police, we are permitted to pass under the massive arches, and through the heavy gates of the double line of fortifications, and enter Waterport Street, the one and almost only street of Gibraltar, where we find quarters in that most comfortable refuge of the traveller, the Royal Hotel, which is to be our home for a week.

It was a bright New Year's morning, that first day of 1887, and how could we begin the year better than by climbing to the top of the Rock, to get the outlook over land and sea? The ascent is not difficult, for though the Rock is steep as well as high, a zigzag path winds up its side, which to a good pedestrian is only a bracing walk, while a lady can mount a little donkey and be carried to the very top. If you have to go slowly, so much the better, for you will be glad to linger by the way. As you mount higher and higher, the view spreads out wider and wider. Below, the bay is placid as an inland lake, on which ships of war are riding at anchor, "resting on their shadows," while vessels that have brought supplies for the garrison are unlading at the New Mole. Nor is the side of the Rock itself wanting in beauty. Gibraltar is not a barren cliff; its very crags are mantled with vegetation, and wild flowers spring up almost as in Palestine. Those who have made a study of its flora tell us that it has no less than five hundred species of flowering plants and ferns, of which but one-tenth have been brought from abroad; all the rest are native. The sunshine of Africa rests in the clefts of the rocks; in every sheltered spot the vine and the fig-tree flourish, the almond-tree and the myrtle; you inhale the fragrance of the locust and the orange blossoms; while the clematis hangs out its white tassels, and the red geranium lights up the cold gray stone with rich masses of color.

Thus loitering by the way, you come at last to the top of the Rock, where a scene bursts upon you hardly to be found elsewhere in the world, since you are literally pinnacled in air, with a horizon that takes in two seas and two continents. You are standing on the very top of one of the Pillars of Hercules, the ancient Calpe, and in full view of the other on the African coast, where, above the present town of Ceuta, whose white walls glisten in the sun, rises the ancient Abyla, the Mount of God. These are the two Pillars which, to the ancient geographers, set bounds to the habitable world.

On this point is the signal station, from which a constant watch is kept for ships entering the straits. It is an ancient watch-tower, for here the Carthaginians watched the Roman ships. The Spaniards called it "El Hacho," the Torch, because here beacon fires were lighted to give warning in time of danger. A little house furnishes a shelter for the officer on duty, who from its flat roof with his field-glass sweeps the whole horizon, north and south, from the Sierra Nevada in Spain, to the long chain of the Atlas Mountains in Africa. Looking down, the Mediterranean is at his feet. There go the ships, with boats from either shore which dip their long lateen-sails as sea-gulls dip their wings, and sometimes fly over the waves as a bird flies through the air; even while large ships labor against the wind. As a current from the Atlantic flows steadily into the Mediterranean, to supply the loss

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by evaporation, if perchance the wind should blow from the same quarter, it is not an easy matter to get out of the straits. A friend of mine once came from Smyrna in a sailing ship and was detained in the bay of Gibraltar *six weeks!* At that time, thirty years ago, it was not so common as now to have steam-tugs to tow ships to sea. Every day the number of west-bound ships grew greater till there were hundreds of vessels, large and small, waiting for a wind. At last it came, and in an hour every barque had spread its wings, and, said my friend, "the most beautiful sight I ever saw was that fleet as it moved off together from the Mediterranean into the Atlantic."

But to-day the wind scarcely ripples the sea, and the boats glide gently whither they will; while here and there a great steamer from England, bound for Naples, or Malta, or India, appears on the horizon, marking its course by the long line of smoke trailing behind it.

To this wonderful combination of land and sea nothing can be added except by the changing light which falls upon it. For the fullest effect you must wait till sunset, when the evening gun has been fired, to signal the departing day, and its heavy boom is dying away in the distance,

"Swinging low with sullen roar."

Then the sky is aflame where the sun has gone down in the Atlantic; and as the last light from the west streams through the straits, they shine as if they were the very gates of gold that open into a fairer world than ours.

But, of course, the great sight of Gibraltar is the Fortifications, which are on an immense scale, as the whole circuit of the Rock is seven miles. But not all this requires to be defended, for on the eastern side the cliff is so tremendous that there is no possibility of scaling it. It is fearful to stand on the brow, and look down to where the waves are dashing more than a thousand feet below. The only approach must be by land from the north, or from the sea on the western or southern side. The two latter are defended by a succession of batteries carried along the sea-wall, and up the side of the Rock, so that there is not a spot on which an assailant can set his foot which is not under the fire of guns.

The northern side is pierced by the great Galleries cut in the rock, which are the unique feature of Gibraltar, that distinguishes it above all the other fortresses of the world. These were begun more than a hundred years ago, during the Great Siege, which lasted nearly four years, when the inhabitants had no rest day nor night. For, though the French and Spanish besiegers had not rifled guns, nor any of the improved artillery of modern times, yet even with their smooth-bore cannon and mortars they managed to reach every part of the Rock. Bombs and shells were always flying over the town, now bursting in the air, and now falling with terrible destruction. So high did these missiles reach, that even the Rock-gun, on the very pinnacle of Gibraltar, was twice dismounted. Thus pursued to the very eagle's nest of their citadel, and finding no rest above ground, the besieged felt that their only shelter must be in the bowels of the earth, and gangs of convicts were set to work to blast out these long galleries, which we are now to visit.

As it is a two miles' walk through them, we may save our steps by riding as far as the entrance. It is an easy drive up to the Moorish Castle, built by the African invader who crossed the straits in 711, and finding the south of Spain an easy conquest, resolved to establish himself in the country, and a few years later built this Castle on a shoulder of the hill, where it has stood, frowning over land and sea, for nearly twelve centuries.

Here we present an order from the Military Secretary, and the officer in charge details a gunner to conduct us through the galleries. The gate is opened, and we plunge in at once, beginning on the lower level. The excavation is just like that of a railway tunnel, except that no arches are required, as it is for the whole distance hewn through the solid rock, which is self-supporting.

But it is not a gloomy cavern that we are to explore, through which we can

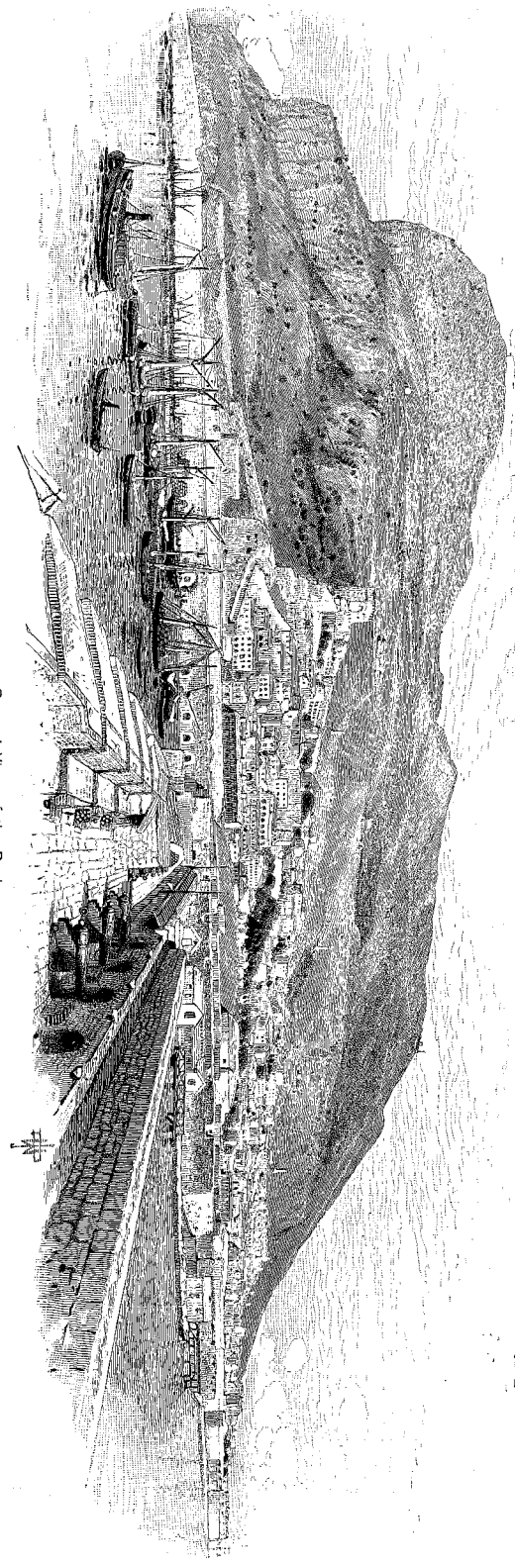
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make our way only by the light of torches, for at every dozen yards there is a large port-hole, by which light is admitted from without, at all of which heavy guns are mounted on carriages, by which they can be swung round to any quarter.

After we have passed through one tier, perhaps a mile in length, we mount to a second, which rises above the other like the upper deck of an enormous line-of-battle ship. Enormous indeed it must be, if we can imagine a double-decker a mile long!

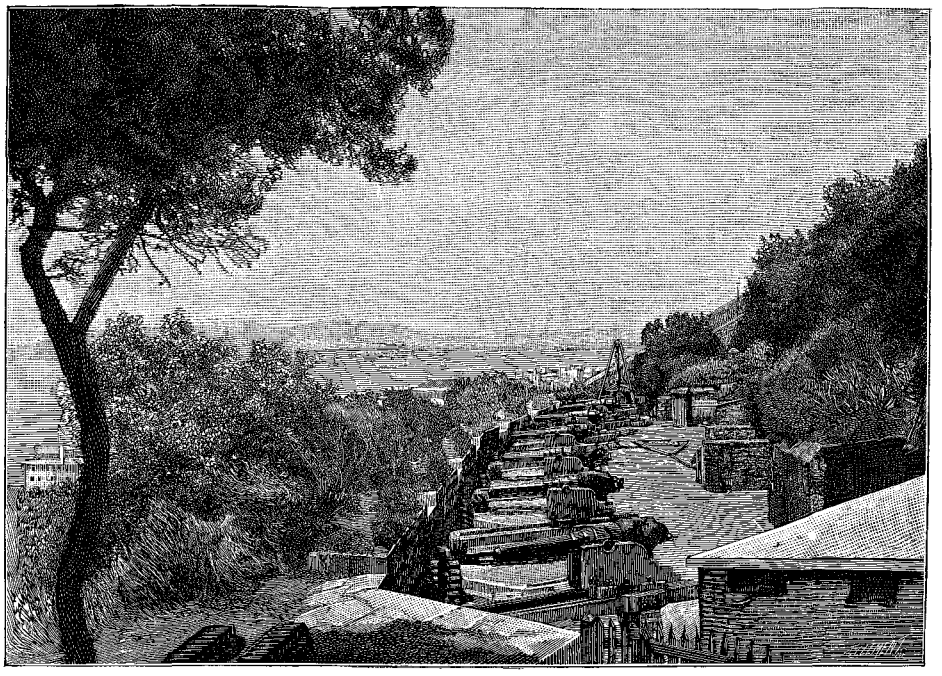
As we tramped past these endless rows of cannon, it occurred to me that their simultaneous discharge must be very trying to the nerves of the artilleryman (if he has any nerves), as the concussion against the walls of rock is much greater than if they were fired in the open air, and I asked my guide if he did not dread it? He confessed that he did, but added, like the plucky soldier that he was: "We've got to stand up to it!"

These galleries are all on the northern side of the Rock, which, as it is very precipitous, hardly needs such a defence. But it is the side which looks toward Spain, and is intended to command any advance against the fortress from the land. Keeping in mind the general shape of the Rock as that of a lion, this is the lion's head, and as I looked up at it afterward from the Neu-



General View of the Rock.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Saluting Battery.

tral Ground, I could but imagine these open port-holes with the savage-looking guns peering out of them, to be the lion's teeth, and thought what terror would be thrown into a camp of besiegers if the monster should once open those ponderous jaws, and shake the hills with his tremendous roar.

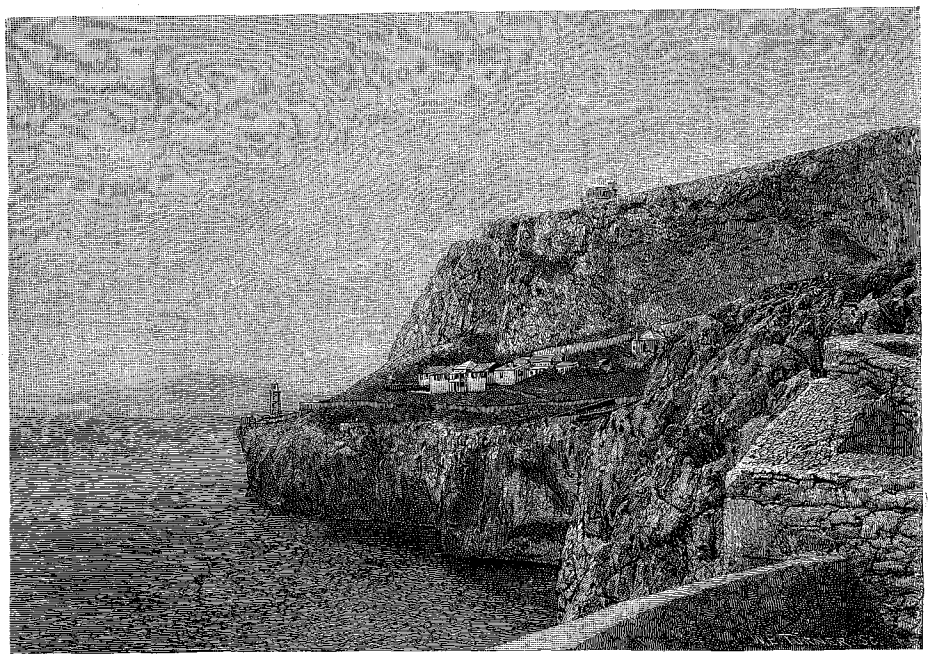
Following the galleries to the very end, we find them enlarged to an open space, called the Hall of St. George, in which Nelson was once fêted by the officers of the garrison. It must have been a proud moment when the defenders of the Great Fortress paid homage to the Conqueror of the sea. As they drank to the health of the hero of the Battle of the Nile, they could hardly have dreamed that a greater victory was yet to come; and still less, that it would be a victory followed by mourning, when all the flags in Gibraltar would be hung at half mast, as the flagship of Nelson anchored in the bay, with only his body on board, one week after the battle of Trafalgar.

The name of Nelson recalls the great events which took place in these waters near the close of the last century. Less than twenty-five years before Nelson fell Gibraltar was in the midst of one of the most memorable sieges recorded in history: when France and Spain joined their forces to wrest the Rock from England; and the greatest day that it ever saw was that which finally defeated the most powerful armament since the Spanish Armada. A brief reference to this chapter of history will show how Gibraltar has "achieved greatness" as well as had "greatness thrust upon it."

There is one sure way to take a fortress—by starving out the garrison. But for this it must be shut up tight enough, and kept shut long enough. The besiegers set themselves to "seal up" the Rock both by land and sea. Great works were built across the isthmus, supported by a large army, so that not a human being could get out; while French and Spanish ships guarded against every other approach.

But for all that it is hard to make a blockade perfect when there are hundreds of eyes looking out from the land, answered by hundreds of watchers from the sea. On a dark night a boat with muffled oars could steal up to the land,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Europa Point.

to cheer the garrison with hope of relief. Once or twice indeed an English fleet broke through the blockade, and brought in supplies. But as soon as it retired (for England, which was waging war in two hemispheres, had battles to fight in other parts of the globe) the French and Spaniards closed round again. The Governor had sent away all destitute families, to reduce the number of hungry mouths, but still the food was all too little for those that were left. A goose was worth a guinea, and a bushel of potatoes seemed a priceless possession. As the pinch came closer, the soldiers had often to feel the pangs of hunger, and might have been stirred to mutiny if it had not been for the bluff old Governor, who made light of famine, and showed his men how he could bear the starving process by living for a week on four ounces of rice a day!

And not content with starving the garrison, the besiegers tried to bombard it into submission. At one time they opened a fire from 170 cannon and 80 mortars, and kept it up six weeks, till the town was almost destroyed. Hardly a house was left standing; if here and there one stood half erect, it was riddled with shot and shell. But still the unconquerable English would not surrender.

The siege had now lasted nearly three years, and fixed the attention of the whole civilized world. Made desperate by their repeated defeats, the allies redoubled their efforts. As so many attempts had failed, they determined on one that could *not* fail. A famous French engineer was summoned to prepare an armament more formidable than had ever been known in naval warfare. Taking ten large ships, he cut them down to make of them floating batteries. They were heavily "plated," not with iron on the outside, like a modern ironclad, but with ribs of oak within. Inside their enormous hulls was a triple thickness of beams, braced against the sides. Next to this was a layer of *sand*, in which it was supposed a cannon-ball would bury itself as in the earth. To this sand bank, resting against its oaken "backing," there was still an inner lining in a thick wall of *cork*, which, yielding like india-rubber, would offer the best resistance to the penetration of shot.

Having thus protected the hulls, it was only necessary to protect the crews

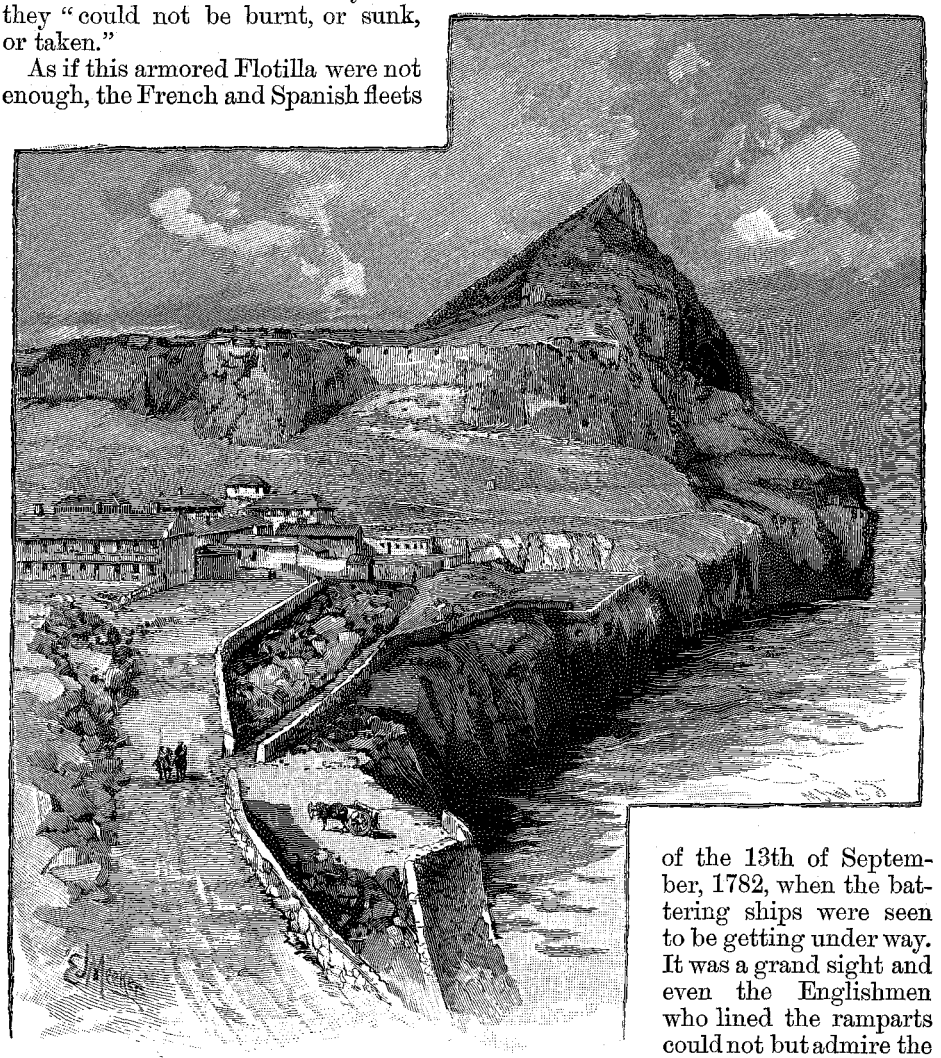
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

while working the guns. For this the decks were roofed with heavy timbers, which were covered with *ropes*, and next with *hides*, after the manner of the ancient Romans. Thus shielded above and below—from the deck to the keel—these novel ships of war were in truth floating fortresses, and it was hardly presumptuous in their constructor to say that they "could not be burnt, or sunk, or taken."

As if this armored Flotilla were not enough, the French and Spanish fleets had been reinforced till there were in the harbor not less than fifty line of battle ships, with innumerable smaller vessels, supported on land by an army of forty thousand men, whose batteries, mounted with the heaviest ordnance, stretched along the shore.

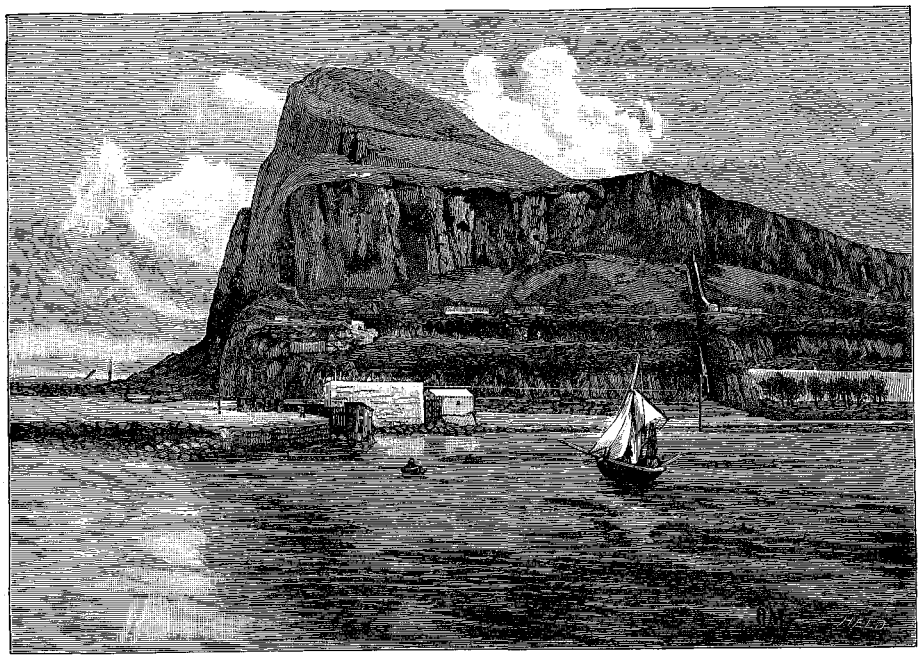
Against this mighty armament, the English commander, mustering every gun and every man, could oppose only ninety-six pieces of artillery, manned by seven thousand soldiers and sailors.

Such was the position on the morning of the 13th of September, 1782, when the battering ships were seen to be getting under way. It was a grand sight and even the Englishmen who lined the ramparts could not but admire the order in which they took up their positions. So confident was the Spanish admiral that his ships were shot-proof and bomb-proof, that he took no pains to keep at long range, but advanced boldly and moored within half gunshot, with large boats full of men,



Windmill Hill, O'Hara's Tower, and Europa Point.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Lion Couchant.

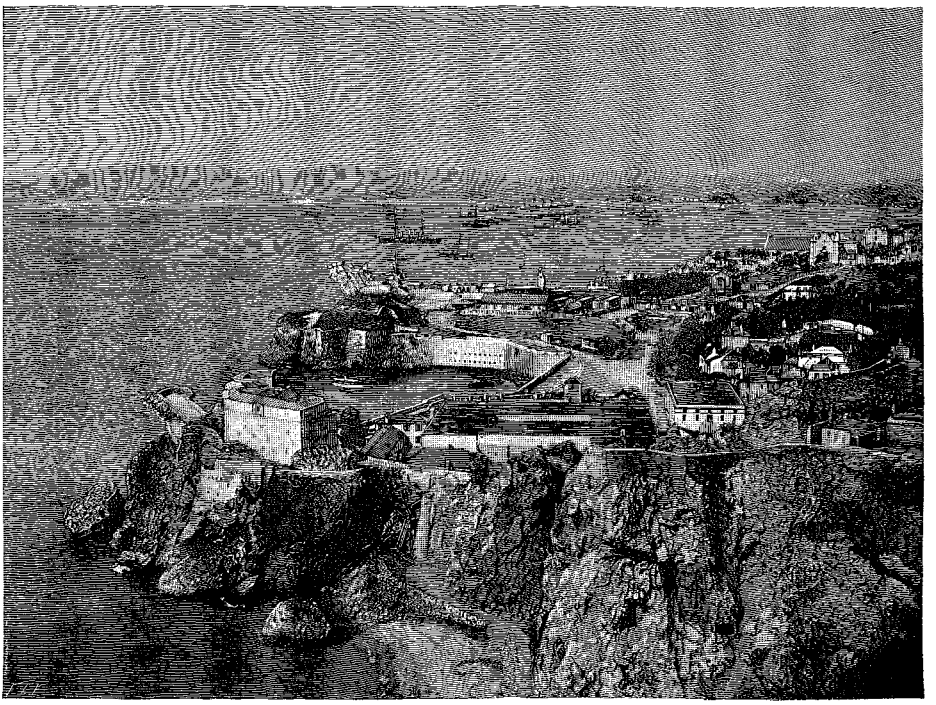
ready to land as soon as the batteries on shore were silenced. To both sides it was evident that the decisive day had come.

While this manœuvring was going on, the English stood at their guns in silence till "Old Eliott" took his stand on the King's Bastion, and gave the signal for the roar of earth and hell to begin. Instantly the floating batteries answered from the whole line, and their fire was taken up along the shores of the bay, till there were four hundred guns playing on the devoted town. No thunderstorm in the tropics ever shot out such lightnings and thunderings. As the hills echoed the tremendous reverberations, it seemed as if the solid globe was reeling under the shock of an earthquake.

For hours the battle raged with doubtful issue. Though the English fired at such short range, they did not produce much effect. Their thirty-two pound shot could not pierce the thick-ribbed sides of the battering ships, while their heaviest shells were seen to rebound from the roofs, as the shots of the Congress and the Cumberland rebounded from the roof of the Merrimac. Apparently the fire of the garrison produced as little impression on the ships as the fire of the ships produced on the rocks of Gibraltar.

The disparity of forces was so great that the allies might have carried the day, if that inequality had not been balanced by one advantage of the besieged. They had one means of destruction which could not be so easily turned against land defences—in the use of hot shot. By the side of each battery stood a furnace, kept at white heat, into which the heavy balls were dropped till they glowed like molten iron, and then were carefully lifted and rolled into the cannon's mouth, from which they were instantly hurled at the foe. But even these did not at first make much impression. The French engineer had guarded against them by having pumps constantly pouring water into the layer of sand below, where a red-hot cannon-ball would soon be rendered harmless. In fact, a number of times during the day smoke was seen to issue from the floating batteries, showing that the hot shot had taken effect, but the flames were promptly extinguished. It was not till late in the afternoon that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



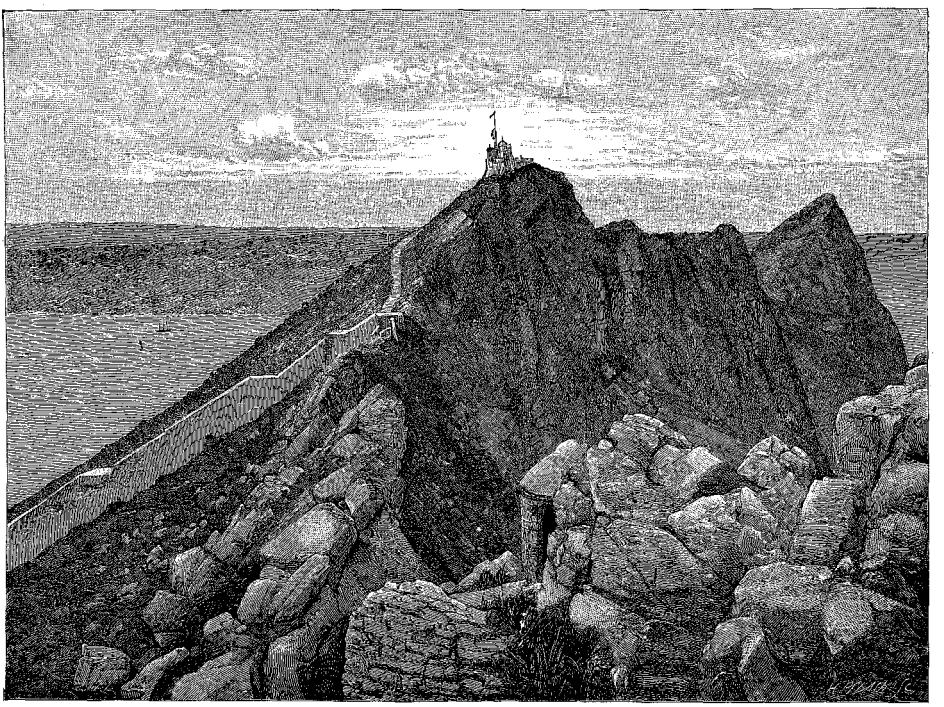
Rosia Bay.

they began to burst out, and it was seen that the admiral's ship was on fire. As the night drew on the flames became more visible, showing the exact position of the Spanish line, and furnishing a mark for the English guns. At midnight nine out of the ten battering ships were on fire. The scene at this moment was awful beyond description, as the flames mounted higher and higher till they lighted up the whole bay and the surrounding shores. When it became evident that the ships could not be saved, there was a panic on board; all discipline was lost in the eagerness to escape from the burning decks; sailors and gunners threw themselves into the sea. Boats from the fleet picked up hundreds, and still there were hundreds more who were perishing. Then it was that the English showed that their courage was equalled by their humanity, as the very men that had fought all day at the guns pushed off in boats to save their foes from drowning. Nearly four hundred were thus saved by English hands.

The next morning saw the bay strewn with wrecks. The battle was over, and although the siege was nominally continued for some months longer till peace was declared, the struggle was ended, and from that day to this—more than a hundred years—the red cross of England has floated from the Rock of Gibraltar.

Such a defence was worthy of the priceless jewel to be kept. Never was a place more strongly fortified or more bravely defended. Since the Great Siege it has been deemed impregnable, and the most daring foes have kept aloof; but it is always in a state of preparation. Everything goes by military rule: the gates are opened at sunrise and closed at sunset, after which no one, except by special order, can pass out or in. Within these walls are kept at all times five or six thousand men, chiefly regiments brought home from foreign service, that are stationed here for a time, not merely to perform garrison duty, but as a place of rest to recover strength for fresh campaigns, and from which they can be ordered to any part of the Mediterranean or to India. While here they are kept

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Signal Station

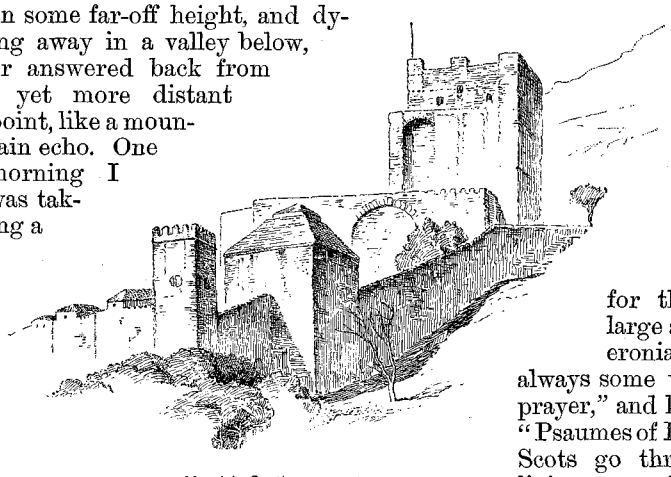
under constant drill, for which they have for their parades the only level piece of ground in Gibraltar, the Alameda, which is large enough for a regiment to go through its evolutions. I had an opportunity to see the splendid bearing of these trained soldiers on the occasion of presenting colors to the South Staffordshire regiment, one of the oldest regiments in the British army, formed in the reign of Queen Anne, when the great Marlborough led her troops to foreign wars. Of the 184 years of its existence, it had spent 134 (all but fifty) in foreign service, in which it had fought in thirty-eight battles. Its last service was in the Soudan, where it had left the bones of many to whiten the desert. Its commanding officer was killed at Abu Klea. Now its old battle-flags, which had floated on so many fields, worn by time and torn by shot and shell, were to be surrendered to be taken back to England, and hung in the oldest church in Staffordshire as the proud memorials of its glory, while it was to receive new colors, to be carried in future wars. The scene was a brilliant one. The regiment, a thousand strong, was drawn up in line, its burnished arms glistening as if those who bore them had never been in the heat of battle. In front of the line were the officers mounted. As the Governor, with General Walker at his side, an old officer whose breast was covered with decorations, rode on the ground, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and immediately the regiment began a series of evolutions, in which the soldiers moved with firm and even tread as if they had but one body and one soul, at the close of which they formed in a hollow square, and the regimental choir sang with mighty voices, and the Bishop of Gibraltar read a prayer in which he implored the blessing of Almighty God upon the arms of England. Then came the supreme moment. Drums had been piled together to make a kind of altar, and here the two youngest officers of the regiment, kneeling on one knee, received from the hands of the Governor the colors, which they were to bear without a stain! Remounting his horse, the Governor addressed the regiment in stirring words,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to which the commanding officer replied, that in any future conflicts, as in the past, these soldiers of England "would do or die" for the honor of their sovereign and their country: after which the Governor and his staff galloped off the ground, and the bands striking up one of the national airs, the regiment marched proudly away.

The presence of so large a body of troops in Gibraltar gives a constant animation to its streets, which are alive with red-coats and blue-coats, the latter being the uniform of the artillery. Almost every hour a company passes up the street, and never do I hear the "tramp, tramp," keeping time to the fife and drum, that I do not rush to the balcony to see the sight, and hear the sounds which stir even my peaceful breast.

There is nothing that stirs me quite so much as the bugle. Twice a day it startles us with its piercing blast, as it follows instantly the gun-fire, at sunrise and sunset. But this does not thrill me as when I hear it blown on some far-off height, and dying away in a valley below, or answered back from a yet more distant point, like a mountain echo. One morning I was taking a walk to Europa Point, and as the path leads upward, I came upon several squads of buglers (I counted a dozen men in one of them) practising their "calls." They were stationed at different points on the side of the Rock, so that when one company had given the signal, it was repeated by another from a distance, bugle answering to bugle, precisely like the echoes in the Alps, to which every traveller stops to listen. So here I stopped to listen till the last note had died away in the murmuring sea; and then, as I went on over the hill, kept repeating, as if it were a spell to call them back again:



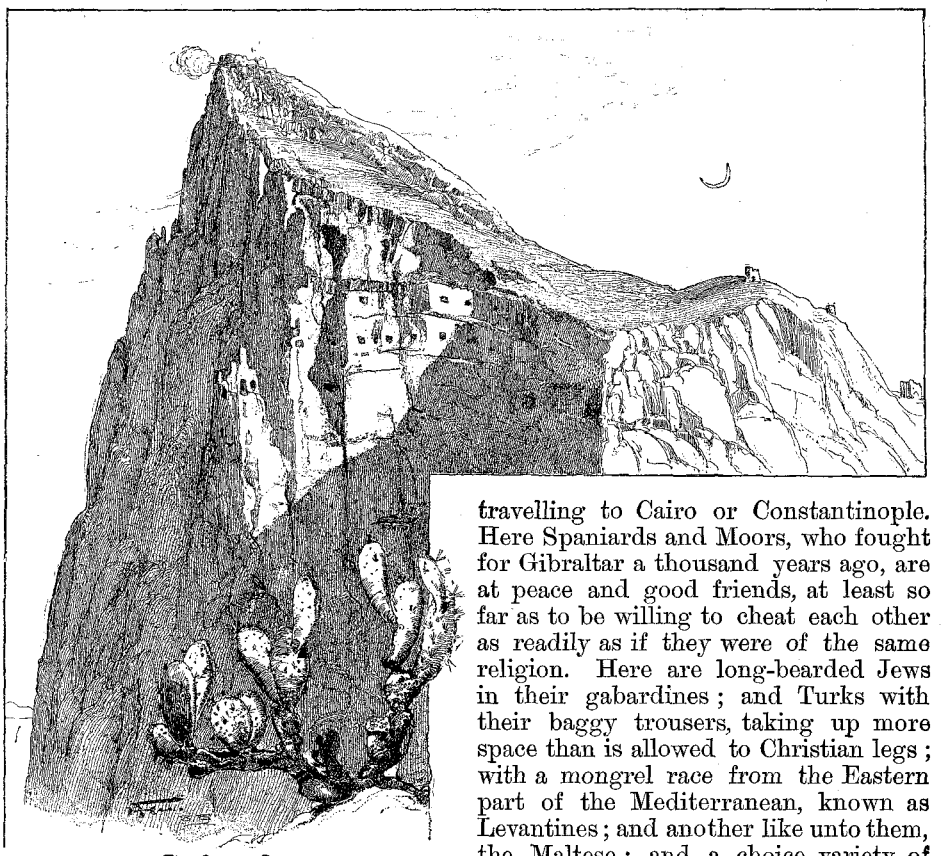
Moorish Castle.

"Blow, bugles, blow,
Set the wild echoes flying!"

Nothing shows the English character of Gibraltar more than the perfect quiet of the day of rest. Religious worship seems to be a part of the military discipline. On Sunday morning I heard the familiar sound of music, followed by the soldiers' tramp, and stepping to the balcony again, found a regiment on the march, not to parade, but *to church*. Probably the soldiers generally follow the example of their officers in attending the service of the Church of England. But they are not compelled to this against their own preferences. The Irish can go to mass, and the Scotch to their simpler worship. In all the churches there is a large display of uniforms, nor could the preachers address more orderly or more attentive listeners. The pastor of the Scotch church tells me that he is always glad when a Scotch regiment is ordered to Gibraltar, for then he is sure of a large array of stalwart Cameronians, among whom are always some who have the "gift of prayer," and know how to sing the "Psaumes of Dawvid." These brave Scots go through with their religious exercises almost with the stride of grenadiers, for they are in dead earnest in whatever they undertake, whether it be praying or fighting; and these are the men on whom a great commander would rely to lead a forlorn hope into the deadly breach; or, as an English writer has said, "to march first and foremost if a city is to be taken by storm!"

But aside from the military life of Gibraltar, one who has been accus-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Sunset Gun.

tomed to think of it as only a Fortress, is surprised to find it a town of twenty thousand inhabitants, besides the garrison, with as motley a population as can be found in any city on the Mediterranean. Indeed it is one of the most cosmopolitan places in the world. It is a great resort of political refugees, who seek protection under the English flag. As it is so close to Spain, it is the first refuge of Spanish conspirators, who, failing in their attempts at revolution, flee across the lines. Misery makes strange bedfellows. It must be strange indeed for those to meet here, who in their own land have conspired with, or it may be against, each other.

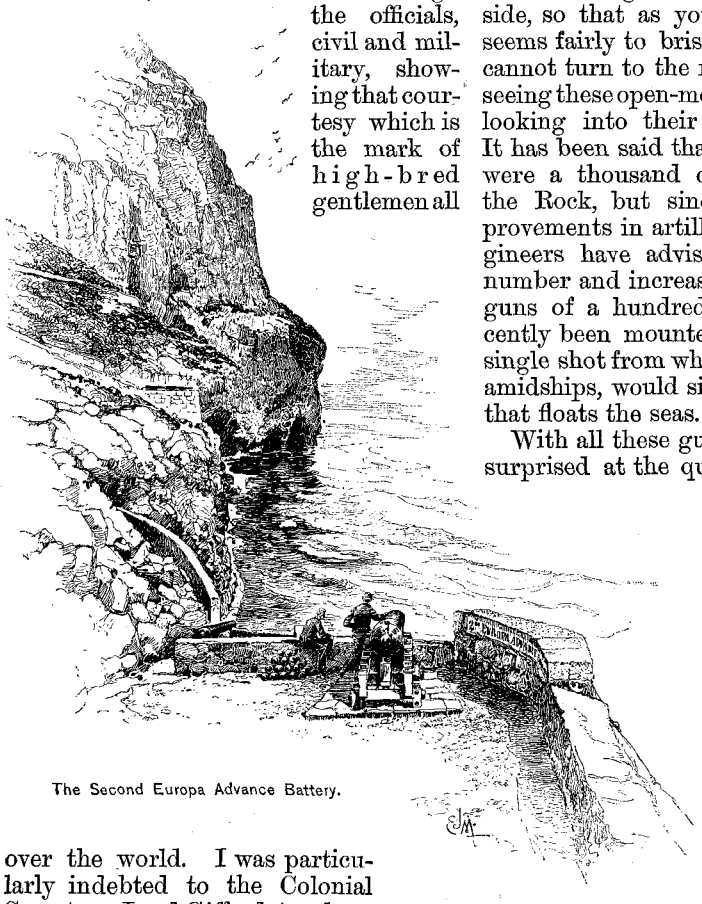
Apart from these, there is a singular mixture of characters and countries, of races and religions. One who is curious in the study of peoples and costumes, or an artist in search of the picturesque, may find it in sufficient variety without travelling to Cairo or Constantinople. Here Spaniards and Moors, who fought for Gibraltar a thousand years ago, are at peace and good friends, at least so far as to be willing to cheat each other as readily as if they were of the same religion. Here are long-bearded Jews in their gabardines; and Turks with their baggy trousers, taking up more space than is allowed to Christian legs; with a mongrel race from the Eastern part of the Mediterranean, known as Levantines; and another like unto them, the Maltese; and a choice variety of natives of Gibraltar, called "rock-scorpions," with Africans blacker than Moors, who have perhaps crossed the desert, and hail from Timbuctoo. All these make a Babel of races and languages, as they jostle each other in these narrow and crowded streets, and bargain with each other, and I am afraid sometimes swear at each other, in all the languages of the East.

These pictures of Gibraltar would not be complete if I did not add that it has one more charm which sweetens all the rest. An American visitor who can remain long enough to see a little of its social life will find it very delightful. He will miss the society of his countrymen, for there is but one American family, that of the consul; but since he is our only representative, it is well that he is one who commands universal respect for himself and for his country. Mr. Horatio J. Sprague is the oldest consul in the American service, having

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

been here forty years, where his father was consul before him. I wish America were as well represented everywhere else. And he is so kind that all Americans feel at home under his hospitable roof.

But aside from this courtesy, which an American may perhaps expect because of his country, one who comes with letters to those in authority, will find them all, from the Governor through the officials, civil and military, showing that courtesy which is the mark of high-bred gentlemen all over the world. I was particularly indebted to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Gifford, to whom I had a letter from the British Minister at Madrid. These, with the lovely English ladies, make a society into which I felt it a privilege to enter and from which I was reluctant to depart.



The Second Europa Advance Battery.

With such attractions of place and people, Gibraltar might be a most agreeable place of residence. But to me it has one drawback which I have to confess, even though it may move the mirth of my American friends. It is the cannonading which, at certain times of the year, makes the rocks echo with a deafening sound. I hate noise—and especially the noise of sharp explosions. I have always been of Falstaff's opinion, that

"But for those vile guns I would be a soldier."

But here the "vile guns" are everywhere—along the sea, and on the hillside, so that as you climb the Rock, it seems fairly to bristle with guns. You cannot turn to the right or left without seeing these open-mouthed monsters, and looking into their murderous throats. It has been said that at one time there were a thousand cannon mounted on the Rock, but since the modern improvements in artillery, the military engineers have advised to diminish the number and increase the calibre. Two guns of a hundred tons each have recently been mounted on the sea wall, a single shot from which, planted squarely amidships, would sink the greatest ship that floats the seas.

With all these guns around me, I was surprised at the quietness of Gibraltar. I had been there a week, and yet I had not heard a single gun, except at sunrise and sunset, and at half-past nine o'clock for the soldiers to return to their barracks. There had not been even a salute, for, although there was on the Alameda a saluting battery, composed of Russian guns taken in the Crimean war, yet it was less often used than might be supposed, for the ships of war that come here are for the most part English (the French and Spaniards would hardly find the associations of Gibraltar agreeable), and these are not saluted since they are *at home*, as much as if they were entering Portsmouth.

For these reasons my week in Gibraltar was so quiet, that I was beginning to think it a dull old Spanish town, fit for a retreat, if not for monks, at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

View in the Town, looking North.

least for travellers and scholars, when the Colonial Secretary dispelled the illusion by saying, "Yes, it is very quiet just now: but wait a few weeks and you will have enough of it." As the spring comes on, the artillerymen begin their practice. The guns in the galleries are not used, but all the batteries along the sea, and at different points on the side of the Rock, some of which are mounted with the heaviest modern artillery, are let loose upon the town.

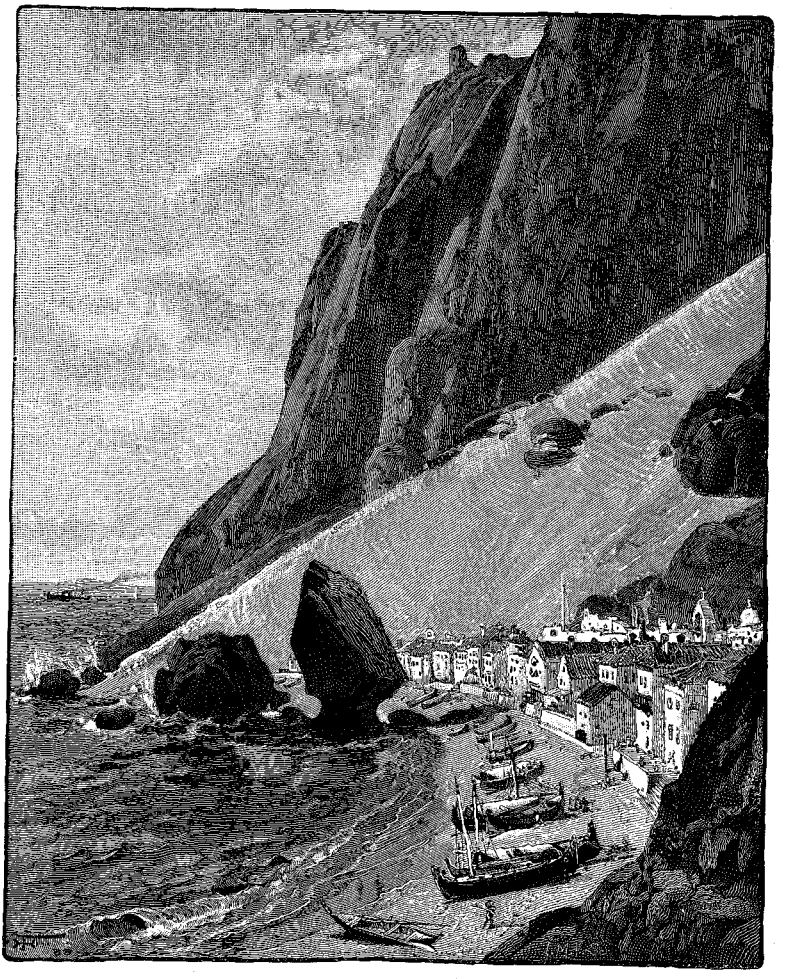
But this is not done without due notice. The order is published in the *Chronicle*, a little sheet which appears every morning, and lest it might not reach the eyes of all, messengers are sent to every house, to give due warning, so that nervous people can get out of the way—but the inhabitants generally, being used to it, take no other precaution than to open their windows, which might otherwise be broken by the violence of the concussion. Lord Gifford, soldier as he is, said, "It is awful," pointing to the ceiling over his head, which had been cracked in many places so as to be in danger of falling, by the tremendous jar. He told me how one house had been so knocked to pieces that a piece of timber had fallen, nearly killing an officer. But custom creates indifference to any exposure. As the house of General Walker stands near the sea, heavy guns are mounted on the rampart before his very door; while but a few rods off is one of the pet hundred-ton guns. And yet the ladies of his family said that they "did not mind it." They took good care, however, to take down their mirrors, and to lay away their glass and china, lest they should be shattered in pieces. Then they threw open their windows, and let the explosion come. For me this would be a trifle too near, and with all my love for Gibraltar, I do not think I should choose a hundred-ton gun as a next-door neighbor.

But the week of my stay was coming to a close, and I had taken my passage for Oran on the Barbary coast, when the Colonial Secretary, kind to the last, proposed to send me off to the ship in a government launch, an offer which my modesty compelled me to decline. But he insisted (for these Englishmen, when they do a thing, must do it handsomely) till I had to submit. It was a beautiful night. The moon was up, though half hidden with clouds, from which now and then she burst forth, covering the bay with a flood of light.

Once on the deck the whole broadside of the Rock was before us, with the lights glimmering far up and down the heights. At half-past nine the last gun was fired, and in another half hour the lights in the barracks were put out, and all was dark and still.

It was midnight when the steamer began to move. The moon had now flung off her misty veil, and risen to the zenith, where she hung over the very crest of the Rock, her soft light falling on every projecting crag. The ship itself seemed to feel the holy stillness of the night, and glided like a phantom-ship, almost without a sound, over the unruffled sea. As we crept past the

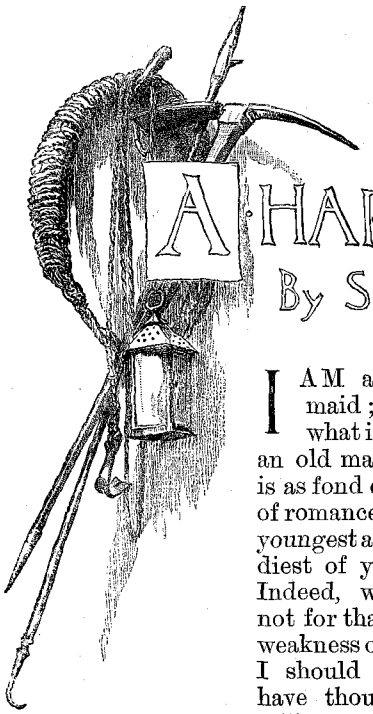
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Catalan Bay, on the East Side of Gibraltar.

long line of batteries, the Great Fortress, with its hundreds of guns, was silent; the Lion was sleeping, with all his thunders muffled in his rocky breast. Thus our last glimpse of Gibraltar was a vision not of War but of Peace, as we rounded Europa Point and set our faces toward Africa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A HAPPY ACCIDENT

By Sophie Radford de Meissner...

I AM an old maid; and, what is more, an old maid who is as fond of a bit of romance as the youngest and giddiest of you all. Indeed, were it not for that little weakness of mine, I should never have thought of telling you of my summer in the Bernese Oberland; for, although Cornelia—dear soul—is one of the best of women, I cannot fancy that she would be particularly interesting in a story.

From my earliest childhood I had looked up to Cornelia in half-awed admiration, both on account of her very superior intellect and because of her rare strength of character. From this you will gather that I am but a poor-spirited creature myself, and you will not be far from the truth. But since her marriage all that has changed, and I often find myself wondering how it is that these women who seem to rule everyone about them with rods of iron will bend like veriest reeds in submission to men who, I would be willing to wager, have not one tithe of their good, sound common-sense.

Cornelia is my sister—*one* of my sisters, I should say; for there are six of us, married and single, and all of ages that are usually denominated as "rather uncertain." To ourselves, alas! they are most hopelessly "certain."

Of Cornelia I am especially fond, and for her sake I try to like her husband, a phlegmatic old German, whom she met and married some fifteen years ago at Marienbad. Her marriage was the only thing about which we ever disagreed; but all my remonstrances were in vain—remonstrances generally are in such cases—and married they were; and since that time my poor sister has passed the greater part of her life in preparing mustard plasters for Wilhelm's attacks of gout, which, I have noticed, invariably come on after he has been eating too much of his beloved *sauer-kraut*. Only once since the summer of her marriage have I seen my sister, and that was seven or eight years ago, when she was very ill, poor dear, and I left my quiet, pretty home on the outskirts of Boston, to cross the ocean and take care of her. They were living in Berlin then, but upon her recovery left that city for Munich, where they spent four years, after which—Heaven knows why—they moved to Berne. It may have been that Herr von Albrecht, having spent some time there in his youth as Secretary of the Prussian Legation, had retained pleasant recollections of the quaint old town; or perhaps he fancied that the mountain air would admit of his indulging with greater impunity in his favorite dish; but whatever the reason of their going there may have been, certain it is that my sister found her life in the Swiss capital a dreary one. I had thought as much for some time past; but when, one bright morning in May, I received a most imploring letter, entreating me—as the member whose absence could be best supported by the family—to come and spend the summer in Berne, I felt certain that my surmises had been correct. The knowledge, however, did not prevent me from giving many little exclamations of pleasure and delight as, in the gayest of spirits, I packed my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

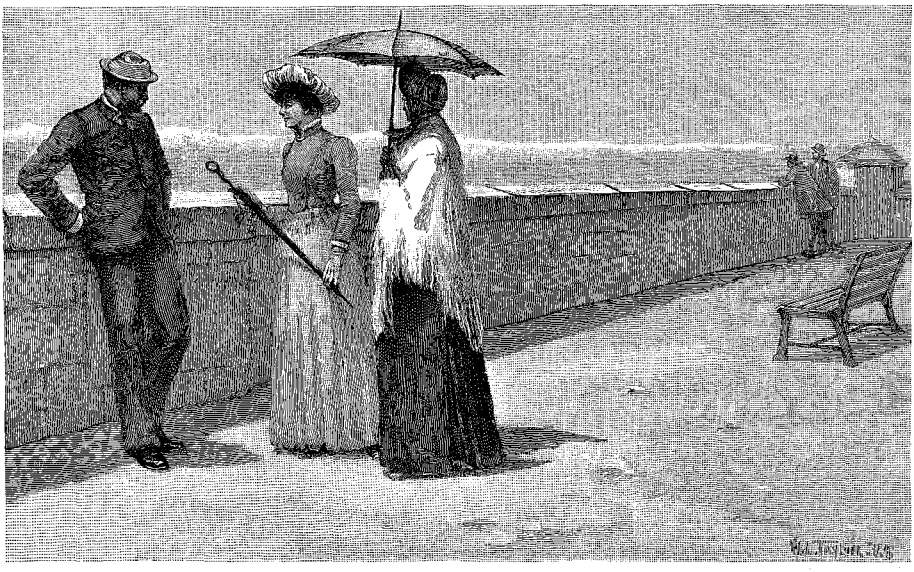
"Turning quickly about, I caught sight of a pretty face."

modest trunk for the voyage. Do not be alarmed, I am not going to tell you about that; though I frankly confess that it was with a great feeling of relief I recognized Cornelia's dear, nearsighted eyes peering into the carriage-windows as the train steamed slowly into the station at Berne; and, dusty, nervous, and tired, I leaned back on the hard cushions of my brother-in-law's carriage as though they had been softest down. How you would have laughed, could you but have seen us then; two prosaic Boston women, sitting there, holding each other by the hand, and talking as fast and unintelligibly as any two school-girls could have done.

As we finally started off, Cornelia made some slight excuse for her husband's non-appearance at the station, and I—devoutly thankful that he had seen fit to remain at home—commenced to rattle off, as quickly as my poor tongue was able, all the family news and gossip, pausing only to give a little cry of delight as we crossed a high bridge, and I saw—far below us—the Aar, tossing and tumbling along, and throwing myriad sparkling little jets of light into the air. How lovely and bright it all was! My spirits were reviving wonderfully, and as we reached the gates of "La Rosière," and caught sight of Wilhelm awaiting us upon the broad piazza, I felt strongly tempted to compliment him on his generally improved appearance, but fortunately restrained myself, and managed to call to my face a properly sympathetic expression, as I inquired, with sisterly interest, after his health.

One morning about a week after my arrival, as my sister and I were filling the different vases in her pretty *salon* with great, richly-tinted roses, the maid announced a visitor; and I, hearing the rustle of a gown in the hall, hurried through the open glass door on to the terrace, paying no heed to Cornelia's call of "Ellen, Ellen," as I went toward my favorite seat in the dear, old-fashioned rose-garden. It was well out of sight, that bench, being hidden from the house by a great thicket of rose-trees—while before it, on the right, the ground sloped gradually down, down, down, until it reached the winding, rushing Aar. On the left lay the valley, its laughing green fields bright now with innumerable wild flowers, and beyond—looking in this clear air as though an hour's walk would take one to their very feet—towered the Wetter-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Your story was most graphically told, mademoiselle."

horn, the Eiger, the Moench, and the glittering, beautiful Jungfrau. As I sat there with my hands folded, drinking in all this loveliness, and congratulating myself on having successfully eluded Cornelia's morning caller, I was startled by hearing a half-stifled cough close beside me. I dare say I screamed—I am one of those nervous women who usually *do* scream—for the next moment a low, soft laugh told me the direction from which the cough had come; and turning quickly about, I caught sight of a pretty face smiling merrily at me from across the thick hedge which separated the Albrechts' place from that of their next neighbors. Forgetting that I was in a country where my own plain Boston English was not understood, I called out "Good-morning," and was astonished to see a bright glow overspread the child's face—*child* she appeared to me, though I discovered afterwards she was seventeen years old—as she stammered forth, with the most bewitching little accent:

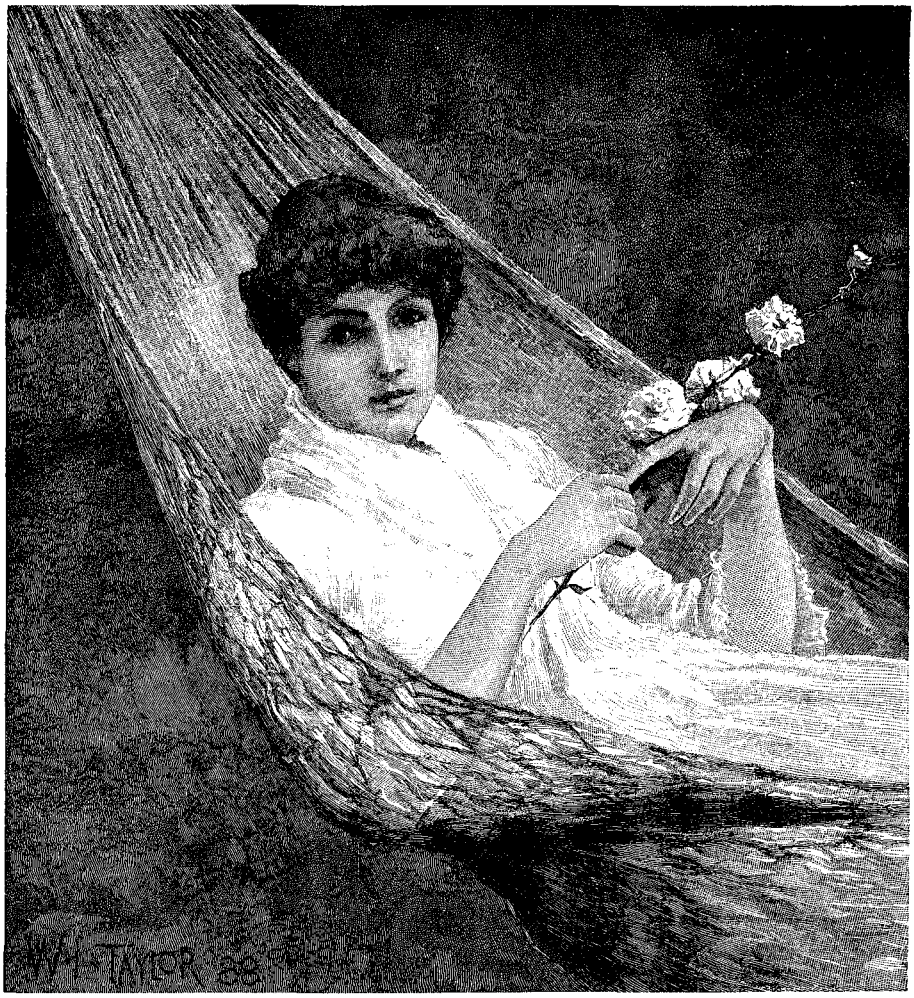
"Oh! I beg so much your pardon, madame, I thought it was Madame von Albrecht." But that winning face had thoroughly captivated me, and, true Yankee that I am, I commenced immediately asking questions.

"Where in the world did you spring from, my dear? Why have I not seen you before? I am Madame von Albrecht's sister. Come and tell me all about yourself." Again that bright blush, accompanied this time by a low, silvery laugh. I have never heard any laugh just like that one, so clear and soft and musical! I think it must be because I have rather a harsh voice myself that I have always admired so extravagantly that peculiar softness of tone which, unfortunately, is so rarely heard among New England women.

But even as she laughed she had turned away, and just as I was wondering whether I should see her again, a heavy branch of the rose-tree behind me was lifted, and my blithe vision stood by my side. Tall she was not, though rather above the medium height. And where could she be from? For that surely was no Bernese type of beauty! The rich olive skin, under which the red blood ebbed and flowed like the tides on our New England shores, belonged rather to the sun-kissed children of Italy than to the denizens of a land guarded by eternal snows.

Now she seated herself on the bench beside me, and striving hard to bring a repentant look into those laughing black eyes, apologized for having interrupted me. (In my occupation of twisting my thumbs, I suppose!) But having no idea of making my idleness a generally known fact, I abstained from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"While opposite them—partly reclining in a low-hung grass hammock—was Hélène."

any comment on her remark, and recommenced my questioning.

"What is your name? And why haven't I seen you before?"

Neither very polite nor very brilliant, but she answered, quickly:

"Because I have been with my grandmother in Fribourg."

"Ah!" (This with a sigh of relief.) "Then you are not Bernese?"

"Oh, no!" she replied hastily. "My mother is from the South of France, and my father"—here the voice took suddenly a graver tone—"was a *Fribourgeois*."

"Ah! That accounts for your looks, then."

I don't know how I happened to say such a thing, but it slipped out in spite of me; and she turned a puzzled, anxious glance in my direction, just as though I had told her she was a chimpanzee, or something of that sort. Certainly she did not understand the speech in the light in which it had been made, and I did not think it necessary to explain.

How long we sat there talking, I cannot say, but Cornelia's voice recalled me suddenly to a sense of the flight of time by the words: "Ellen, are you *never* coming to breakfast?"

And a moment later my sister herself appeared, her kindly face drawn into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its most severe expression, by way of showing her disapproval of my precipitate escape from the drawing-room. But no sooner had she caught sight of my companion, than the look changed to one of gladness, and giving a little cry of joy, she caught the young girl in her arms, saying:

"Why, Hélène, my darling child, when did you return? And was the cousin all you expected to find him?"

"*N'en parlons pas, chère Madame,*" she said quickly, adding immediately afterwards, "If you allow me, I will accompany you to the house, as I must say *bonjour* to Monsieur d'Albrecht."

After that morning not a day passed without our seeing Hélène de Tavel, and it was not long before I had heard the details of that visit to Fribourg. She had gone there to meet a cousin of her father's whom—as she calmly announced—she one day expected to marry. "It was always my dear father's wish that I should marry my cousin Vincent, and—though as children we never got along well together—I doubt not but that we shall be most excellent friends now. He is seven years older than I am, and has been about, and seen much of the world; still, my mother insists that our *fiançailles* shall not be—how would you say it?—*un fait accompli*—until I have reached my eighteenth birthday—and fortunately there are still two months before that will be here," she finished with a queer, mirthless little laugh.

"Does she love this cousin of hers, or does she not? I can't make her out," I said to Cornelia one day.

"Love him! How can you suppose such a thing!" came the answer. "The child scarcely knows him as yet! He has been brought up in Paris, and she has passed her life between Berne and Fribourg. She *will* love him, of course, when he is her husband, and that is all that is necessary."

Was this really Cornelia speaking? I could hardly believe my ears, and I was certainly very far from being convinced of the wisdom of her words. You see, I am rather an old-fashioned body, and do not like to give up my belief in the existence of love-lorn Romeos and Juliets just yet awhile.

Madame de Tavel was a great invalid, and on these warm summer afternoons would lie in her *chaise longue* on the shaded terrace before her pretty chalet; sometimes reading, but oftener listening to the merry chatter of the bright young being whom she seemed never to tire of watching. There Cornelia and I would join them, and then—ah, well! the mother was not the only person whose glances would linger with fond admiration upon Hélène's sunny countenance. To tell the truth, I had come to love the child as though she had been my very own. It was indeed a pretty picture to see her lying there on the grassy slope beyond the terrace, in the shade of that great spreading *marronnier*, her arms crossed behind her head, and her eager face upturned, as she told us strange stories and legends of the old châteaux we had passed during our morning drives. Blood-curdling tales many of them were, making me—even in this bright sunlight—shiver, and look fearfully about, as though I heard already the clank of heavy armor, or expected to see the lifeless body of the Count d'Erlach stretched on the ground beside me, as it had lain on the stone flooring of the great hall in his old château of Reichenbach, nearly four hundred years ago.

"Who told you all these things, and how is it possible for you to remember them so well?" I asked, rather nervously, one day.

Then she informed me that her father—M. de Tavel had died some eighteen months before—had had a great fondness for collecting old manuscripts, and had owned many containing very curious histories and legends of the country; and that these it had always been her greatest delight to be allowed to read. But, in addition to this, their house was filled from garret to cellar with treasures in the form of rare old china, antique furniture, and costly tapestries; and I could not wonder that—living in such an interior—Hélène's mind had become impregnated with these stories, just as a dainty bit of old lace shut in a box of violet-wood would gradually become permeated with the delicate aroma of the receptacle in which it lay.

One very hot July morning—driving was absolutely out of the question that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

day—Cornelia and I were sitting together in the garden; she, busy, as usual, with some knitting, and I—frivolous old body that I am—idly watching her fingers and wishing for some excitement to vary the even tenor of our existence. Suddenly I saw Cornelia's eyes open very wide, in a wondering, startled manner. Quickly following the direction of her gaze, I saw, coming toward the house, a man with a telegram in his hand. Immediately a vision of our numerous family in Boston rose before me, and I ran—as fast as my rather rheumatic knees would allow of my doing—to meet the bearer of that yellow envelope. In a moment I had torn the despatch open, and then, with a great sigh of relief, said, "Oh! it is only Reggie who is coming to see us." Now, by that I meant no slight to my handsome nephew, who, by the way, was generally considered to have lowered himself very much in the world by having left his intensely correct home to go and live as an artist in Rome. Certain it is that none of his family thought much of his talent for painting, and his efforts in that line were all included in the general term of "daubs." Even when it became known that he was really making money, and that people were both buying his pictures and having their portraits painted by him, his father and mother seemed to think he was disgracing himself, and that it was utterly impossible for anyone *really* to admire those indistinct, sketchy things he was so fond of making. But a special pet of his "Aunt Nell's" he had always been, and now I was delighted to hear of his coming, and our day was no longer objectless, for we were planning and arranging how we should contrive to amuse him and prevent his being too much bored by the society of his tiresome old aunts.

Great was my astonishment that evening at beholding the serious-looking, broad-shouldered man with the square-cut golden beard and long mustachios, who, after getting out of the carriage and handing his bag to the servant who stood at the door, hurried toward the terrace, where we were awaiting him. As he came to meet us, all the gravity left his face, and with his old, well-remembered, jolly laugh he caught me up in his arms as though I had been a doll, gave me two resounding kisses, and then turned to treat Cornelia in the same manner.

But my sister is naturally much more stately and dignified than I am, besides which Uncle Wilhelm then stood by her side, so, moderating his transports, Reggie bent his tall head and kissed her in a much more respectful and ceremonious fashion than that in which he had thought fit to treat me.

II.

On the morning following Reggie's arrival, as I was standing before the glass in my room tying my bonnet-strings—that is always a very long and particular operation with me, yet on my return from walking or driving I invariably find my hat perched at some impossible angle over one ear—well, as I was saying, I was tying my bonnet-strings, when a clear, sweet voice from the hall below called out, "Aunt Ellen, are you ready?" And the next moment a light step ran quickly up the stairs, and my beautiful darling stood in the doorway. I had forgotten to tell you that I had insisted upon her calling me "Aunt," for I could not bear the formal "Miss Thayer." Still, I must say that when I told the child to call me "Aunt Ellen" I had had no expectations of Reggie's arrival; yet here he was, and now—well! I should have to allow things to take their course, for I never could explain all this to my pet.

"You have not forgotten the walk we were to take this morning, Aunt Ellen?"

"No, dear, don't you see I am putting on my bonnet? And your picnic yesterday! Was it a great success? We missed you very much, and if it had not been for——"

"Oh! I was so sorry you were not with us," she interrupted, "it was all so lovely. But we only reached home at eleven o'clock. Are you ready? Well, then, we may as well start."

Surely it was high tide this morning, for a brilliant color glowed upon her face.

She wore a dark blue cambric em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broidered in red—one of those pretty St. Gall dresses—and her hat, of straw to match the dress, had on it a bunch of rich red roses. As she stood there at the door, laughing at my efforts to get my plain brown straw head-gear straight—for I had recommenced tugging at the strings—her black eyes dancing with amusement, I could not help it, I had to run over and kiss her. Then we started down-stairs, and I began lamely enough: "You will not mind, dear, if we have a third person with us this morning. My nephew arrived last night, and I think he would like to go."

But she answered with an indifference which at first rather amazed me: "On the contrary, we shall be much gayer! I did not know you were expecting anyone, but I always get on very well with boys. Papa used to call me his *tomboy*, you know."

Boys! Did my ears deceive me, or did I hear someone making a hasty retreat through the drawing-room toward the terrace, striving in vain to suppress a laugh? But no! as we passed the open folding-doors there was no one to be seen save Herr von Albrecht, who, in his favorite seat on the terrace outside, was calmly reading his papers. And as we went down the front steps we saw Rex sauntering up the drive, evidently just returning from a stroll, so I must, of course, have been mistaken about that laugh. I did not dare look at Hélène's face as I said: "This is my nephew, Mr. Thayer," but I *felt* the glance of indignation she cast upon me. After all, it was not my fault! I had never spoken of him as a boy. Reggie bowed ceremoniously, though I saw him look furtively, with a curious, wondering expression at my pretty friend.

But she, after a frigid little bow, had walked off ahead, taking a narrow footpath leading down the hill-side to the bridge by which we were to cross the Aar. In solemn silence we walked along, in what the boys used to call "Indian file"—the path would not admit of our going otherwise—Hélène, her head very erect, in front; I next; and behind me—this time I was certain I heard him laughing—my nephew. Past the "bear pit" we went, and though I appealed to Hélène for the names of the different animals, she answered coldly that she knew "nothing whatever about them." Here indeed was a fine beginning for what I had hoped would be such a pleasant morning. On we went, through the arcades, up into the town; but what had become of my bright young companion, with her fund of quaint anecdotes, which I—romantic old goose that I am—always listened to so eagerly? As I was cudgelling my brains in a wild effort to devise some scheme by which I could thaw this young iceberg, a happy inspiration induced Reggie to say: "Why don't we go toward the Cathedral? I think the view from the terrace alongside is by far the finest of any about here. At least, I remember that such was my impression when I was here two years ago." As he said this I saw Hélène cast a quick sidelong glance at him, showing that she now heard for the first time of his previous visit; and Cornelia afterwards told me that that summer, which had been the last one of M. de Tavel's life, his family had spent in Fribourg.

Fortunately, that morning there was no music on the terrace, so we had the lovely spot quite to ourselves. Passing beneath the close-growing elms and chestnut-trees, and out from their cool shade to the parapet in front, we stood lost in admiration of the exquisite view that met our eyes. One hundred and forty feet below us stretched the lower town, consisting, just here, of a row of houses and one street, alongside of which raced, with breathless speed, the river, hurrying impatiently toward the broad, low fall which we could see a short distance beyond. Before us, on the opposite side of the Aar, lay the valley, looking like a vast and beautiful sea as the ripening grain rose and fell with each passing breeze. The lights and shadows on the mountains beyond were most perfect, and, as we stood there, I saw a slight thaw coming over a certain fair young face beside me.

Reggie, meanwhile, had sauntered a little distance off to examine a statue of the great Duke of Zähringen—the founder of Berne—which stood beneath the trees; and now, as he came

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

again slowly toward us, he said suddenly: "Do move the least bit to one side, Aunt Nell; there is some curious inscription on that stone against which you are leaning." And as I complied with his request, he exclaimed: "Well! that *is* drawing it rather strong! Do you suppose they expect anyone to believe that a man *really* jumped from this parapet—on horseback, too—without being injured in any way whatever? I wonder whether he ever tried it a second time!" But, as he spoke, a quick flush had mounted to Hélène's face, and now she asked, in wonderment: "Is it possible you do not know the story of the student Weinzäpfli? I thought everyone who came to Berne heard that—and—yes! most certainly it is true!"

The mocking expression had faded from Reggie's eyes, and with a sudden look of intense seriousness he turned toward the young girl, saying: "You see how wofully ignorant I am! But do tell me about this thing. Do you honestly believe it happened?"

Ignoring entirely the query with which his remark closed, she commenced in a partly troubled, partly doubting, tone: "I fear I shall not be able to make you comprehend. It seems, of course, most extraordinary! You see by the date on the stone"—1654 it was—"that more than two hundred and thirty years have passed since that most miraculous event took place—yet—HERE everyone believes it."

And then, with flashing eyes and eager manner, she plunged into the story of the reckless student who, one night on a wager, rode his horse at full speed over the parapet and sank out of sight in the darkness. A while after, he was found by his friends in the town below, calmly relating his adventures to a wide-eyed crowd, while he drained off one tankard of beer after another.

My poor description can give no idea of the life and fire she put into the old story. Many times she paused as though doubtful as to whether the expression of which she was making use was altogether correct, and once or twice she made some slight alteration in her phrase.

Not once during the recital had Rex taken his eyes from her face, and as she stopped speaking he started as though his thoughts had been wandering. The next moment, however, I saw a curious twinkle come into his eyes; while about his mouth appeared a suspicious look, very much as though he felt inclined to give a good long whistle. But just then she looked at him, and immediately, in a perfectly grave and serious manner, he said: "Your story was most graphically told, Mademoiselle: I could quite fancy I saw the fellow pitching over here."

She glanced toward me, half in doubt, as though by my face she would discover whether he was laughing at her or no; and I who had been quite carried away by her narrative, said, warmly: "My pet, I don't know *anyone* who can tell a story as well as you do!" Again Reggie started, turning an odd, amused look upon me as he heard the manner in which I addressed Mademoiselle de Tavel; and I—to change the subject—hastily proposed a visit to the Cathedral.

Once there, all restraint vanished from Hélène's manner, and she was her own dear, bright self again, telling, in her enthusiastic little way, about the beautiful carvings, and the wonderful old stained glass, introducing now and again one of those quaint, old-time stories of hers, with an air of such perfect conviction that one of us, at least, never doubted but that it was gospel truth; while not a smile, nor the faintest suspicion of one, crossed Reggie's face, as, all unconscious of the effect she was producing, the child spoke of the things she loved so dearly.

After all, our morning was more of a success than I had deemed possible as we were walking in such solemn silence down the hill leading from my sister's house; and it was with rather a grim sense of amusement that I noticed—upon remounting the narrow path, that it would, after all, admit of two persons walking side by side, always provided that *one* of the two was not a maiden lady who had already celebrated her fiftieth birthday! But there! I am not going to say unpleasant things! And as I knew Hélène to be engaged—or as good as engaged—to her cousin, I did

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not intend to worry myself on my good-looking nephew's account, for he appeared to me quite equal to the management of his own affairs.

III.

Two weeks had gone by since that visit to the Cathedral, when, one bright morning, I was seated on my favorite bench beneath the rose-trees, hulling strawberries. Cornelia, having seen me stroll off in that direction, had followed soon afterwards with a great dish of the fragrant fruit, which she had deposited on the bench beside me, saying that she had no time to do them, and that if I wished any for breakfast I should have to hull them myself. Well, I went to work at the dish Cornelia had given me, and had soon brought my fingers to a most beautiful roseate hue. How I missed Hélène and her merry chatter! The child had always helped me so sweetly when I had anything of the kind to do; but Madame de Tavel had been more feeble than usual for several days past, and had needed her daughter's constant attendance. As I was bemoaning this fact, there came a quick step down the gravelled walk, and a moment later Reggie was sitting beside me. Throwing away the cigar he had been smoking, he leaned forward and commenced to help me with the hulling. With an utter disregard for my clean percale gown, I dropped my berry-stained hands in my lap and stared at him. What in the world had happened? How many times had I heard him declare that he would never taste strawberries, if, in order to do so, he should be obliged to hull them. Then, too, he had not as yet spoken a word, but was working as though his life depended upon his having a certain quantity finished within some very limited space of time. It was, to say the least, a little odd, and I could not help exclaiming: "What is it you want me to do for you?"

"Why, Aunt Nell, how terribly suspicious you have grown! I knew you could not possibly finish these things before breakfast, so, like a dutiful nephew, I have come to help you." And he laughed; but all the same I knew there was something underneath this, and that it must soon come out.

"I thought you were at work," I said. "Where is little Hans?"

"Oh, I've finished my sketch and let him off. Poor little beggar, he looked perfectly dazed when I gave him five francs for having posed for me these two mornings. You should have seen the double-back-hand-spring he turned!"

Then, after a long pause, during which we both worked away diligently, he asked: "Do you know how Madame de Tavel is, this morning?"

Ah! Now we are coming to it! thought I.

"Yes, they sent word she was much better."

"Aunt Ellen, do you think——"

"Well, what?" I put in rather testily.

"That she would allow me to paint her portrait?"

"Who? Madame de Tavel?"

"What an absurd idea!" he exclaimed, turning positively scarlet; "you know, of course, that I can only mean *Mademoiselle* de Tavel!"

But I was very grave. "I am sure I can't say, Reggie; and, what is more, I am not at all certain that it would be quite the thing."

"Quite *what* thing?" This, in the most innocent tone imaginable, from my nephew.

But I was losing patience, and so said: "You know as well as I do that you have no right to ask anything of the kind; for, even should Madame de Tavel allow it—which I doubt exceedingly—there is still the *fiancé* to be consulted."

As I finished I looked directly at him, and was half frightened at the strange, hard expression that had come upon his face. For a moment or two he said nothing; then, in a cold, measured tone, very different from the one he had before employed, he commenced:

"I really cannot understand why it is that you always insist upon speaking of Mademoiselle de Tavel as though she were engaged to that cousin of hers, when you know perfectly well, Aunt Ellen, that it is not so! Why—" here he spoke in a quick, nervous manner— "he has never even been here to see her! A queer engagement I should call it!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"But, my dear Rex," I cried, in despair, "I have already told you that Madame de Tavel expressly stipulated that he should not come until Hélène's eighteenth birthday, which will be in a few weeks now. So you had much better give up your idea; for I really can't see that any possible good could come of this painting business."

But he had risen from the seat, and standing, very tall and straight and handsome, before me, was saying, coldly:

"You appear to forget, Aunt Ellen, that I am an artist, and that this will not be the first time I have painted a young lady's picture!"

He was angry with me, I saw, and I was sorry for it—and for him—but what was I to do? Just then the breakfast-bell rang, and I said emphatically, as I took up the bowl of luscious fruit which he had finished hulling for me: "Well, Reggie, I will do what I can for you; but I must tell you frankly that I don't *at all* like the idea of the thing."

Great indeed was my amazement as, that same afternoon, having mentioned in rather a hesitating manner my nephew's request to Madame de Tavel, that lady raised her head quickly from the soft cushions of her lounge, and looking straight into my eyes, said delightedly:

"*Nothing* in the world would give me more pleasure! I have *always* wished for a portrait of Hélène! You say Mr. Thayer will paint it *here*—under these trees—so that I can watch the work! Why, nothing I know of could give me greater enjoyment! When will he begin?"

So much for your perspicacity, Ellen Thayer! thought I, mentally registering a vow that never again, be the circumstances what they might, should I tender my advice to anyone.

The following morning found us all assembled in Madame de Tavel's garden, the invalid having had her *chaise longue* moved into such a position that she could watch the canvas as Reggie worked at it; while opposite them—partly reclining in a low-hung grass hammock—was Hélène, as pretty a subject as it would have been possible for any artist to find. She had demurred slightly about posing at first, and a strangely troubled look had crossed her face; but finding her mother's heart quite fixed upon the idea, she had finally consented. Ah, well! those were very charming mornings we spent there under the great *marronniers*, and if this portrait painting interfered with our walks, we could none of us regret it, seeing what pleasure it gave the poor sick lady. But I, who could not resist watching these young people closely, saw that Reggie's glances were apt to rest longer on the dainty figure before him than there was any possible necessity for; and also that those dark eyes yonder had taken a trick of dropping suddenly before his gaze in the most unaccountable manner. Then once, in the midst of a *séance*, she had risen abruptly to her feet, saying, in an impatient tone, that she could not stand it—that *posing* made her nervous—and so had hurried toward the house, leaving us all bewildered by her behavior,—all, with perhaps the exception of Rex, who continued his work very quietly, no change whatever crossing his face; but I noticed a quick nervous movement of the hand that held the palette—very much as though he would have crushed the delicate wood between his fingers—and this was the only outward sign of the storm which, I dimly guessed, was raging beneath that calm exterior.

But that had happened two days ago, and now the finishing touches were being put upon the canvas, and even Wilhelm had come to have a look at it, and was standing behind Reggie's chair expressing his entire and complete approbation. Indeed, in my opinion, it would have been difficult for the most carping critic to find fault with either the graceful composition of the picture, or the soft, dreamy lights that prevailed in it.

By Madame de Tavel's side sat Cornelia; and if the artist missed occasionally a word or two of his uncle's praises, you may be sure no part of the half-whispered conversation that was being carried on between the two ladies escaped his ear. For we were to start the next morning on a three days' trip to the Grindelwald, and my sister was now asking Madame de Tavel to allow her daughter to accompany us. This

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

excursion was an amability of my brother-in-law's, who, having frequently heard me express a desire for a nearer view of the glaciers, had, to our astonishment, himself proposed that we should take advantage of the fact of Reggie's being with us to go; and we had waited only for the completion of the portrait before setting out.

It is needless to say that I—who could never keep a secret of any kind—had given a hint of this to Hélène; who, heedless of her posing, was bending forward, listening eagerly for her mother's words. Once she made a slight attempt to interpose something to the effect that "it would, after all, be better for her to remain at home," but no notice being taken of this, she said nothing more. And now, as Madame de Tavel turned toward her, with the remark: "Your grandmother comes to-night, *chérie*, so if you would really like to go, you can do so—I shall not be here alone," she leaned suddenly back again in the hammock, and lay there looking up into the branches above her head, with a white, dismayed expression upon her pretty face; while Rex, after one quick glance in her direction, rose hurriedly and moved his easel slightly to one side. But I well knew this was only an excuse for turning his face momentarily from us.

For the arrival of old Madame de Tavel meant—as we were all perfectly well aware—*nothing more nor less than* that the time was nearing for the formal acknowledgment of Hélène's engagement; which fact, I am certain, the child herself had scarcely realized, until these few words of her mother's brought it, with startling intensity, before her mind. Well! we should have a few pleasant days together there in the mountains, and after that, all would be changed.

IV.

About two o'clock on the day following our arrival at the Grindelwald we were seated—a rather silent party—on the broad piazza of the hotel. Both Cornelia and her husband, having been much fatigued by the long drive up from Interlaken, had wished to take one day's rest before starting upon any excursion, and I think none of us regretted that decision.

A little apart from us, with a white, listless look upon her face, which struck me as strangely unnatural, sat Hélène; her eyes fixed with a sort of fascination upon the great glacier which rose above us on the right, like a vast icy sea, and her hands lying, loosely clasped, upon her knees. Rex was walking slowly to and fro on the porch, and I noticed that each time he came toward us his eyes rested long and earnestly on that pensive, motionless figure. Ah, well! he had declined to accept any advice from his old aunt, and now—though they were both very brave about it—I knew the blow had fallen.

What argument he had used in order to induce her to start with him for a walk that morning, I do not know; but shortly after ten o'clock she had come to her room—it adjoined mine, and the door was open between—and taking her hat—a little sailor hat it was—had gone without a word. I thought that rather peculiar, but even then there had been a certain something about her—a still, cold tranquillity in her manner—which baffled me, and prevented my speaking to her. As I stood at the window and watched her turn with Reggie into a narrow path leading across some fields, a dim foreboding of the result of that promenade rose in my mind.

Let me see! It must have been quite two hours they were gone, for she reentered her room just as the first bell was ringing for our early dinner. Never shall I forget the feeling that came over me as I heard her hastily close and lock the door leading to the hall and then throw herself across the bed with one long, pitiful moan. I was crying myself, but I did not dare go to her, for there *are* sorrows that cannot even be spoken of.

I hardly expected her to go down to dinner; but as the second bell rang she appeared at my door with that white, still look upon her face which had ever since remained there, and saying only, "If you are ready we will go down-stairs now," led the way from the room, showing no symptom of anything unusual having occurred except by the pointed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

manner in which she avoided my gaze. No one especially remarked her looks at dinner, for Cornelia, who was suffering from a wretched headache, had not come down, and Wilhelm was always too much occupied with his own ailments to pay any attention to those of other people.

Now, as we sat there upon the porch, I noticed that Hélène's eyes were no longer fixed on the distant glacier, but that she was watching very intently a little knot of men who were coming slowly along the street in the direction of the hotel, bearing between them a roughly improvised litter; and that the many people who had been walking or talking near us had also turned, and were gazing inquiringly at this approaching band. "What has happened? Who can it be?" were the questions heard upon every side; and as the men bore the litter up the steps and into the hotel, Reggie hurriedly interrogated one of the guides. I could not understand what they were saying, but the man in answering turned and looked back toward the upper glacier; and as Rex and several others close by followed the direction of his glance many exclamations of awe and pity were heard. "What is it?" I inquired. "Is he dead? Who is he?"

"They say," answered Reggie, quickly, "that it is a Professor Koning, from Berne, and that they do not think he is much injured—only stunned—but there is another there"—and he pointed toward the glacier—"who they fear is lost, though they are still searching for him."

"Lost!" I cried—"searching for him! For mercy's sake, what has he done? Where can he have gone? Has he fallen over a precipice, or what?" But my questions were quite unheeded, for my nephew had followed the party into the hotel, and for a few moments the wildest surmises were raised among the excited crowd upon the porch as to what could have been the cause of the accident. Soon, however, the guides, having deposited their burden, reappeared; and with them—having donned a warm shooting-jacket, and the spiked shoes necessary for Alpine climbing—was Rex. Just then Cornelia, aroused by all this noise and commotion, also made her appearance, and I—who felt rather exasperated at finding myself left so entirely in the dark—seized Reggie's arm, and inquired, in a very decided tone, "what he was about to do."

"They want help," he said, quickly; "there's another poor fellow up there in the ice, and as there are a great number of parties out to-day, most of the guides are off, and these men have come down to try and get aid from the village." Then seeing my rather dismayed face, he added, half laughingly: "Oh, you needn't worry about me, Aunt Nell! A bad penny always turns up again, you know."

But the smile died suddenly upon his lips as he caught sight of the terrified look in a pair of dark eyes that were gazing fixedly at him, and, forgetful of all else, he stepped quickly forward, taking the two cold little hands in his, and saying, in a half-whisper, which of course was not intended for me to hear: "Would it not, after all, be better for me if I were never to return?"

Now, I thought that hardly fair of him, considering the circumstances; and when she gave a little gasping cry, and said, "You know that what I told you this morning was the only thing there was for me to say! Ah! Dieu de Miséricorde! How hard it all is!" I should have liked nothing better than to give my nephew a good piece of my mind. But he still held her hands in his, and if the parting glance he gave her was one of infinite tenderness, there was underlying that a look of such positive anguish that I drew hastily back from them, while he turned silently and abruptly away and hurried after the guides, who were already some distance in advance.

I am not going to tell you of the long hours of weary watching and waiting that followed, or of how one startling announcement was succeeded by another, until gradually it came to be known that Professor Koning and his friend, or assistant, had crossed the Wengernalp the preceding day, and after spending the night at Männlichen, had set out at an early hour that morning—the guides having been engaged beforehand—for the glaciers, of which the professor was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

making scientific studies—studies which now bade fair to terminate fatally for at least one of the party.

But as all earthly things have an ending, so that terrible afternoon finally wore away; and, the supper hour arriving, we left our places on the porch and went toward the dining-room. A dreary enough meal that was! and I could see the white face by my side becoming more and more set in its strange rigidity as the long minutes dragged slowly by. "And what, after all, will be the end of this?" was the thought that perplexed me, and started me to wondering whether, indeed, the child would be brave enough to give up her cousin in spite of the outcries of her family; or whether she would return to Berne and there seal this engagement, knowing all the time in her inmost heart that she could never truly love the man she was promising to marry. Ah, well! I may be a silly old woman, but I knew too well the changes on my darling's face to be deceived by them now; and—strive against it though she might—I was fully persuaded that she was caught in the toils of a love which would evermore hold her fast.

At last the supper was finished; and as Hélène rose from her chair, she placed one hand suddenly upon my shoulder, saying: "We must hurry, Aunt Ellen"—how curiously significant the old familiar address sounded just then—"they are nearly here now." How could she possibly have known that? For certainly no sound had reached my ears; nor had any other person present heard anything whatever. Nevertheless, I hurried with her out upon the piazza, and there, sure enough, coming slowly along the street in the moonlight, was the band we had seen starting for the glaciers this afternoon, only that now it had increased to more than twice its original size. Had they found the man? Yes, surely; for there in the centre was a litter! It made me shiver to see how ominously still that figure lay, as in solemn silence the men bore their burden up the steps. A coat belonging to one of the guides had been thrown across the man's body, and his head was enveloped in flannel cloths—evidently parts of one or more shirts that had been torn in strips for this purpose—which the blood had already dyed a deep brownish crimson.

"Ai-e-e!!" I could not help giving this cry of pain, for Hélène's fingers had closed so tightly about my wrist that the sharp little nails had positively entered the flesh. What ailed the child? And why, after seizing my hand in that most unaccountable manner, had she dropped it again so hastily, and hurrying forward, pushed her way through the crowd into the brightly lighted hall, where the men were by this time standing. I followed as quickly as I could, wondering the while that people made way for me as they did, but before I could reach her side there came a quick, choking sound—neither word nor cry, but rather a long, gasping sob—and I saw her sink upon her knees on the floor, with her pretty head resting on the unconscious form before her, which, to my horror, I now perceived to be Reggie. Instantly the idea that my nephew was no longer alive took possession of me with such overwhelming force that for a moment I was utterly incapable of thought, and much less capable of action; but fortunately just then Cornelia came forward, taking the entire direction of affairs, in her calm, decided manner; drawing Hélène gently but firmly aside, and confiding her to my care, and turning immediately afterward to speak to one of the guests of the hotel whom we knew to be a physician. For the first time then her voice broke as she said: "He is not—fatally injured—I trust?"

As the doctor bent to touch Reggie about the chest and head a young gentleman—who seemed to be walking with some difficulty—entered the hall, and after looking about him in a perplexed, hesitating manner, hurried forward, saying, in French: "Ah, madame, if you but knew how distressed I am at the accident which has befallen your ——" here he paused a moment in confusion, and after a quick glance at Cornelia, added, "son. It was in saving my life that he met with this misfortune, which I sincerely trust may not prove to be so grave as we at first feared. If my poor services can be of any avail, you have but to command me, dear madame. I shall wait here, and if I can be of any

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assistance whatever, you have but to send for the Comte de Ribaupierre."

During this time I was hurrying Hélène from the scene. Upon the child's face there was no trace of tears, but I could feel that she was trembling violently as her hand lay—icy cold—in mine. We were already half-way up the broad staircase when the first words of this stranger's address fell on her ear; and standing suddenly still, she turned a pair of wide-open, wondering eyes upon me. As he ceased speaking she gave again one of those curious sobs, and drawing me after her, hurried on without stopping until we had reached my room. Once inside that, she closed the door, and placing her back against it, stood there looking at me with so startled an expression upon her face that for an instant I was quite persuaded she had lost her mind.

"Did you hear?" she asked, finally, in a hoarse whisper, which sent little shivers creeping down my back and made me look nervously about the room. But mastering my apprehensiveness, I answered, as calmly as I could:

"Yes, dear, I heard. We must be thankful that Reggie was able to save this man's life, and hope that *he* is not so badly hurt as we at first supposed."

"But did you not hear his name—his—the man whose life he saved—the *Comte de Ribaupierre?*" I confess I was now utterly bewildered. Here had I been fancying the child agitated solely on Reggie's account, when lo! I discover that it is some idea connected with this man for whose sake my nephew is perhaps even now dying that is troubling her.

"I must say," I answered, rather shortly, "I was thinking more of Reggie's injuries than of what might be the name of the person who—all unwittingly, of course—had been the cause of this unhappy accident." For a second or two she stood looking at me in a puzzled, astonished manner, then, coming slowly forward, she said: "Is it possible you do not know? The Comte de Ribaupierre—you *must* understand that he is my cousin—my cousin Vincent!"

Now it was a curious fact that never before had I heard the name of this cousin of Hélène's, for Madame de Tavel, on the rare occasions when she had alluded to him in our presence, had done so in a very vague and indirect manner; while Hélène herself, after that first account of her visit to Fribourg, had never spoken of her marriage.

I own that this announcement took me fairly aback, and I could no longer be surprised at her agitation, though, as you will see, I attributed it to causes very far removed from the reality. Many times since have I wondered how I could ever have said such a thing to her, and can only suppose that my own arrant cowardice where anything resembling a "scene" is concerned induced the remark.

"Never mind, my pet. It can make no great difference. I hardly think he could have recognized you in the hall!" Never shall I forget the look that flashed into her eyes then, or the proud manner in which she lifted her small, shapely head. Until then I had never realized that she was indeed a tall woman. What she might have answered I do not know, for just then the door opened and Cornelia came into the room. Evidently she was astonished at seeing Hélène there with that strange glow upon her face, and the scornful light in her dark eyes; but she was pressed for time, and so—fortunately for me, I thought—could ask no questions.

"Things are not so bad after all," she commenced. "Rex is no longer unconscious. He had merely fainted from loss of blood. The doctor does not think the hurt anything serious; it is only a flesh-wound made by a piece of ice that fell and grazed his head as they were drawing him up from the crevasse."

"What in the world was he doing down in one of those dreadful places?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Ellen! He has done an exceedingly courageous thing, and had a very narrow escape from being killed. The old guide himself told me that had '*le Monsieur*' not positively declined leaving the glacier without one more attempt at rescue being made, the Comte—the man—would certainly have been lost, as they were all fully persuaded he had been carried away by the current beneath the ice."

As my sister spoke these last words Hélène turned abruptly away and passed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into the adjoining room; seeing which, Cornelia came closer to me and whispered: "Do you know whose life it was he saved?" I nodded assent, and she continued: "Does *she* know?" Again I gave an affirmative sign, and she murmured, "Poor child! I don't know what will come of it all! I had no idea of anything of the kind!"

This was really too much, and I felt tempted to ask where her eyes had been, and should certainly have done so had not some motive prompted her, just then, to follow Hélène to her room. For a long time they remained there, talking together in low, earnest tones; while I —secretly wondering what the result of that interview would be—proceeded to take off my dress and put on a warm wrapper, that I might be in readiness to assist Cornelia with her watching.

But "no such thing was necessary," she assured me, as she came in hurriedly to bid me "Good-night," making no reference whatever to the conversation that had taken place in the adjoining room. So I was to be excluded from their confidence! I must own that it grieved me to think I had offended my darling, and it was with rather a heavy heart I laid my head upon the pillow. Whether or no it was a dream, I could not tell, but I certainly wakened the next morning firmly impressed with the idea that just as I had been dropping asleep, a pretty, white-robed figure had glided softly into my room, and kissing me twice—very gently—had said: "I was angry at first, Aunt Nell—but I have had a hard day, dear—so you must not mind."

No! that could have been no dream, for she was her own sweet self again, and here was I, sitting in the hotel parlor, partly hidden by the drapery of one of the windows, watching Hélène as she walked restlessly about the room. Not a very attractive *salon* this, with its inartistic red chairs and sofas, and centre table strewn with daily papers—English, most of them—but we were not here to look at the furniture. Indeed no! We had something of much greater importance before us. I had tried hard to persuade her that my presence at the impending interview was quite unnecessary, but she had insisted upon my remaining, and after my stupid speech of the night before, I could refuse her nothing.

Now the door opened, and a slight, dark, good-looking man, scarcely taller than Hélène and resembling her somewhat, appeared. Advancing with that blank, bewildered air one is apt to have on coming from the bright sunshine without into an imperfectly lighted room, he stopped suddenly as he caught sight of the slim, gray-clad figure, before him.

Without giving him time to speak, Hélène said, quickly: "It is I who sent for you, *mon cousin!* There are many things about which I must speak with you, and it is best to do so here, immediately."

From my post of observation I could see his face, and it was a perfect study. Amazement, incredulity, and, I faintly suspected, some discomposure, were fighting for mastery there. Now he cast a rapid glance about the room, and his eyes falling on me, he said in a low tone—they were speaking in French, of course—"Would it not be better to wait for another opportunity? I had no idea that my aunt was staying here at the Grindelwald. It is quite an unexpected pleasure." He had raised his voice in these last two sentences, and now lowering it again, he added hurriedly: "You know I shall be in Berne on Monday. Can we not discuss all needful questions then?" Hélène had seated herself by this time, and resting her folded arms upon the table, looked up at him as he stood there turning his hat and stick in his hands in rather an agitated manner.

"My mother is not here," she said, in her clear, distinct tones; "I am with —friends. And it is precisely of your visit to Berne I wish to speak." Again he glanced hastily in my direction, seeing which, she said, calmly: "*C'est une amie à moi!* It is quite as though we were alone."

Rather a left-handed compliment, thought I, feeling strongly inclined to laugh at the turn affairs were taking.

"I will not detain you long, *mon cousin*, but as it is a most important question that I wish to speak to you about, I pray you be seated." And he dropped into the chair toward which she motioned him, as though he really had not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strength to stand. I could not help pitying him, for he had been taken at a disadvantage, and had certainly no conception of what awaited him.

"It will perhaps amaze you, what I am about to say," she commenced, "but, knowing that our marriage is simply *une affaire de famille*—a manner of keeping our grandmother's fortune undivided—I cannot imagine that it will be much of a blow to you if it never takes place. *Voyons, franchement*, is it not true, that?"

For a moment he was literally too astounded to speak, and then—a dark glow overspreading his face—he said slowly: "I am at a loss to know what can have put such an idea in your head. If by chance you have heard something about me which displeases you, I can but ask—in justice to myself—that you will let me know what it is."

I could not help an inward cry of Bravo, for this was said with a great deal of dignity; and I commenced to tremble lest Hélène should have the worst of the encounter. She had evidently not expected him to take this view of the matter, and there was a little distressed ring in her voice as she exclaimed:

"No, no! It is not that! I am sure you would have made a good husband—but—but really, Vincent, I cannot marry you—I did not think—but I *know* now that it is utterly impossible." He, however, appeared to have no intention of being cast off so easily; and leaning forward on the table, just as she was doing, until his dark head was very near to hers, said:

"Tell me what has happened, Hélène. Your father wished this marriage, and we have always considered it a settled thing. If, then, at this last moment, you have changed your mind, it can only be because you have met someone else whom you care about. If that is the case, I can, of course, say nothing more; but—it will be harder for me than you think."

What would she say, I wondered, for on her next words the future of *three* people depended; and I was too interested in the result of this tête-à-tête—for you see *I* did not count—for the absurdity of my own position to trouble me at all. Well! she did not keep him long in suspense, though her answer came with a half-sad little cry:

"Oh! I am so sorry! I really never thought you would care! I have tried to do right, and everything seems to be entirely wrong. There *is* someone else whom I—care about—as you say. I thought at first it was nothing—that it would pass—that I should get over it—and that we would be married—you and I—and live very happily together; but I know now that *that* can never be—it would be quite impossible! Ah! I cannot tell you more—but you understand—you will not make it more difficult for me—for I assure you I have suffered these last few days!" So! It was out! But he bore it bravely, like the true gentleman he was, and rising, said:

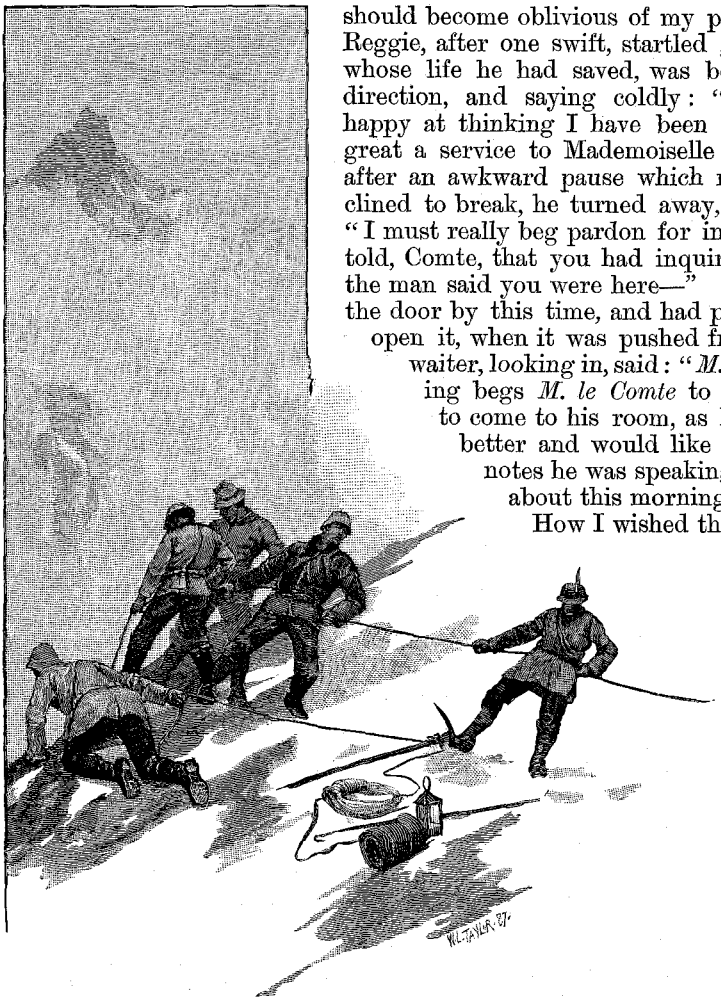
"I *do* understand, my little cousin. And now I will tell you 'Good-bye,' as I see it is best for me to go away for a while,—later, we shall be good friends, I hope." As he stood there, looking straight into her eyes, there were actually tears in his. He was facing the light, and I could not help but see this. And Hélène, putting both hands in his, leaned forward in her quick, impulsive way, saying: "You are much too good to me, Vincent. I have——"

But that speech was never finished, for the door had opened, and there, looking very pale and white, but otherwise showing no symptoms of being any the worse for the accident of the day before, stood Rex. I think at that moment the only unconcerned person in the room was the Comte de Ribaupierre, who, springing forward with quick words of welcome on his lips, took Reggie's hand in his, and turning, said earnestly:

"Hélène, I must present my rescuer, Mr. Thayer. My cousin, Mademoiselle de Tavel."

You probably know me sufficiently well by this time to hear without astonishment that I had put myself as much as possible out of sight, for I did not at all like the looks of things; but at the same time I could not resist the temptation of watching unperceived all that passed. That sounds rather badly, but, after all, I had been brought here against my will, and it was not my fault, if, after having insisted upon my coming, Hélène

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



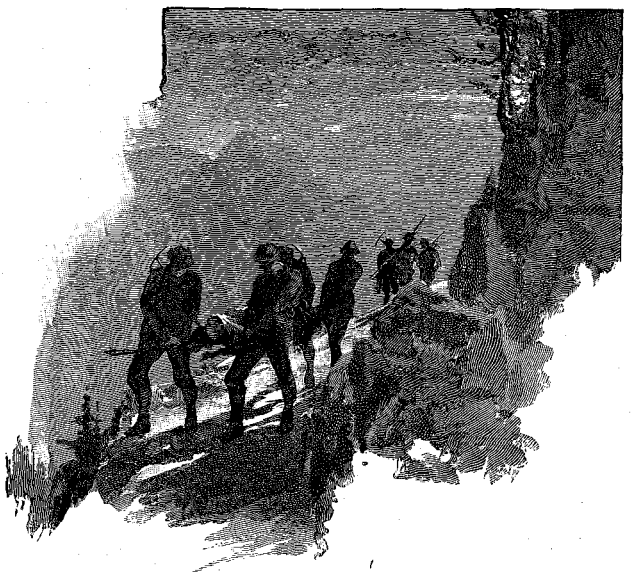
should become oblivious of my presence. But now Reggie, after one swift, startled glance at the man whose life he had saved, was bowing in Hélène's direction, and saying coldly: "I am more than happy at thinking I have been able to render so great a service to Mademoiselle de Tavel." Then, after an awkward pause which no one seemed inclined to break, he turned away, with the remark: "I must really beg pardon for intruding, but I was told, Comte, that you had inquired for me, and as the man said you were here—" He was quite near the door by this time, and had put out his hand to open it, when it was pushed from without, and a waiter, looking in, said: "*M. le Professeur* Koning begs *M. le Comte* to have the kindness to come to his room, as he is feeling much better and would like to look over those notes he was speaking with *M. le Comte* about this morning."

How I wished that I might have followed the Comte de Ribaupierre, unperceived, from the room! But I did not dare move, as Rex had not seen me, and Hélène, apparently, had forgotten my very existence.

In the first moment Reggie had started as though he also would have left the *salon;* but something in the utter immobility of that pale figure opposite arrested his steps. As the door closed he came slowly forward, and resting his two hands on the back of a chair, stood looking down upon the white, troubled face. For a moment only he stood thus, and then, —speaking scarcely above a whisper, said:

"I am going away this afternoon!" No answer; and after a pause of a few seconds, he added, "It is almost a pity they did not leave me there, down in the crevasse, is it not?" Still no reply; only the white look upon her face was intensified, while a nervous movement of the corners of that pretty mouth seemed to indicate that tears were suspiciously near. Seeing this, he said suddenly, always in the same low tone of intense agitation: "Only think! I might have come away and left him there! The guides said there was no hope! Great God! It would have been almost a temptation had I known——" But here, catching sight of the terrified look upon Hélène's face, he stopped abruptly, and dropping into the chair beside which he had been standing, bent his head forward upon the table, saying, in a voice hoarse with emotion: "Forgive me, dear. I am not myself this morning. I came down hoping to have one more talk with you—one more opportunity of pleading for your love. But there! It is of no use! I see I am too late! Ah, well! I must not complain—you have been good and kind to me

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It made me shiver to see how ominously still that figure lay."

always — a dangerous kindness — but now I shall go away, and not trouble you again—for——" Here he raised his head suddenly, and, his eyes meeting hers, he ceased speaking, while a great and wondrous light overspread his face. She was standing beside him; and gently—oh, so gently—he took both her hands in his, whispering softly: "Am I not too late, after all?"

You may possibly imagine that I am going to tell you what my darling's answer was, but you are very much mistaken; indeed I fear that I have been already most indiscreet in talking as much as I have done—but of *one* thing you may be certain, and that is, that no one in that house could have hailed the sound of the dinner-bell, which rang shortly after these last words of my nephew, with greater delight than did Miss Eleanor Thayer. You think, perhaps, that that sound recalled to Mademoiselle de Tavel's mind a memory of the close proximity of her friend and *quasi* chaperone. Not a bit of it! She would have left the room with never a thought for me, had I not—resenting such forgetfulness—emerged indignantly from my corner.

Well, well! We laughed many a time over that afterwards, and Hélène—little mischief—was even then seized with a most unseemly fit of merriment as she attempted to apologize for her obliviousness; but Rex, who was ignorant of the cause of my being there, was, very naturally, more than half inclined to be angry about it, becoming mollified only when he had gathered from my rather irascible explanation some inkling of the true state of affairs.

I think we all experienced a great feeling of relief when — as we were leaving the dining-room after our mid-day meal, a waiter handed Hélène a note from her cousin, stating as he did so, that "*M. le Comte* had left." Had Ribaupierre's suspicions been aroused by anything in Reggie's manner, or had he merely wished to avoid the ordeal of bidding *her* good-

bye? Whatever the cause of his sudden departure, we were evidently not to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be enlightened on the subject, for she put the note calmly into her pocket, and slipping her hand through Cornelia's arm, went with her to her room.

As you may readily imagine, we had all had enough of the Grindelwald, and the following evening found us once more seated under the *marronniers* on Madame de Tavel's terrace. She, poor lady, had listened in some perturbation to Reggie's petition for her daughter's hand, which, you may rest assured, he had made without loss of time. Evidently Madame de Tavel had a nervous dread of offending her husband's mother; and that old lady, upon being called in to the family council, positively and indignantly refused to give her consent. She "should countenance no such capriciousness and—yes—positive coquetry; and as her fortune was her own to dispose of, it should all go to Vincent, who had been *more than willing* to fulfil his part of the compact."

Whereat Mr. Rex flew into a fine rage; telling the old lady she might leave her fortune to whom she pleased, that, for his part, he wished none of it; but if Hélène would marry him, he would promise her that, God granting him health and strength, she should never have cause to regret the loss of her grandmother's money. Which was all very fine, but decidedly hazardous,

"Hélène, I must present my rescuer."

as, with the exception of his talent—which I had come to believe in only since seeing the wonderful picture he had made of Hélène—he had certainly *nothing* to depend upon.

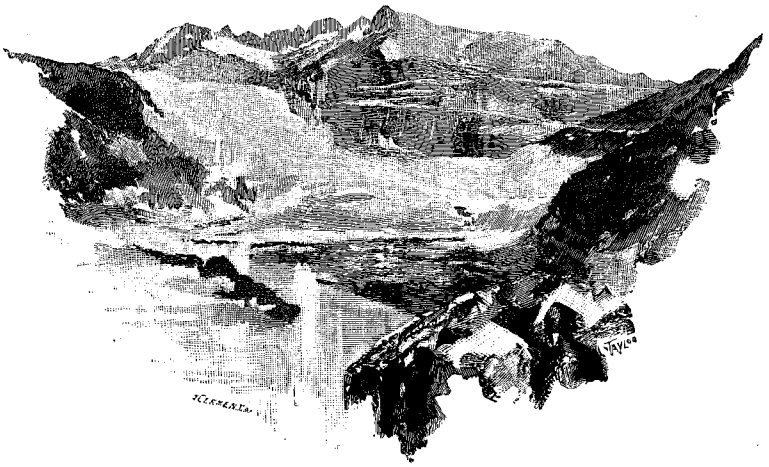
But if Mademoiselle de Tavel had the faculty of being able to picture to us scenes and legends long since past and forgotten, she could be also very practical when she chose, and now, by a cleverly turned little speech, she demonstrated so clearly to her grandmother that, had it not been for Rex, Vincent would have been no longer in this sphere to enjoy the fortune that was destined for him; and that, in consequence, a certain graceless cousin of his would have had it all, the old lady could not but relent; and, indeed, before many days had passed, the dowager Madame

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

de Tavel had become one of my nephew's stanchest friends and admirers.

And now there is really nothing further for me to tell, unless it be that it was a very lovely bride who one bright afternoon late in October stood, in her dainty laces, beneath those old *marronniers*, saying softly, as she turned a pair of smiling, love-lighted eyes on Rex—he was looking proud enough that day, you may be sure—"We must thank the Grindelwald for having decided our fate!"

What the answer was I cannot say, as it was not spoken loud enough to be heard by anyone but the person to whom it was addressed; but her response came with *such* a happy laugh: "Ah! you must not be too sure! I do not know that I should ever have had the courage to defy them all, had you not frightened me nearly to death that terrible afternoon!"



TOWARD SPRING.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Thou knowest not I love thee—no, not yet,
More than the plains in heavy darkness drowned
Forecast that cheerful Day will flow around,
And to the ancient Night his limit set.
Thou knowest not thou hast me in thy debt,
More than this pallid Winter-guarded ground
Forecasts the shower from April cloud unbound,
The drinking grass-blade and the violet.
Thou knowest not I love thee! Yet no less
Than as the Day and Springtide hither tend
Do I with unperceivèd motion bend
My gradual steps toward thee; nor canst thou guess
How I, for all delaying, will but bless
Thy life with richer service in the end.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE SHALL WE SPEND OUR SUMMER?

By A. W. Greely.

FIFTY years ago this was a question which was never heard in American homes, for the few families who quitted their own mansions for comfort or pleasure had in view some near resort where the lack of perfect surroundings was made up by easiness of access. With the building of railways and the rapid development of steam navigation, the changing manners of the American people have kept pace. Indeed, it seems as though every new line opened to travel but enhances the taste for change and movement which impresses foreigners as so characteristic a phase of our national life. Everybody travels nowadays, going on the instant, whenever affection or interest, business or pleasure, may chance to move the spirit. But at one season of the year, when the mercury rises to the nineties, it is safe to say that five per centum of the entire population of the United States makes its plans and arrangements to quit regular homes for summer quarters, and as many more sigh regretfully while thinking that either means or circumstances detain them in the old, dull round of things.

People who go a-summering are divided into three quite distinct classes: the first, the fashionable folk who follow their leaders and are to be found as the latest freak of fancy demands, at the springs of Saratoga, on the sands at Long Branch, on the beach at Newport, or by the rocky shores of Mount Desert; second come those who search mainly for comfort and pleasure, seeking to pass their summer day under such conditions as will either guard them against the discomforts which would be experienced during the heated term at their homes, or will insure them pursuit of, or indulgence in, favorite sports or pastimes. It is this spirit which dots the waterways along our eastern coast, from New Jersey to Nova Scotia, with snowy sail, and that fills the mountains of the Adirondacks, the forests and the streams of Maine and Canada, with fishermen and hunters. Besides these two is a third, the greatest and poorest class, composed of those whose strength and systems, sapped and undermined by toil and trouble, and even more by unhealthy surroundings, are compelled to seek out for their brief vacations of a few days or weeks such spots as offer climatic conditions best suited to renew physical vigor and mental tone. It matters little to the fashionable first class what may be the climatic conditions of the resorts they frequent, and even to the second the question of sunshine and shower, of moisture or dryness, is one either of indifference or minor importance. The question of climate, embracing temperature and rainfall, fog and sunshine, is, however, of serious import to this greatest class, which undoubtedly comprises two-thirds of the summer voyagers.

The important influence which meteorological conditions exert on the public health is becoming more and more a vital question which engages public attention and medical research. Certain abnormal atmospheric conditions, such as prolonged heated terms and the continued prevalence of excessive moisture, are believed to directly and indirectly cause very many deaths in our great cities. It cannot have escaped the attention of any regular reader of our city dailies that the enormous mortality in cases of diseases of the bowels is coincident with, and proportional to, the excessive heats of midsummer, and also that sudden and violent changes of temperature are followed by unusually high death-rates.

The three types of summer weather are: *warm and dry*, *warm and moist*, and *hot*. Small-pox is especially fatal under the first, while the death-rates of scarlet and typhoid fevers are augmented by the second type. *Hot* weather, in July

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

especially, is marked by a sharp increase in one class of diseases—bowel complaints; and there is always an enormous proportional death-rate, due to the great mortality of infants less than a year old. Apart from the mortality of mere infants, there is every reason, if care is taken, why the mortality of summer should not be as excessive as that of winter.

We hear it often urged that the summer can be more comfortably and healthfully passed at home, surrounded by the conveniences of one's own household. There is doubtless much truth in this statement when there is in question summer life in small cities, especially such as are not too closely built and are free from the noxious effects of large manufactories and other similar causes which fill the atmosphere of many cities with impurities.

The amount and the extent of the impurity of the air in great cities are not generally known. These impurities may be divided into acids (carbonic and nitric) and organic matter. Frequent comparison of country and town rainfall has shown that acids are quite largely above the average in cities. The amount of organic matter in the air is comparatively very large in cities, the quantity, as might naturally be expected, increasing in a somewhat constant ratio with the density of the population.

The deleterious effect which such impurities must have on the public health is so obvious that it is surprising they have not more fully engaged, in America, the attention of sanitary boards and the medical faculty. In Great Britain inquiry has been initiated, with a view of "authoritatively defining the safe limits of the density of population, and the extent to which manufactures may be carried on within a given area."

While the fatal relation of certain types of weather to the public health is obvious even to laymen, under extraordinary conditions, yet until the heated term slays its hundreds, proper sanitary methods are not strictly observed, nor are the weak and sickly properly forearmed against the too often fatal results of such environment.

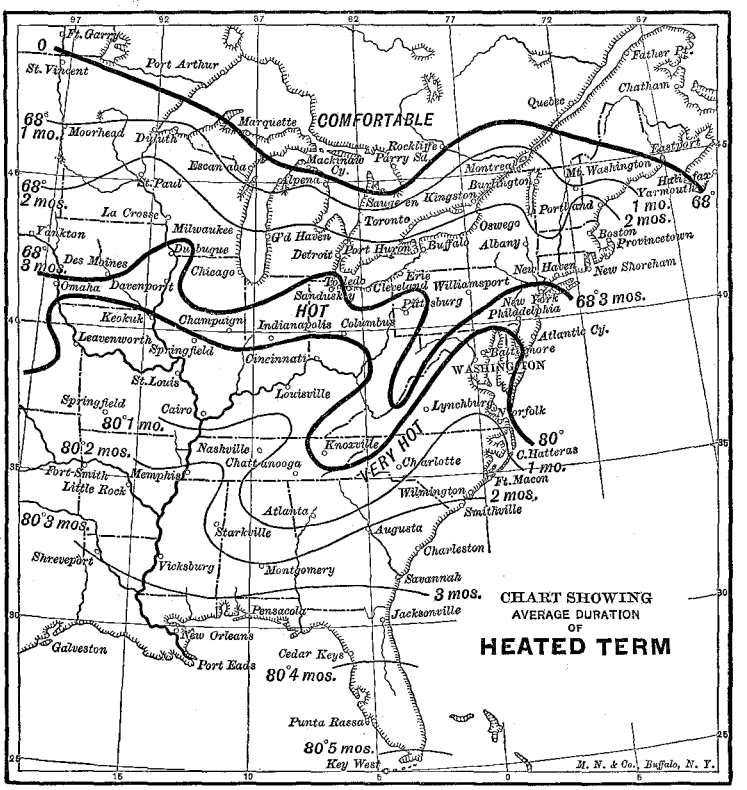
Since health and comfort dictate the quitting of large cities for a certain period each summer, let us next consider the respective advantages offered by the mountains, forests, lakes, and sea-shore, to one of which we must resort.

The question as to what constitutes a comfortable and healthy summer climate is one which is difficult to define with absolute precision, especially for the United States, where the enormous extent of territory is populated by communities accustomed each to their peculiarly local and widely diversified climates. All authorities probably agree that, in this important problem, the temperature is a dominant factor, in summer, at least. The average daily, as well as the maximum and minimum, temperatures must be relatively stated, since there are but few localities in the whole country where the entire summer is wholly comfortable; though there are many localities which are healthy.

The American public are familiar on all sides with elaborate and detailed statements of the weather at a thousand and one resorts. If we may believe all that we read in such reports the temperature never reaches the eighties, the sky is flecked with just enough of cloud to perfect the landscape, the breezes are always balmy and the nights ever cool. There is possibly one place in the United States where such conditions obtain—a bit of country of about forty square miles, at the extreme southwestern part of the United States, in which San Diego is situated; but even here, perhaps once in two or three years, the sultry blasts of the Mojave Desert pass over the low mountain range and parch this favored district. By a singular contrast the second favored spot as to summer weather is the extreme northeastern point of the United States—Eastport, Me. At Eastport the prevailing summer winds are from the south, which makes the weather delightful, save on occasional days when the wind goes into the northerly quadrant and sends the temperature uncomfortably near to the freezing point. The point at which the temperature begins to be considered hot naturally depends upon the character of the climate to which persons have been accustomed. It follows that people living in the extreme southern portions of the United States have a radically differ-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ent standard from those residing along the Canadian frontier. In default of any fixed standard the writer follows the example of Herr Alexander Supan in his article and maps of the duration of the heated term in Europe. Herr Supan classes mean daily temperatures from fifty degrees (ten degrees Centigrade) to sixty-eight degrees (twenty degrees C.) as warm. Mean daily temperatures above sixty-eight degrees are classed as hot. This classification answers very well for Europe, since in Great Britain, Northern France, Germany, and the mountainous regions of all Central Europe the mean daily temperature rises only occasionally to seventy degrees, and never remains at that point for any considerable number of consecutive days. If we examine the mean daily temperatures of the United States, as calculated from many years' observations, we find that the coast of Northern Maine, and a portion of Northern Michigan, and the immediate coast line of California and Oregon, are the only parts of the country where the daily mean temperature does not rise above sixty-eight degrees for several weeks of each year.* In considering American summer climate the writer has added a third period called *very hot*, during which the average daily temperature exceeds eighty degrees Fahrenheit. The above map shows, by a broad line marked 80°, the points to the eastward of the 97th meridian where the highest *daily* mean of the year barely touches that temperature. The fainter lines, marked one month, two months, etc., unite places where the very high daily mean of eighty degrees may be expected to continue for one, two, or three months, as the case may be. It will be noticed that the eighty line extends as far northward as Omaha in the Missouri Valley, and as far as Baltimore in the Atlantic States. The tempering effect of elevation is shown by the trend of the curves in the mountainous regions, for no part of the Blue Ridge Mountains is very hot.



An impartial writer is consequently forced to admit that the term comfortable, as applied to summer climate in the United States, is a relative one only, and that in the discussion of climatic data one must depend upon the Signal Service reports, supplemented by the observations of such private meteorological observers—and there are hundreds of them—as have no climatic wares to dispose of.

* Of course, the summits of certain mountain peaks and high plateau stations, which are objectionable on other grounds, are not included in this statement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has been decided, for the purpose of this article, to consider as comfortable regions such sections of the country as have normally for less than ninety consecutive days a daily mean temperature above sixty-eight degrees.

The southern limit of this region is shown on the map by a broad line marked three months sixty-eight degrees. To the northward of this broad line are two fainter ones which unite places where the daily mean temperature of sixty-eight degrees continues, respectively, for two months and one month.

It is obvious from the map that the transition from a very hot district to a comfortable region involves, in most cases, a limited amount of travel. In a northern direction from the section of the country designated as hot, the climate moderates rapidly to the European standard as to comfortable temperatures, which is shown by the broad line marked zero. This line indicates the extreme southern limits of regions where the mean daily temperature does not normally rise as high as sixty-eight degrees. It will be noticed that the region which can be classed as comfortable includes the greater part of New England, New York, and the States immediately bordering on the Great Lakes. Attention is further invited to the fact that in the Lake region, where the prevailing winds have a southwesterly component, the shores on the northeasterly side are cooler than those on the southwesterly. The difference in latitude is very small between Toledo at one end of Lake Erie and Buffalo at the other. Yet, for reasons given in general principles enunciated elsewhere, as to the cooling effect of vapor-laden winds, the mean daily temperature remains at sixty-eight or above for ninety-seven days at Toledo and only sixty-seven days at Buffalo.

But apart from considerations of health is the desire for cooling breezes, and in this respect the instinctive tendency of Americans to seek relief from the high summer temperatures of great towns and cities by fleeing to densely wooded highlands, such as the Adirondacks, or the Green or White Mountain ranges, rests on grounds equally solid and scientific. The opinion, if it does not appear to be quite well established as a fact, prevails that residence at certain elevations above sea-level is decidedly beneficial to certain lung affections. While some believe that the rarefied atmosphere works the improvement, others dwell on the positive benefit flowing from simple conditions of living, regularity of life, and, above all, from continued inhalation of an atmosphere of decided purity.

As to the question of temperature, it is true that trees and vegetation are, like other substances, heated by the sun, and cooled by radiation, but owing to their low conductivity of heat, their highest and lowest temperatures occur at different hours from corresponding phases of the air. This tendency of forests to make nights warmer and days cooler is supplemented in mountainous countries by the system of descending currents of cold air, which further modify in an agreeable manner the temperature of the atmosphere at the bases of such mountains or steep acclivities. It will be found by summer visitors, as a rule, that the narrower the valley and the steeper its sides the greater are the chances of cold descending air-currents, which, however, may in some instances be sufficiently severe to test the endurance of invalids of certain classes.

On the other hand, the philosophy which draws such a large proportion of summer voyagers to the sea, finds a strong and valid, if unconscious, justification in the fact that while the air of the sea-coast is much freer from organic and inorganic impurities than the air of cities, it is also as free from acids as are the high plateaus.

The great climatological importance of seaside resorts is so self-evident that there is slight necessity of dwelling upon their remarkable curative effects on summer visitors. The sea heats very slowly by the sun, and cools quite as slowly from nocturnal radiation ; so that the daily range of temperature is very small. In consequence, especially along the sandy coasts of Long Island and New Jersey, where the tendency is towards high temperatures by day and low temperatures by night, the sea is a most important factor in ameliorating the temperature conditions both by day and night. The rising of heated air over the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sandy regions by day necessarily causes an indraught of cool air from the sea, while the warmth of the ocean at night causes a reverse movement seaward of the land air—cooled by radiation. However, when from accidental causes (such as the passage of a storm-centre sufficiently distant not to induce rain, but to cause fresh winds) the wind blows steadily from the land, the visitors to sandy shores experience at times in midsummer heated periods of great severity. It will be noticed at such times that the effects of vegetation and forests very materially modify these unfavorable conditions, so that such strips of the sea-coast as are lined with forest or underbrush are spared these trying extremes of temperature. In connection with the well-known fact that winds acquire, to a considerable extent, the temperature of the regions they pass over, it is most important to consider what are the prevailing currents of air. This question becomes a particularly important one a few miles inland from the shores of the ocean or the Great Lakes, beyond which the system of alternating land and sea breezes already referred to does not extend. A section of country may, according to the prevailing direction of the wind, be most trying as a summer residence, owing to dry winds heated by the barren soil they have passed over; or it may be a comparatively comfortable region, through the cool, vapor-laden winds coming over the surface of large bodies of water of low temperature. The height and direction of mountain ranges, when perpendicular to the prevailing winds, make them drier; so that the country to the leeward of the mountains has hotter summers and colder winters than the region to the windward, since the absence of vapor exposes them more completely to solar and terrestrial radiation. Fortunately, the mountain ranges in the United States are so situated relative to the prevailing winds that these adverse conditions only very locally occur, except in the Pacific coast region to the eastward of the coast range.

The prevailing direction of the winds over such portions of the United States as have been designated as suitable for summer resorts are from the south or southwest, except on Lake Superior, where they are northerly. Fortunately for the seaside resorts, the winds are in general southerly from Delaware to Maine, so that, being tempered by the ocean, they alleviate materially the summer heat. As before stated, the southwesterly winds in the Lake region have the effect of making the eastern shores more comfortable than the western.

The question of cloudiness is one of a certain importance, since the relief from the heat of the summer's sun is a material advantage. In this respect New England is slightly favored over New Jersey, to the extent of two or three per cent., and over the Lake region to the extent of five or ten per cent.; the least clouds in summer being found over Southern Michigan.

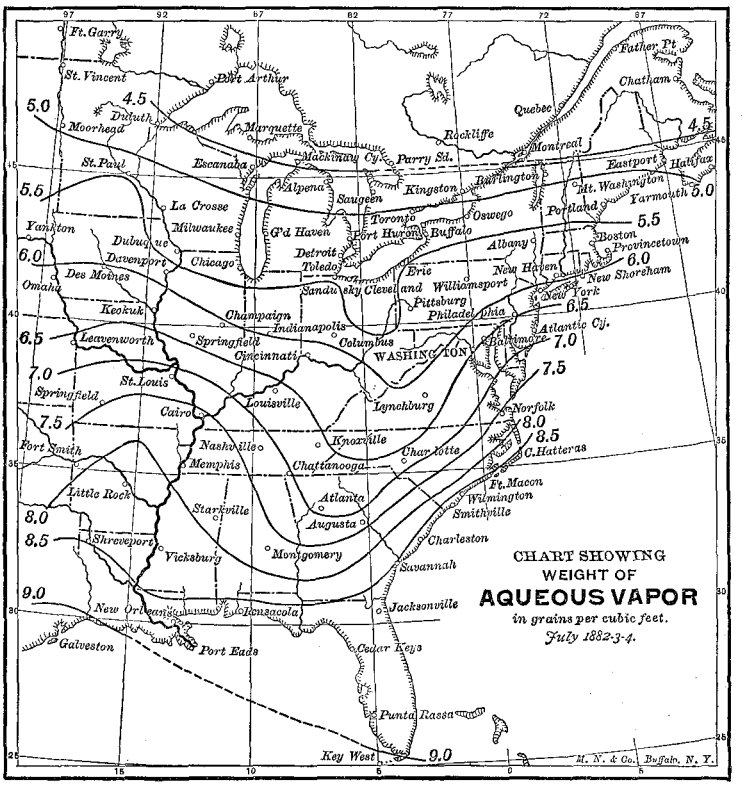
The number of rainy days is greater during July than August, in New England, the Middle States, and in the vicinity of Lakes Huron and Ontario; but in the Lake Superior region the rainy days are more numerous during August. From New Jersey and Pennsylvania northeastward to Maine, one must expect rain at least every third day during July, but during August the ratio would be two days per week.

There is another phase of summer weather which, for certain classes, is of equal importance with any that has been so far considered. This is relative to the humidity of the atmosphere. The importance of this particular component of climate is set forth by a committee of the Colorado State Medical Society, which petitioned the United States Signal Service to furnish data on this subject, which, the committee say, "is of the utmost importance to that large invalid class who are troubled with consumption, asthma, malaria, and kindred complaints." The committee in question further set forth the equal value of these data to the physician and to the patient, and dwelt on their great importance with reference to the continuing health of a community.

The method by which the humidity of the air has been recorded and discussed by many observers gives results of no practical importance to the invalid, since the relative humidity, which shows the per centage of saturation, has been generally given, and not the more important

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

absolute humidity, which shows the true amount of moisture in a definite manner, expressed by grains of aqueous vapor to each cubic foot of air. The accompanying map for July shows the weight of vapor per cubic foot in grains, as deduced from three years' observations of the United States Signal Service. The effect of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge ranges in deflecting the equal contour lines is evident at a glance. It is probable that a sufficiently large number of reports would show similar southward deflections due to the White and Green mountain ranges in New England, and the most elevated parts of the Adirondacks in New York. The tendency of elevation, with its lessened temperature, is to reduce the weight of aqueous vapor in each cubic foot of air; and thus, for patients seeking a dry atmosphere, the high plateaus and the mountain regions will be found most satisfactory. It will be noticed, too, as might be expected, that the lines of equal grains to the cubic foot are nearly parallel with the sea-coast, and that the amount decreases as one goes inland. It is further of importance to note that the quantity of vapor per cubic foot decreases as one goes northward, and that the absolute amount of water in the air in New Jersey is fifty per cent. greater than in Maine; while the quantity along the Atlantic sea-coast from Hatteras southward is nearly double as great.



A dry summer climate is assumed to be one where the atmosphere contains five and a half grains, or less, of aqueous vapor to each cubic foot; and on this basis it is safe to recommend the northern half of New England and New York, as well as the entire Lake region, except, possibly, a few islands or places which are almost entirely surrounded by water.

The attention of the reader should be drawn to the fact that although the absolute humidity shown by this map is the mean of three years only, yet in the examination of observations made at certain stations for a series of years it has been shown that these figures cannot vary in their value over one twentieth, or five per centum, from those for many years.

In résumé it may be said that the writer recommends, as a moderately dry and not too warm climate, the coast of Maine with its outlying islands, and the southern coast of New England between Nantucket and Stonington. To the westward of the last-named point, al-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though the Connecticut coast is bordered with abundant vegetation, yet the sandy stretch of Long Island, intervening between it and the open sea, affects to a considerable extent the ocean breezes, and renders the summer climate somewhat less agreeable. Long Island itself, and the sandy beaches of the New Jersey coast are even less desirable, and, apart from salt air and sea bathing, may be considered, on the whole, as inferior to many portions of the Lake region—particularly those sections to the northward of Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the extreme northern parts of Michigan.

For a very dry climate, not too hot in summer, the White, Green, and Adirondack Mountains afford the best available, while but slightly inferior in this respect are such parts of West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee as lie between the Blue Ridge to the eastward, and the Kanawha Ridge, Cumberland, and Clinch Mountains to the westward. The summer advantages of the broken, mountainous country last referred to, are hardly known to the general public, but with succeeding years and increasing facilities for travel and entertainment, this comparatively unknown section will be resorted to in summer by tens of thousands from the South and Southwest, and in winter from the North and Northwest.

The temperature of the ocean, as has been shown in speaking of the prevailing winds, has its due effect upon the comfort of the summer visitors to the coast, by softening the temperature of the air. Apart from this, the question of the actual temperature of the sea-water is one of great importance when it becomes necessary to take sea baths for the health, and it is of interest always.

The highest average temperature of the water along the Atlantic coast occurs at Key West, Fla., being eighty-seven and a half degrees during July, the month when the temperature is the highest as far northward as Chincoteague, Va., where the July average is eighty degrees. At Atlantic City, N. J., the highest mean, seventy-two and three quarters, prevails during August, the month when the sea is the warmest thence as far as Portland, Me., where the temperature of the sea-water falls to sixty-one degrees. At Eastport, the retardation of temperature causes the highest average, fifty degrees and a half, to occur in September. It is to be noted, assuming sixty-eight degrees to be a comfortable temperature for sea bathing, that such conditions obtain on the Atlantic coast only as far northward and eastward as the entrance to Long Island Sound. From Block Island to Nantucket the mean temperature of the sea averages sixty-eight degrees only for a few days during the month of August, except in shallow and sandy bays, where the August sun raises slightly the temperature of the water for the mid-day hours. To the northward of Cape Cod it is only on rare occasions, and in favored spots, that the temperature ever rises above sixty-five degrees; while to the eastward of Portland the temperature of the ocean rarely reaches the sixties, and in the extreme eastern part of Maine never so. Along the New Jersey coast, and in Long Island Sound, bathing is comfortable during the three months of July, August, and September.

The incomes and conditions of the greater part of the American people forbid their leaving permanent homes for any considerable length of time, and to such classes it is a matter of great and sometimes vital importance to know exactly what period of the year should be chosen, so that they shall obtain the greatest relief from extreme tempera tures during their brief summer out ing. It too frequently happens tha men and women having but a week's va cation are tempted by the first heate term to take it at that time, long befo the maximum summer heat prevai The sun is nearest the earth at the su mer solstice, the 21st of June, but i amount of heat received by day con ues greater than that radiated by ni for a considerable period after the stice, reaching its maximum when amounts received from the sun by and radiated into space by night equal. It goes without saying tha hottest single day, or even the ho three days, for any summer canno absolutely foretold, since this l may be slightly advanced or ret by violent atmospheric changes shape of severe storms. The se

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

observations made by the Signal Service of the Army have been continued for such a number of years that we can, however, speak with certain confidence, based on the normal daily temperatures, as to the dates on which the three hottest days should fall. While these dates vary in different sections of the country, it is sufficiently within the scope of this article to say that the hottest three days east of the Mississippi River should occur between the 12th and 17th of July. If, therefore, any single week is to be taken with the hope of escaping from extreme summer heat, it should commence not later than the 10th of July.

It is a matter of special interest for many to know that the hottest part of the year in the Rocky Mountain regions and the entire country to the westward falls, as a rule, in the early days of August, so that travel and residence in the extreme western part of the United States are most objectionable on account of summer heat from the 15th of July to the 15th of August. It should be understood that in speaking of the hottest days the writer refers to those successive dates on which the temperature is the greatest for the entire twenty-four hours, and the fact should not be overlooked that *single* days may occur outside of the period named when the highest temperature recorded during the day may be higher, or even the mean temperature of the day itself.

The writer refrains from touching upon the summer resorts of the Pacific slope, since their remoteness from the great centres of population precludes the possibility of their serving as summer resorts except for those residing to the westward of the Rocky Mountains. As a matter of general information, it may be said that no portion of the Pacific States can be recommended for summer visitors except a narrow strip along the coast, or on the salt-water bays, which are rendered, as a rule, delightful by the prevailing sea-breezes, tempered by the warm waters of the Pacific Ocean.

THE STAR TO ITS LIGHT.

By George Parsons Lathrop.

"Go," said the star to its light:
"Follow your fathomless flight!
Into the dreams of space
Carry the joy of my face.
Go," said the star to its light:
"Tell me the tale of your flight."

As the mandate rang
  The heavens through,
Quick the ray sprang:
  Unheard it flew,
Sped by the touch of an unseen spur.
  It crumbled the dusk of the deep
  That folds the world in sleep,
And shot through night with noiseless stir.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then came the day;
And all that swift array
Of diamond-sparkles died.
And lo! the far star cried:
"My light has lost its way!"

Ages on ages passed:
The light returned, at last.

"What have you seen,
What have you heard—
O ray serene,
O flame-winged bird
I loosed on endless air?
Why do you look so faint and white?"
Said the star to its light.

"O star," said the tremulous ray,
"Grief and struggle I found.
Horror impeded my way.
Many a star and sun
I passed and touched on my round.
Many a life undone
I lit with a tender gleam:
I shone in the lover's eyes,
And soothed the maiden's dream.
But ah, the wrath of the battle-field
Where my glance was mixed with blood!
And woe for the hearts by hate congealed,
And the crime that rolls like a flood!
Too vast is the world for me;
Too vast for the sparkling dew
Of a force like yours to renew.
Hopeless the world's immensity!
The suns go on without end:
The universe holds no friend:
And so I come back to you."

"Go," said the star to its light:
"You have not told me aright.
This you have taught: I am one
In a million of million others—
Stars, or planets, or men;—
And all of these are my brothers.
Carry that message, and then
My guerdon of praise you have won!
Say that I serve in my place:
Say I will hide my own face
Ere the sorrows of others I shun.
So, then, my trust you'll requite.
Go!" said the star to its light.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FIRST HARVESTS.

By F. J. Stimson.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STORY OF A QUIET SUNDAY EVENING.

SUNDAY was a long-looked-for day to Arthur. It was only the second Sunday after his arrival in New York; but it was as if he had been many months in the city already; and on the evening thereof he was to take tea at the Livingstones.'

Tea is not a formal meal; and surely it could do no harm if he went there early? It was almost six o'clock, and well on in the twilight when he arrived at the house; Miss Holyoke was in the parlor, the servant said; the other ladies were up-stairs. The low tones of a piano reached his ear as the man was speaking; and Arthur recognized a soft and serious Bach prelude, very quiet, very tender, very old in melody and simple chords. It was a favorite piece of Gracie's; and Arthur stood at the door, unseen, and watched her play. Her black dress and slender figure was just visible in the faint light that came in from some other room; but her face, sweet and pale, was clearly outlined against the long window and the last light of the November day; it touched her chin and brow and her parted lips; and the look of these was like the music she was playing. The prelude died away, in minor modulations, like a low amen; and Gracie sat playing idly with the ivory notes, her head drooping, and a dim shining from the firelight in her dark hair.

When the others came down, they found these two sitting together, like brother and sister, and talking in low voices to each other. Arthur knew Mrs. Livingstone; but the others of the family were still strangers to him. Mr. Livingstone was an old man, much bent, with older manners and appearance than his years warranted; then there was an only daughter, Mamie, and a favorite cousin of Mr. Livingstone's, Miss Brevier. Mamie Livingstone was a pretty young girl, with slightly petulant manners, as if she had been a little spoiled; she had a wonderfully mobile face, and quick intelligent eyes, and was evidently warm-hearted and impulsive, and very fond already of her cousin Grace. She regarded Arthur critically, and with some disapproval; in fact, she snubbed him more completely than that young gentleman had yet been snubbed—thanks to Mrs. Gower—in New York.

"Where is Mr. Townley, mamma?" said she, imperiously. "I want to see Mr. Townley."

"Hush, Mamie," said Mrs. Livingstone, slightly shocked; and the old gentleman looked at his daughter with a meek astonishment, as is so often the way with contemporary parents. Charlie had been invited in acknowledgment of his kindness to Arthur.

"Mr. Townley," said Mr. Livingstone in a quavering voice, "is a very old friend of mine, in whom I have always had the greatest confidence. I have yet to make the acquaintance of his young —connection."

"They say he waltzes like an angel," said Mamie the irrepressible; and just then the door-bell rang, and the subject of their conversation appeared, with his usual irreproachable exterior. Arthur had never seen him so subdued; he sat next to Miss Mamie, but treated her quite *du haut en bas*, talking much to Mr. Livingstone. Arthur could see that he was on his best behavior; and his best behavior was extremely unobjectionable, though he came very near being caught in the middle of some airy personality when Mr. Livingstone inaugurated the meal by saying grace.

After tea was over, Miss Mamie manœuvred Charlie into a remote corner, where he seemed to find her more worthy his attention. The evening was very quiet; Mr. Livingstone gravely reading some review, and addressing from time to time a solitary remark to his wife, who

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sat with her hands folded, placidly. Gracie talked to Arthur of himself, and our hero told her of all that had happened since he came to New York. Her life had, of course, been a quiet one, divided between books, her music, and charitable occupations. In all these Miss Brevier had encouraged and assisted her; Gracie spoke very warmly of her, her intelligence and character. This was after Miss Brevier, in the other room, had begun reading aloud to the old couple, in a low and sweet, but very clearly modulated voice.

"When can I come next?" said Arthur to Gracie as they rose to go. There was a sweetness in her presence that had won his heart a thousand times again; she seemed a rarer being, in this peopled city; he adored her.

"You must not come often, dear Arthur—my aunt thinks it better for us both. She thinks that we are both too young, and that you must try a year or two in society to make sure that you really care for me—and I for you," she added, in a tone hardly audible. Arthur's only answer was to press her hand; and so they parted.

When they got into the street, Townley lit a large cigar, with a slight sigh of relief. "Lively little girl, that Miss Livingstone," said he; "but I say, old man, what an evening! No wonder she wants to come out."

"I am sorry you found it slow," said Arthur, testily.

"Oh, well, I know it's devilish respectable and all that sort of thing," said Charlie. "Good middle-class domestic life; they're just like our grandfathers, and our grandfathers were nothing but *bourgeois* after all; that little girl will sink all that, or I'm mistaken. Come round by Sixth Avenue a minute, will you?"

There was a certain incongruity in Charlie's words, as it seemed to Arthur; it might have been Wemyss who was speaking, instead of this careless young Epicurean, who usually troubled himself little with abstractions and general categories, but occupied his understanding with perceiving the most practical sort of causes and effects. The fact was that Townley had used the current slang of his set, word-counters for thought, and his mind was already far from the subject, and his lips framed to the whistle of an air from "Iolanthe." They turned into Sixth Avenue (which is a strange, conglomerate street—insolently disreputable at times, elsewhere commercially prosperous, or even given to small tradesmen and other healthy citizenship, but always, in its earlier days, at least, rakishly indifferent to brown-stone-front respectability) and stopped at a little shop in a tiny two-story brick block. On the left was a little glass door, with the simple legend *Rose Marie* upon the panel; and in front of them a toy staircase, leading to the imminent upper regions. Through the glass of the door Arthur could see one or two bonnets on pegs in the window, and he divined that the shop was a milliner's. "Is Miss Starbuck in?" said Charlie to a child who appeared with a candle. The child (who was either deformed or very old-looking for her age) looked keenly at Arthur, whose eyes fell helplessly before her searching gaze.

"She has gone to a concert at the Garden," said the child. As they spoke, there was a murmur of men's voices from an adjoining room, and a rough clatter of applause, with knocking of heels and sticks.

"All right," said Townley. "Good-night." And after this somewhat inexplicable call the two young men went back to their Fifth Avenue lodgings. Here they found John Haviland, largely reposing himself on two chairs before Arthur's hospitable hearth.

Haviland and Arthur had met many times since the Farnum ball; and Arthur was more pleased than surprised at finding him in his rooms to-night. "I'm so glad you waited—I've just come from the Livingstones," said he. "Charlie, let me introduce my friend Mr. Haviland—Mr. Townley. Have a cigar—oh, you've got a pipe, have you?"

The others already had cigars; and disposing themselves in attitudes of permanent equilibrium, all plunged into the divine cloud of vapor until such time as the genius of the place should move them to speech.

"Is the Miss Holyoke who is staying at the Livingstones' your cousin?" asked Haviland, finally.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes," said Arthur. "Don't you know her?"

"What a queer old thing that Miss Brevier is," said Charlie. "Can you believe it, she used to be a bosom-friend of Mrs. Levison G.!"

"Pity Miss Brevier dropped her," said Haviland, dryly.

"Miss Brevier drop her?" said Charlie, whose sense of humor was sometimes, at a critical moment, deficient. "You are chaffing."

"Mrs. Gower," said Haviland gravely, "does more harm than any woman in New York."

"She is a person of European reputation," suggested Townley.

"She is unquestionably proficient in the latest and silliest vices of the aristocracies we came over here to escape from," retorted John.

Townley laughed a little, while Haviland puffed vigorously at his pipe.

"I say, Arthur?" said the former, "speaking of Mrs. G., have they asked you to join the Four-in-Hand Club?"

"What's that?"

"It's a club organized for the purpose of driving twice a year up to Yonkers with string teams and liveries, and showing your most esteemed young ladies in flaring light-colored dresses to all the sidewalk population of New York," broke in Haviland, "and paying four thousand a year for the privilege!"

"What rot," laughed Charlie. "In the first place, it needn't cost you one thousand a year, for one wheel apiece. Four fellows can own a drag together, you know. And it's great fun. Mrs. Gower got it up, and all the boys belong. Why, old Mosenthal came to me the other day with tears in his eyes, and offered to keep two full-rigged drags, if we'd only let him come in—and lend me one of 'em, he meant," added Charlie with a grin.

"How cheap for him," growled the other, "if he could buy the envy and consideration of the society of this great republic for the price of a few horses!"

Townley's good-nature never forsook him; but he looked at Haviland as if puzzled; and the latter rose to go. "I called on the Livingstones last week," said he to Arthur, "and met your cousin. Good-night, Mr. Townley."

"What a prig he is," said Charlie, with a sigh of relief when Haviland had gone. "I always supposed it, from his looks. I knew that he refused to join the Four-in-Hand Club; and you hardly ever meet him in society—except at some queer place like the Farnums', for instance. He mugs down town at his office all the day, and improves his mind in the evening, I suppose, or reads goody-goody stories to little Italian children, down on Baxter Street! He's good as gold, you know."

"Don't you ever mean to work yourself?" asked Arthur.

"Not that way," laughed Charlie. "It's not in my line. Books and things are played out, I tell you." But the full account of his plans of life Charlie was too canny to impart, perhaps even to admit to himself.

For Charlie had not always been thus. There was a time when he was fresh from Princeton College, and he used to fill his table with English and foreign reviews, and could talk intelligently of their contents. He had begun his business life with enthusiasm, and was only known as a promising athlete outside of it. He showed great industry at the office, and some ability, and had been referred to by his elders as a well-informed young man.

But Charlie was a smart fellow, wide awake, and it did not take him long to get, as he fancied, *désorienté*. Suddenly, the second or third autumn of his business career, he had given up his reading, dropped his industry and early hours, and, for reasons well known to himself, he became the Charlie Townley known to us and the world. He had almost abandoned Wall Street for the Piccadilly Club and the Park; he dropped out of sight, on 'Change, and reappeared smiling in "society." And so well did he play his cards, that he, a poor and almost friendless stranger, without money or influence, with but one solitary advantage, that of a name not unknown in New York, had become—it would be premature to say what he had become, or why he did it; like all great generals, he had his strategy, not to be fathomed by the enemy, still less by emulous friends. Let us stick to the what, nor pry into the why or wherefore.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What he did, then, was to become the most ineffable dandy in all New York. With perfect clothing and fine linen, the exactly new thing in sticks and hats, and a single eyeglass decorously veiling his intellect and dangerously wide-awake eye, Charlie had become that thing of which the name may change from dandy to *lion*, from buck to swell, from blood to dude, but the nature endureth forever. But this was but dressing the part, it was merely the transformation of the exterior, the *travesti;* it was here that Charlie's career began. He only spoke to those whom others spoke to, and said only those things that others thought; he preferred married women to the society of maidens, even to the charm of blushing buds; though he selected one or two virgin beauties every season to whom he royally threw an occasional sunbeam of his society. These were always faultless either in family, or in beauty, or in fashion—for Charlie was catholic in his recognition of merit—and they appreciated the word or look he grudgingly accorded them and were duly grateful. Soon, his approval would give a *cachet* to almost any girl; but careless Charlie was all unconscious; girls were slow, he said. Mrs. Gower, Mrs. Malgam, Mrs. Jacob Einstein, formed his court. With these he reigned; by them he was taken up and formed, and later, by them adored, as the heathen worship the brass or wooden idol they themselves have made. This was at the time when Mrs. G. had gone in for *belles-lettres;* she and Townley read de Musset and Balzac together, and Theophile Gautier's poems. Who would have supposed that Charlie had ever read de Musset! It was at the same period that Levison Gower, Senior, died, and Mrs. G. adopted the hyphen; there was an English titled family of that name, and she fancied the difference of one vowel would only lend a *vraisemblance* to the descent; but society saw the joke and called her Lady Levison for all one season. There never had been any Levison in the Gower family; Gower senior's father had come from Connecticut, and his first name was John Lewis. The family estate consisted of an old farm-house and a few acres near Windsor Locks; the house is now burned down, and upon the ancestral acres grows rank tobacco.

What precious humbug is all this! Well, well, let us not despise humbug; *nihil humani alienum.* Let us rather see this humbug; let us put it on a pin, and examine this insect. You may be sure Charlie found his account therein. Frivolity is a word for dullards; I wish the ministers could enforce their precepts half as well as the dressmakers. Fashion is a marvellous potency, the public opinion of small things; in a democracy who can despise it? As I write, fashion tells our womankind, Put birds upon thy bonnet; and lo! four hundred thousand women in New York alone wear fowls. How many years ago was it, now, that some one said, Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor? And four hundred thousand in the world have done it, not yet.

As for Charlie—in Mrs. Edgeworth, or in "Sandford and Merton," or other book of our childhood I once read a fable: how Honesty, Industry, and Ability formed a partnership for the acquirement of ambergris from whales. And Ability caught a hundred whales in the first year, and Industry carefully separated from all these whales a few ounces of ambergris, and Honesty sold this ambergris for a large sum of money. And Rapacity, who had been lying by, laughing, all this time, signed the check and took the ambergris; and lo! the check was worthless. And Society looked on and laughed, and said Rapacity was a smart fellow; and in the next year there were many worthless checks, but no ambergris.

Now Charlie was not Rapacity; but he was a clever fellow and could see this and other fables as they were enacted before his eyes. And he would not steal; nor would he go to the North Pole and search for whales. But he was in search of *les moyens de parvenir.*

CHAPTER XII.

A COMMUNIST AND HIS SISTER.

Meantime a discussion upon society in general and other things in particular, something like that of Haviland and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Townley, was going on in the back shop of the little brick store upon Sixth Avenue. A certain James Starbuck had lodgings there with his sister; that is, he was usually there when he was in New York. But this his occupation seldom permitted; for he was employed as a sort of small paymaster or inspector of the great Allegheny Central Company, a corporation which owned coal-mines, oil-wells, pipe-lines, factories, bonds, stocks, and other contracts so complex that the mind of even its owner grew confused at thinking of it. Starbuck was a slender, pale, narrow-chested American mechanic, whose bright eyes contrasted strikingly with his feeble frame and stooping shoulders, and whose sharp look betokened an unhealthy intelligence. His work was one which did not, however, require manual exertion, and he did it faithfully. His sister Jenny was very different in appearance; handsome, fond of pleasure, high spirited, they had only their cleverness in common.—But with Jenny's case we have nothing to do.

Of course, the reader, on the alert for coincidences and dovetailings of plot (as one always is in a novel, however veracious) has noticed that the name of Starbuck is not strange to this story; and has smiled to himself, superior, as his sagacity foresaw a link of connection in this fact. But was James Starbuck a cousin of clever, fashionable, refined Flossie? Starbuck did not know it. What, in active, progressive America, in the migrating America of the last fifty years, need a man know of his antecedents? They go for little in his life. Starbuck remembered his father well enough; and how he had struggled from pillar to post, from one frowzy city street to another, with the jaded, tawdry woman who was his wife; until one day, from a new and prosperous little city in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, he had gone, never to be seen or heard of after, by wife or child. And there they had lived, as they had been left there; and his mother took to dressmaking and a boarding-house for the miners, and his pretty sister had been sent to the public schools, and he had found work with the Company. His sister went through the High School, and then came home discontented; she could not bear their mode of life, nor like her mother's boarders—great hulking fellows who came home at night grimy from the wells and mines, and were, at best, but laboring-men, though they had money enough. Then her mother had died; and her brother had proved unequal to the actual labor of the business; but his quickness, his Yankee intelligence, had not gone unobserved, and he had been given this sort of clerkship or travelling agency, which made it possible for him to live at either end of the line. But he could not support her yet, though she persuaded him to move to New York; and she quickly found a place with Rose Marie, who was a little, beady-eyed old Frenchwoman, and slept in the remotest attic-chamber, so that she grew to be rather a myth, and Jenny's friends used to disbelieve in her existence, and called Jenny Rose Marie, in joke.

But we, who know everything, will not attempt to escape the reader's perspicacity. Yes (though it has nothing to do with the story), James Starbuck was in fact the grandson of that old whaling-captain Obed, Flossie's father's elder brother—he would have been her second cousin, then—quite too far for city kin to be counted, even had Mrs. Gower known anything about it. His father, by some curious chance, atavism, or some other influence, had taken after the uncle, and ceased to follow the sea; but, not like his uncle, he had not prospered, and had lived upon the world when he could; when he could not, he brought his wife back to her home in the small country town in Connecticut. The father was one of those curious fellows who turn their hand to anything, and of whom the best you can say is that they are hardly respectable, and the worst that they don't quite deserve to be hanged. Their lives are one long misdemeanor, but (unless we count fraudulent bankruptcy, and except an occasional bigamy) they rarely commit a crime. This Horace Starbuck had his ups and his downs, his ins and his outs; but the friends and the places of his prosperity knew him not in his adversity, and *vice versa*. There was no more continuity to his career than there is to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a string of cheap assorted beads; and I doubt if even the devil took any serious interest in him. He was clever, too, in a way, with that common-school education no person born in New England can be without: he had made an invention, and owned a patent or two in the course of his life, and formed several corporations, in Connecticut and elsewhere, for their exploitation. It chanced that in one of these (it was upon a patent for machine-made shirts) some stockholder had actually paid up his stock; this lucky chance was the means of bringing seven thousand dollars into Horace Starbuck's pocket, the largest sum he ever possessed at any one time of his life. He promptly got himself married to a girl in his own town, which was probably, on the whole, the most defensible action of his career. They went on a wedding-trip to New York, where Starbuck went into six new corporations; and in a few months they were as poor as ever, and these twin children were born to them. Mrs. Starbuck's health gave out after this; and she never had any more children. Her husband's business made it necessary for him to travel a great deal; and she sometimes went with him, sometimes not. Hardly a commercial hotel in the United States but Starbuck had stopped there; he made his nest in hotels, as a spider does in dark places by the sea. His travels led him all over the northern part of America and to Australia; his assets consisted of a diamond-pin, a gold watch and chain, and four collars and a shirt, besides the clothes he wore; and he subsisted mysteriously. At one time he had considerable reputation in Ohio and Indiana as Dr. Westminster, the cancer doctor; he wore his hair long, and had his portrait so taken printed in the newspapers; his treatment consisted in an application of leaves of bracken or fern, steeped in hot water, and business prospered, until he foolishly used cabbage-leaves instead, and a patient died of the blister. He made some money by curing stammering, at one hundred dollars the cure; if the patients did not pay him, he threatened suit, and they were glad to get rid of him at any price. At times he gave temperance lectures (drinking never was one of his vices); and if worst came to worst he could play three-card-monte, though he hated to resort to this, as being fairly beyond the liberal moral line he drew for himself. He never had any permanent occupation; when luck ran strong against him, he would return to the little Connecticut town, where his wife had a bit of real estate and a home with her brother, old Sam Wolcott, and there vegetate. He honestly and in good faith considered himself a gentleman; he always wore a black coat, and once came near getting a Labor nomination for Congress. But the workmen, when it came to the point, would none of him; though he did occupy a seat for a year as a Prohibitionist in the Connecticut Legislature. He was given to long disappearances; and at the time of his Australian tour it really seemed to his wife as if he were never coming back. However, he walked in home, one day, with the gold watch and chain, and quite a little sum of money; and did not finally disappear until that time in the Pennsylvania mining-town, whither he had gone to buy oil-land, having at last persuaded his wife to sell her little bit of real estate in Connecticut, against her brother Sam's advice. All this James Starbuck did not know, of course; but in a general way he did not accord much respect to his father's memory. He considered pride of ancestry a most disagreeable form of aristocracy; and whereas his father would speak of himself as a gentleman, James Starbuck boasted openly that he was nothing but a plain laboring-man. James was perfectly honest in financial affairs, and he tried to look after his twin-sister. Much of his childhood had been spent with his uncle Sam; and his earliest recollections were of that little district school the reader may remember. For uncle Sam belonged to the salt of the earth, good old Puritan stock, and lived to be the last of it, the day he hanged himself, and the Wolcott family tomb was sealed.

They had had a scene to-night, apropos of her visit to the garden-concert. She had gone with an ornate and expensive person, a sporting gentleman, whose ostentatious affluence had won her fancy; and whom James detested. She called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him one of her "gentleman-friends;" and they had angry words about him, for I suspect, after all, James was a better judge of a gentleman than his father had been. But she had his own cleverness and strength of will; and it was difficult for James, who despised all authority himself, to exercise it upon another. Both brother and sister were, and had always been, absolutely and utterly devoid of any semblance or savor of religion; how absolutely, only those who have lived in certain classes of society in modern American manufacturing towns can know; and there was a large range of motive upon which it was perfectly hopeless for the brother to call. He knew it, and he was too bluntly honest not to recognize it; so he ended merely by hoping that his sister would not make a d——d fool of herself; which, as they both had common-sense and practical minds, was perhaps the best argument he could use. But Jenny, perfectly conscious of her ability to take care of herself, was quite well aware of all that could be said on both sides; and replied that if Jim chose to smoke pipes in his shirt-sleeves with common laborers, there was no reason why his sister should not accept a gentleman's invitation to go to a concert. An English navvy might have stopped her going with a knock-down argument; but no pure-blooded American ever strikes a woman, and James could only swallow his wrath, admitting that his sister was a free human being in a free country, and if she preferred pleasure and he power, why it was the way of humanity. He was conscious that his own aims were selfish enough, and though he dimly felt that jewellery and fashionable hats and shawls were vanities, it was hard to put that idea into their language. For he believed in labor and commodities; and these, at least, were commodities. What fault he found was in their distribution alone; and his sister was but taking her way to get them unto herself. But to see her aping aristocracy added a drop to the hate he bore that *bête noire* of his class; though surely Dave St. Clair was no aristocrat, as he had to admit. Dave St. Clair was the gentleman who had taken his sister to the garden.

What was it, then, that made him hate the world? It was money, accumulation, capital, as he had learned to call the word. And he went back to the little coterie in the back room, and fervidly resumed his speech where his sister's departure had interrupted it.

"I tell you," said he, "we must change it all. A man is only worth what he makes. They tell us society would be a chaos without private property; I tell them it is private property that makes a chaos of society. They talk about the law! the law! I tell them the world would be better without law. It is a bogey, invented to scare off us ignorant fellows from the plunder the rich have appropriated, just such a bogey as religion was, only religion has been exploded. It is the law's turn to go next. All property is robbery; and it is only because land-owners are the worst thieves of all, that we feel differently about other things. The earth belongs to the human race; and no man can rightly own its surface, whether he got his title from a feudal baron or a Spanish general, any more than he can own the air of heaven. But property in other things is just as bad; and Jay Gould is a worse man than the Duke of Westminster, though he has ten million acres and Gould only a few hundred. How much of his wealth represents the honest labor of himself or his forefathers?"

There was murmur of applause at this. There were some half dozen men in the room, all sober and apparently intelligent, and all natural-born Americans.

"But somebody must own things," one of them remarked "Somebody must own the mills, and the railroads, and the machinery. Why up to our works we've got a single engine that cost nigh unto eighty thousand dollars."

"We can all own them," Starbuck went on earnestly, "just as we all made them. Who do you suppose made that eighty-thousand dollar machine—the banks with their money and so-called capital, or the men as put it together? A man is worth just what he makes, I tell you. Can Jay Gould make an engine? But because we've all got to have a little land, and a little plant and money, are those as have got it to take away

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from us ninety-nine per cent. of all we make? Yes—if we're fools enough to stand it. A man can have what he can keep and use, what he can eat and what he can wear. If he chooses to store up his day's labor, to set aside the bread and meat he earns, he can do so, and keep it till it spoils. But this dog-in-the-manger business ain't to be carried no further; and if a feller squats down on land, an' don't use it, an' another feller without no land comes along and wants it, that first feller has got to get up and git—that's all. A man's a man for what he is, for what he can do—not for what he owns."

"But who's going to support the Government?"

"Government," said Starbuck, with a snort of disgust, to the speaker, who was something of a ward politician. "Government! We don't want no government, Bill. What's the use of a government, except to scrouge out taxes, and make wars, and support standing armies and lazy politicians?—To protect life, liberty, and property, they say; property may go to h—l for all I care; and I guess life and liberty can take care of themselves; they aren't much helped by government, anyhow. And don't you suppose we fellers can look after them? And our own schools, and our roads and things, too, each town and city for itself?"

The man addressed as Bill paid little attention to these last remarks, but was talking politics with his neighbor. "Vote for F—— this year," he was saying; and Starbuck caught the end of his sentence as he finished his own remarks.

"Vote!" he interrupted, with infinite contempt. "Vote, vote again! I tell you, you're only doing yourselves harm. It ain't no sort of use. The ballot-box is just the last toy the bosses have got up, to keep you fellows quiet. Why, all this machinery keeps up the Government, and the laws, and the property, and the very things we've got to fight against. There's that patriotic bosh, and the talk about national honor, and the German wars and all—all for the benefit of the State, and the bosses, and the existing condition of things. What call has a Frenchy to go and cut a Dutchman's throat—or I an Irishman's? He's my mate, just as the next fellow is. I say, what we've got to do is, to fight; but not fight each other. We've got to fight the aristocrats, or the bosses, or the capitalists at home. I tell you these bondholder fellows are all over the world; they're just as much in Egypt or in Mexico or in Turkey as they are here or in England. We've got to make a clean sweep, that's what we've got to do."

"By God, when a man talks, I like to hear him talk like a man," said another, approvingly; and there was a murmur of applause.

"But what's the use of destroying things?" said a third, of a sparing turn of mind.

"Destroying things! that's the d——dest bugbear of all," cried Starbuck. "Do you know, if everything in the world was destroyed to-morrow, we fellows could put it all back in two years? Aye, and less, if we worked with a will. I tell you, we've got to make a clean sweep, first of all; and when we build 'em up again, we'll build for ourselves this time—and don't you forget it," he added, by way of climax.

"Well, you talk pretty fine for a young fellow," answered one of the older men; and the party got up and exchanging a rough good-night, separated. Starbuck sat a long time with his chin on his hand, pulling at the embers of his pipe. Late at night the door opened and his sister returned; he heard a short colloquy at the door, and then she entered alone, with a flush upon her handsome face. She had the rude, frank bearing and the pitiless smile which belong to the type who take life's pleasures without much regard to its pains or the pains of others; and the strong, full curve of the merry lip grows harder with age, with less of merriment and more of malice. But, withal, such a woman as no man could ever rule; and James felt it vaguely, as he sat and looked at her.

"A pretty time for you to be in o' nights," said he; and the girl laughed loudly; and putting off her hat and shawl upon a chair, went to a little mirror and stood before it, touching her hair with her fingers. Now, a laugh and then silence was perhaps of all things the most exasperating to James Starbuck.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who was that brought you home?" said he, rudely.

"I don't know what call you've got to ask me that," said she. "I go with what gentlemen I choose; I don't interfere with you sticking to your workmen, do I? Phew! how it smells of pipes;" and Jenny ostentatiously rattled open the light windows.

"Well, its just here; I can't have you going round this sort of way, that's all," and James banged his white fist upon the table. The girl only laughed, more contemptuously and less merrily than before, and the brother grew furious.

"I can't have it—d'ye hear?"

"Mind your own business," said the sister, "and don't talk nonsense. I suppose you'd have me sit here in the back room and be a poor sempstress all my life. You like your lectures and your laborers' clubs, and your political power that you're all the time talking about—and I like to have a good time, and go out in society. We're quits. What have you got to say against it?"

"It—it ain't right," said James, weakly.

"Oh, ain't it? Well—I like it, then. I suppose you never do but what's right, of course. You're all the time complaining we don't get enough of the good things of this world—I guess you'd get 'em yourself, if you could, anyhow. And I can." And Jenny pulled off a very pretty little glove and showed a single diamond ring, which flashed bravely in the lamp-light. "You go ahead your way, an' I'll go mine; an' I guess we'll both get what we can."

James was honest enough in his philosophy, and really without direct personal ends; and the last words goaded him to madness.

"Yes, an' I guess you went your own way up to Allegheny City a little too much," said he. "Where's Charley Thurston now?" (This Charley Thurston was an old friend of Starbuck's, to whom his sister had been once reported engaged.)

"I left Charley Thurston of my own free will, because I wanted to live in New York," screamed the girl, really angry at last. "Look here, Jim Starbuck—I've had about enough of you anyhow. You can't give me the position in life I require; and I've had more'n enough of your talk. This house is mine; and I paid for it, and for every dress I've got to my back—yes—and for this ring, too," she added, noticing her brother's glance. "You just go, do you hear? Clear out——" And the girl tore her brother's coat from the nail and threw it into his lap.

"You don't mean that," said James.

"Yes, I do—I'm sick of you and all your low acquaintances. I suppose you want me to pay for your lodging, do you?"

James got up, wearily. They had had many such a dispute before; but, with his feeble health and physical condition, he had never managed to keep his temper so long as now.

"You'll be sorry for this, Jenny," was all he said. "You know where to find me." And he went out, and the front door closed behind him.

Left alone, the beauty rubbed her forehead impatiently, and pouted for a few minutes. Then she took out a small case of crimson velvet from her pocket and opened it; it was a framed and highly colored photograph of herself, on porcelain, and set in gilt, with small jewels inlaid in the frame. As she looked upon it, her mouth unbent at the corners, her lips came back to their usual roguish, fascinating curves. She laid aside her dress, and, robed in a splendid pink-and-lilac négligé, unbound her hair and sat for a long time before the glass, looking from it to the miniature and back again to the original. Then she took out a letter and read its contents, still smiling.

And then, for the first time that evening, you might have seen a resemblance—to what? Why, for all the world—as she sat with her yellow hair falling on her full neck, with the contented, infantine smile, and the fashionably cut *robe-de-chambre*—for all the world, like Mrs. Flossie Gower.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNA AND THE LION.

JOHN HAVILAND was a banker down town, a man of much business and of few intimate friends. He was over

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thirty at this time, and made no sign of getting married; which was the stranger, as his health was good, his wealth sufficient, and he cared less for the pleasures of life than for its happiness. He had no brothers nor sisters; his mother was a widow and he lived with her. Flossie said it was hard to get interested in such people as John Haviland.

Every afternoon at four he left his office and went on a long and solitary walk; thus his days were of a piece with his life. He never chose the conventional promenades; and through the outlying districts, the river villages, the Bowery, the forgotten little parks and green places; by Riverside and Morningside; through the mysterious Greenwich settlement, as well as Central Park, Morrisania, and Fort Washington; in any sort of weather—sleet, snow, rain, or freeze—you might have met the man, striding along like a well-oiled engine, observant of everything, from the street urchins to the signs in the shop-windows. This at an hour of day when he might have gone to teas; wherefore people said he had never been in love. Which is a rash predication of your chimney-sweeper, but happened to be true of Haviland.

One day his wandering took a direction beyond Washington Square. This most characteristic of all New York squares lies bounded on the north by Belgravia, on the west by Bohemia, on the east by Business, and on the south by Crime. West of it are rich districts of individuality, where the bedrock of shabby gentility develops occasional lodes and pockets for the student of humanity. It is a place where the deserving and the undeserving poor are huddled together, both of them inefficient, but neither wicked; and where all the inhabitants make some sort of incoherent struggle against the facts of life, and either, on the one hand, emulate respectability, or, on the other, excuse themselves with the divine license to vagabondage given by Art.

In one of the southernmost and more dubious of these streets, Haviland, steaming along with his mind on everything, and a watch on deck—for he was no introspective Hamlet—noticed a group of hulking fellows ahead of him. They were the sort of persons that has no obvious function in the divine economy; persons whose principal end seems to be to get knocked on the head with clubs in street riots, thereby dying, at least, with some poetic justice. Haviland would not have ordinarily noticed them; but he was struck by their unwonted rapidity of motion, and looking, he saw that they were following something; that something being a graceful female figure, dressed in black. John Haviland swung promptly into line behind them; and gaining more rapidly upon them than they upon the lady, he sauntered innocently between two of them when she was still a few dozen yards in front of them. He glanced casually at them as he passed; they slunk away like beaten dogs, and melted, in divers directions, from sight.

In a moment more they had reached a broader street; and John was on the point of diverging his course again from that of his protegée, when, looking at her, he hesitated a second, and then walked rapidly up to her.

"Miss Holyoke?" said he, raising his hat and with an unavoidable shade of surprise in his tone.

"Mr. Haviland? you down here too? Or perhaps you come on the same errand?" And Gracie smiled frankly, as John looked up, puzzled, into her lovely face. "I am visiting some poor families, you know—for the Combined Charities——"

"But surely," he broke in, "you ought not to be down here alone, Miss Holyoke?" They were at Sixth Avenue by this time; and Gracie was looking for a car.

"Usually my aunt lets me have the carriage," said Gracie; "but Miss Livingstone needed it to-day. And I don't like to drive quite up to the doors, even then. It seems so hard to drive up with one's own carriage and horses, and then have to refuse them everything but a little work," she added, smiling. "And Miss Brevier often goes with me."

"Do you mean that you come here often?" asked John; and she told him that she and Miss Brevier had each "taken" the people on one street; and were seeing that they got help when help was necessary, and that the undeserving

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had none wasted upon them. John put her safely in the car, and resumed his pedestrian voyage with something new to think of. This personal visiting by refined young ladies was doubtless an excellent thing on its poetic side; but it could not but seem to him that the danger and the exposure were out of proportion to the benefit. He had had much experience among the city poor, and was perhaps a little sceptical as to the advantages to be gained by such devotion. For, as is the way of things so often here below, the selfish, the fraudulent, the undeserving, find it easy to advertise themselves and solicit help; while the saddest cases of all are lost in some modest garret; there they suffer unseen, ashamed to cry for charity, and wear their lives out silently. Except this latter class, and cases of long illness, most of the poor in New York are poor from laziness, intemperance, or crime; and their moral attitude towards society is rather that of sullen and callous defiance, or covetous acquiescence, than repentance. We need to get a better breed of men, not coddle the present one overmuch. Life suits them well enough as it is, if they could only get a few of their neighbors' goods; such goods as they desire and Mrs. Flossie desired, and not the *summum bonum*. If degraded, they do not mind their degradation, but are content with it; money always, clothing and food sometimes, they will derisively accept; but work they will evade and not perform. Amongst these, thought Haviland, there may be much squalor, even much suffering; but there is little real poverty. Had he told all this to Gracie she would have said that it made no difference; and that one should try all the more to find the true cases, where righteous-minded beings were sinking in the turmoil of the world; and that one such family helped and saved was worth a hundred of impostures. Moreover, Gracie had not a man's fear of being taken in; had she thought of it at all, she would have scorned it; the odium of deception falls on the deceiver, not the deceived; she would not stoop to be suspicious. And mercy will ever be a mystery to mere justice; like the ways of God to human intellect.

Meantime Haviland was walking along, lost in thought. He wandered mechanically through various unknown and afterward unremembered districts, by a strange old graveyard yet undesecrated, through Leroy Street, and Sixth Avenue, until his time was up; then he went home and dined, with his mother. In the evening, he had his ward club meeting; this was a thing in which he took great interest, and he went as a matter of course. It was not an easy thing, at this time, to be admitted to the councils that rule in the free city of New York. And, as we have spent some time over pretty Flossie Gower, that flower of republican society, it may not be wasted time to see a little what thing this political club was, which may stand, in a sense, for its root.

If New England, with its offshoots on the Western Reserve and elsewhere, is the result of an attempt to obtain religious freedom, our whole country, in a still larger sense, is the result of an attempt to obtain political liberty. Our national faith has been that which is, of all possible faiths, the farthest from that of poor James Starbuck; it is government by every one, while nihilism is the negation of any government at all; moreover it is individualism, as opposed to socialism. But in New York there had grown to be a class who, as others could give no time to government, sought to make up for it by giving all of theirs. For what proportion is there between the time of a busy merchant or physician, and that of a professional idler? And the interminable and vain caucuses, impossible to the one, form the delight of the other. These had leisure to make acquaintances; to know each other; to pass their days in bar-rooms, nurseries of political power; and long ere this, they had arrogated to themselves an effective oligarchy. Theirs to make nominations and to mar candidates' careers; and the people, high-placed or low, had no right in their august councils save on sufferance. Thus we dropped aristocracy, and got a kakistocracy; but an oligarchy still.

John Haviland, however, had been admitted. He had had to struggle hard for this honor; and had finally attained it much more by his physical

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prowess than by his intellectual qualifications. Near his house were the rooms of a well-known "professor in the art of self-defence;" and there he had been in the habit of taking lessons, and occasionally "putting on the gloves" with all comers. Among the frequenters of the place were also many of the local magnates of the party; and Haviland, whose manners were frank and hearty, had thus met most of his ward leaders, and knocked the greater part of them down successively. Thus treated, they took a fancy to him; said that there was no nonsense about him; and one day, to Haviland's great surprise, informed him that he had been elected a member of their local club.

The meeting to-night was not over interesting. It might have been called less incendiary, but it was certainly more selfish than Mr. James Starbuck's, we have so lately left; while for earnestness and a definite attempt at effecting something, the two were not for one moment to be compared. For whereas the official political organization of the great national party in Haviland's ward was occupied primarily with satisfactory apportionments of the offices among the would-be candidates, and secondarily with beating the rival party at the polls, Starbuck's people went in much more directly for measures than for men, and as for offices, desired none at all.

Haviland found it hard to keep his attention, that evening, on the subject before the meeting. Tom was saying what a good fellow was William, and how the machinations of Richard might be defeated if Patrick were only secured, which might be done if Michael were given a local judgeship. It was pretty unsatisfactory talk at the best, and hardly can have been what the makers of the Constitution, or even what Monsieur Jean Jacques Rousseau, intended. Haviland had often stood up against it, alone; but that night he gave little ear to it, and things went their own way.

From this meeting he went to the Farnums'. He was a familiar in the house, and could call late, if he chose. Mrs. Farnum had disappeared; Mr. Farnum was rarely visible; but sitting in the front room alone, with a sweeping robe of pale-gray velvet across the floor, and head and arm leaning on a low *causeuse*, a book discarded lying face downward on the floor, he found the beauty. A moment before he entered, her eyes (purple-gray they were in color) had had a strange look, both proud and longing, both weary and fierce. This was peculiar to them; but it softened a shade as he entered, and she looked up at him.

"Mr. Haviland?" said she.

"Yes—I came to see you because ——"

"Because you had nothing better to do," said she, tersely.

"If you will," said John, smiling. "Though it is not kind."

"The world is not kind," said the beauty, with a frown, looking off again.

"For the world you are not responsible," said Haviland gravely. "Tell me, do you know Miss Holyoke?"

"Miss Holyoke? What Miss Holyoke?"

"Mrs. Richard Livingstone's niece."

"No," said Kitty Farnum, curtly. "I don't know Mrs. Livingstone."

"But I thought you might have met Miss Holyoke. Do you not belong to the Combined Charities?"

"Certainly not."

"I wish you did," said John, half to himself. "I thought you and Miss Holyoke might—might find it pleasant to go together."

"I have no interest in them," said Miss Farnum, as if finally. And she looked as if she thought the world too intolerable to herself to dream of trying to mitigate it for others.

"Excuse me," said Haviland; and the talk drifted off into commonplaces. But Miss Farnum's manners were not lenient, and his call was a short one.

Haviland continued to take his afternoon walks; but he was now more than ever apt to lose himself in the district west of Washington Square. Gracie never came to any trouble, all that winter, on her charitable excursions; but, if you had ever met her there alone, you would have very likely met, just far enough behind her, so that she never saw him, steaming along in his usual wholesome way, our friend John Haviland.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHAPTER XIV.

A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

Arthur Holyoke was making his way. Despite Charlie's admonitions to the contrary, he had succeeded in living within his income; and, after a six months' trial at the office, the firm put him upon a salary. It was small, to be sure; but it was a distinct step toward the home that he was hoping to build. He had joined one club, recognizing that after the initiation the expense was trifling; and that he must be put in a way to meet men. Here he spent much of his time; bachelor lodgings are cheerless.

Business was, on the whole, a disillusion. The firm of Townley & Tamms had formerly carried large banking and investment accounts; but these had not increased of late years; and it gradually became evident to Arthur that all this legitimate business would hardly pay their office expenses. Where they really made their money was either in buying large blocks of securities at less than their value, or, more commonly, in selling new issues, after a long course of artificial demand and advertisement, at very much more than they had ever paid for them. Tamms was the light and soul of the firm. He never went up town into society; he never sought to shine in the fashionable world, and pretended that he did not want to. His largest social orbit did not transcend the society of the Brooklyn church to which he belonged; in the city of churches he lived and had his being; and he was in all respects a most reputable citizen. Old Mr. Townley might come down at eleven or at nine; Arthur might leave at three or at five; but they always met Tamms at the office, or left him there, curled up over his private desk, silent, in his formal black coat, with his restless eyes shining like a spider's; and he seemed to have a spider's capacity for living without fresh air and exercise. The deacons entrusted to him the church funds, and even, occasionally, made a long or short sale of stocks, on private account, at his advice; for Tamms, even by these aspirants for the kingdom of heaven, was reputed a man of remarkable business sagacity on earth. And in these days, when even the church must have its secular foundation and its corner lots, the laying up of treasure on earth is not to be avoided; what we need, therefore, is some really sure preventive of moth and rust, and some wholly efficacious precaution against those thieves that break in and steal. Although there is, I believe, no text telling us that thieves need be always with us.

But the tendency of the times is toward a fiercer battle in the struggle for existence, and weaker laws to keep the rapacious in check. Of the ever smaller surplus that the world's work wins, a larger share is every year being demanded by the laborer, and aggregated capital, organized monopoly, growing hungrier as it has to take less, thirsts each year more greedily for all that is left. And the middle class, which has ruled the world so long, is being ground to pieces by these warring Titans.

Tamms perceived this, not so dithyrambically, but more practically, and he profited by it. No one could turn in and out of corporations more cleverly than he; or turn them more adroitly to private ends, or drop out of them more apropos. Such an ingenious contrivance for clever men are these; more ingenious than the law which governs them. Indeed, the law has now dropped far behind, standing where it stood in the Middle Ages, when corporations were few and simple, and stares agape at the Frankensteins of its own creation. But these same soulless monsters afford to their masters unlimited power, without interest or responsibility; and Tamms revelled in them. And Tamms was a self-made man, and a smart one; and the public deified him for both attributes, as is its wont; and his church would have canonized him, had his business needed a saintship instead of a seat in the Stock-Exchange.

Arthur's head grew dizzy at the corporations, and syndicates, and pools and other unnamed enterprises that Tamms's busy life was wound up in. Head and chief was, of course, the great Allegheny Central Railroad; this was the chief gold-mine that they worked; for in it Tamms could make his own market and buy and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sell at his own price. But there were many others. And of these, the stock of the Silas Starbuck Oil Company had grown lately prominent.

The Stock-Exchange was no longer a strange sight to Arthur; he had grown familiar with it, with its moods, its dialect, its very battle-cries and interjections. And here he had seen the Allegheny Central bought and sold, and bought again; and of late he had been sent to out-of-the-way holes and corners, auctions, and even to the up-town houses of retired merchants (Mrs. Gower's among the number, only Mrs. Gower would not sell) in search of the share certificates of the Starbuck Oil.

"Governor's up to something," said Charlie. "Don't believe anybody knows what—not even the old man." The "governor" was Mr. Tamms; Mr. Townley was the "old man." And it was true the latter had little to do with the business of the firm. He had been a conservative, prominent banker in his day; and still carried much weight with the multitude; but, though he bore his gray head with much dignity behind his white choker, there was little in it—as Townley might have said. Little remained of the once active spirit behind it but a fixed belief in Allegheny Central and a strong taste for landscape paintings of the French school. However, no one had found this out but Tamms, not even Mr. Townley himself, though Charlie, as we have seen, suspected it. And Mr. Townley was a merchant of the old school, whom all the world delighted to make trustee for its posterity. He had a great box in the Safety Deposit Vaults, crammed with the stocks and bonds upon which others lived; and these he administered carefully and well.

But one great day there was a "corner" in Starbuck Oil stock; for some mysterious reason the once common certificates had disappeared, like partridges on the first of September. Madder and more extravagant grew the demand for it at the board; scantier still the supply offering; one per cent. a day was bid, even for its temporary possession, so highly were the shares suddenly prized. There were vague rumors of "plums," "melons," and consolidations; meantime the Starbuck Oil stock had disappeared from human vision. Then, one morning, came the news; the Allegheny Central had absorbed the Silas Starbuck Oil Company; two shares were to be given for one, and in addition, to cover terminal facilities, connection, etc., five millions of six per cent. bonds were to be issued. Townley & Tamms, it was announced, had taken them all, and offered them to the eager public for 105 and interest. "Thought the governor was up to something," said Charlie. "What do you suppose we paid for them?—the bonds, I mean," said he to Arthur; and he put his tongue in his cheek and looked very knowing.

Arthur was kept busy, writing personal letters to the more valued clients of the firm, calling attention to the merits of the bonds in question; and preferred not thinking of the matter at all. He solaced himself with human sympathy; that is to say, the delights of society as offered in balls and dinners; and soon grew so accustomed to the stimulant as to take much pleasure in it.

For do we not see every day, gentle reader—that is to say, fashionable, fascinating, admired reader—how great and potent is the charm of this life? Do we not see men ruining themselves, girls giving themselves, for this alone? How dull, how short-sighted must our forefathers have been, who flattered themselves that we, their clever children, would content ourselves with the rights of man! What we desire is the envy of mankind.

Humanity has indeed labored over a thousand years for these simpler things, ever since that crowd of uncultivated Dutchmen came down on Rome, and the feudal system adopted Christianity unto itself and strangled it, or sought to do so. We have tried with brain and sinew, through blood and fire, to get this boon, that our lives may be respected, and our liberty of person not constrained. And now, in the nineteenth century, we have got it; and lo! society is bored. Languid and dull—too dull to hear, in its liberal mass, that low and distant murmur, too sceptical, indifferent, to see the dark low cloud, just forming, now, to the West and East—is it a mighty swarm of locusts, or is it merely storm and rain? Here and there a tory

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sees it, dreading it; here and there a radical, dreaming of it; their imagination aiding both. And the multitude, who are not indifferent, and who are never bored, have little time to look at the weather, still less to read and think; or, if they read, it is no longer now the Bible, which, they are told, is but a feudal book, a handy tool of bishops and of premiers. Moreover, modern enlightenment teaches that it is a lie; there never were twelve basketfuls of fragments left from loaves and fishes on the Mountain; therefore what words were spoken on the Mountain cannot be true.

The world is free; and ninety-nine per cent. are miserable, and the other one is bored. So, we remember, Flossie Gower was bored, when she got all her wishes, and had liberty to do what thing she chose. But surely, liberty being the greatest good, it follows she must choose to do good things? But to-day the light of the sun does not content us, nor the fragrance of the woods and fields, the breath of free air and the play of mind and body, love and friendship, and health and sympathy. These are but the tasteless water of life; the joys of possession and of envy are the wine. The early pagans were happy with these indeed, benighted creatures; but what though the ancient text says, What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Others will envy us the world; but our own souls pall with us. We moderns have invented *amour propre*. What matters being happy? The true bliss is, that others think you so. We have realized equality; and all these good people (even to Jem Starbuck's sister) struggle to escape from it. Jem Starbuck was a nihilist, and their logical counterpart. What did Flossie care for her two horses and Russian sleigh and silver mountings and black and white furs and waving scarlet plumes? If Central Park were the wastes about the Northern Pole, do you suppose she would care to take her sleigh-ride there, and show off to old John Franklin's whitened bones alone? Is it the light, and the air, and the motion, that makes her pleasure; is it the mere child's delight in brilliant colors that makes her flaunt her trailing scarlet plumes; or is it the subtile intoxication of the world's notice of what thing the world desires? And Mrs. Gower's equals see these things and do homage; and their daughters wed for these, and their husbands work; and in pretty Jenny Starbuck's head, walking on the roadside, the homage turns to envy; and in James her brother's heart, to gall.

Arthur went in this sleigh many times, and enjoyed it, and said pretty things to Mrs. Gower in exchange. He had a poet's delight in rich and beautiful things, in show and speed and glitter. Shine, not light, attracts your women, says Goethe; and the old courtier-poet might have said the same of men, himself included. And Mrs. Gower lolled back, beautiful, her yellow hair shining strangely through the snow; so Helen in the Greek sunlight, so Faustina in the streets of noble Rome; so Gutrune, by whose wiles twelve thousand heroes and the gods went down to darkling death. All these were blondes, and smiled and charmed and had their adoration and their joy of life. What call had Flossie to trouble herself with the eternal verities, or man's past or future? She was not eternal. She was, furthermore, a sceptic and a cynic—if a butterfly can be said to be sceptic of eternal life. She had no real knowledge of the things she won. She would have liked the sword of Siegfried for a panoply, to put the Grail in her cabinet of rare china. She would have liked to possess these things, and money and fans and dresses, and have other women know that she possessed them. She would have liked to possess men's hearts.

Not that she was wicked. She was no tragedy queen, no evil heroine of romance; she had no desire, so far as she knew, to injure any one. She would have paid a fortune for a picture that other people admired; but she would have exchanged it for a ball-dress, had there been but one ball-dress in the world; and she simply did not believe in the Holy Grail, or the sword of Siegfried, or men's hearts. So a rude conqueror thirsts for the great King's talisman, and barters it for an ounce of colored glass, and wears the latter on a ring in his nose. But yet this glass is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not the ultimate reality, despite its wearer's pride.

So some air-dwelling German has told us, long time the world slumbered unconscious, wrapped in a dreamless sleep. And the gold of the Rhine still slumbered in its waters, and the gods kept guard. Then all things broke to consciousness, after a myriad of cycles of years; and their first awakening was a joy; and men arose, and lived in the light of the earth. But shortly, after some few centuries, this consciousness became a blight; and they turned, and knew themselves. And the gold was wrested from the deep waters by an evil race of men, forswearing love forever; and the love of the world turned to avarice, and the love of man to the love of self, and the love divine was forgotten and whelmed in the dusk of the gods. And so the pessimists of the day must follow out the old myth, and tell us that the end and cure of all is this darkness of the gods, the death of all things, the black waters that well again from earth, the rising waves of the dreamless sea.

But behind Zeus and Prometheus and Hera lay Fate, a power not themselves, to whom both gods and men must bow. And beneath Wotan and Loge sits Erda, in the heart of Earth, silent; and the web of things to come is spun, slowly, by the silent Norns.

CHAPTER XV.

IN MAIDEN MEDITATION.

Gracie was sitting alone in her own room; she had been reading—the "Faery Queene" the book—but it had slipped from her hand—and now she was thinking. Not of herself, but of others; Arthur, perhaps, principally. For she had given her heart to him; and in a perfect maidenly love there is always some foretaste of the maternal, a fond solicitude as of a mother for her child. Perhaps even Arthur did not know how much she thought of him; and Mrs. Livingstone was too much bound up in Mamie, and Mamie too much in herself, to notice it; Miss Brevier alone had seen it, and had held her peace. Gracie fancied that no one knew it, save Arthur himself; though for her and Arthur it had changed the world. The world itself she did not understand; all things did not look clear to her that winter; the people of her acquaintance puzzled her. It almost seemed as if she would not have their sympathy in all ways; but this could not be proven, for Gracie never made a confidante. Now Mamie Livingstone, on the other hand, confided everything to her; and then, apparently, forgot it all, much as a Parisian lady may be supposed to forget the substance of her last auricular confession; for Gracie noted a certain repugnancy or incoherence in this young woman's heart history of which the heart's possessor was unaware entirely.

Mamie was intensely a metropolitan girl; the exquisitely sensitive product of a great social nerve-centre. She did not know her Emerson, and was wholly untroubled with "the whichness of the why:" but she had mastered her own environment at an early age. And she had—except, of course, as against young men, her natural prey—a frank disposition and a warm heart.

The great event of her life, her appearance in society, was to take place in the season following; and all through this winter Mamie was in a state of electric anticipation. She was already laying, in an innocent and girlish way, her wires. What Gracie failed chiefly to understand was these very love confidences, above mentioned; for though Mamie talked most ardently of the qualities of her successive swains, they seemed to bear a much more definite relation to her own self-love than to her heart. But then, it was her self-love that was the source of pleasure to her; her heart was an amusement only. And Mamie knew the world, as has before been hinted, *à priori;* she was a girl of transcendental mind, who saw through the copper-plate formulas of her study-books to the realities around her; with innate ideas and tastes as to what was fashionable and really fine. She alternately patronized and petted Gracie, who was three years older than herself; yet Gracie had more influence over her than anyone else. As for the parental authority of her father and mother—the phrase is too grotesquely mediæval to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

completed. Mr. Livingstone was an old gentleman with a million and a half of property, whose manners had outlived his mind.

Gracie was looking—if I could describe to you the manner of her look, you would all men be poor Arthur's rivals, I am sure; the direction of her look was simply to the northward, through the window. The manner of it—perhaps even Arthur never wholly noted it; may be he thought all girls had it; may be he even preferred the scintillating alertness of Pussie Duval's or Baby Malgam's—people now called her Baby with a touch of malice—which was more new to him. It was a deep and holy radiance, as if the look's object were not yet quite found, and a certain questioning withal. Gracie was almost sure to have it when alone; perhaps a certain exquisite if unconscious tact restrained it, with other girls, lest they should call it pose; but no man—that is, no *man*—ever saw it fairly, but his soul was turned to fire. Medusa's look it was that turned a man to stone; but there seems to be no metaphor for this opposite one. Perhaps because the Greeks had never met with it; it is found since Hamlet and since Gretchen, in England or New England and grows mostly in the country, with books, sweet thoughts, and solitude. I have more rarely met with it in Wellesley or in Vassar; yet it is not absolutely inconsistent with a knowledge of Greek.

"You do look so sweet, cousine," cried Mamie as she tripped into the room, "but awfully poky. I've got such a thing to tell you about Mrs. Lucie Gower. And oh, do you know? Charlie Townley called here to-day. And somebody else too—aha?"

"Who was it?" said Gracie.

"Who was it, Ma'am Soft-airs, indeed. Cousine, do let me try a bit of rouge some time—that blush was so becoming to you. Mr. Haviland, of course; and I peeked through the crack of the door when the servant said you weren't at home. But tell me, Gracie dear, do you think it would do for me to ask Mr. Townley to dinner next time? You know, I've had all the younger men, and he dances like an angel."

"Why, Mamie, you don't mean to have a dance?"

"No, no, stupid, but for next winter, I mean. I'm determined to have Charlie lead my German, you know; they say all the young married women are fighting for him. And the only other man is Daisy Blake, and he's too slow for anything. Besides, I'm dead in love with Townley, you know."

"Oh," said Gracie.

"I heard he gave a supper-party last night, and both Mrs. Gower and Mrs. Malgam were there, and the Earl of Birmingham; and afterward they all went in masks to a public ball. Wasn't it horrid? And just think what fun it would be to get him away from those married women? Why, Marion Roster told me last year that the debutantes had no chance at all. I'll see about that." And Mamie stamped her little foot and tossed her pretty head defiantly; and indeed it looked as if the filly might make it hard running for the four-year-olds. And Charlie Townley, had he seen it, might have felt that he had gotten his reward on earth. For I doubt if any poet's bays or any soldier's laurel were more highly prized by maid or wife than Mamie, the rich, well-bred, well-born, rated Charlie Townley's style of excellence. *Le style c'est l'homme*, says some old, grave writer; what then is style to a giddy young woman? And I doubt if either bays or laurel be so marketable. And Charlie was a man of the world, familiar to its stock-exchanges; who did not mean to marry, but meant to marry well.

Gracie looked at Mamie Livingstone with some faint wonder; and then the young girl laughed loudly, as was usual, and kissed her, and called her a dear old thing; and laughed again, as if she had been jesting. And so the other one supposed it, and smiled back through Mamie's many kisses.

"Look here," Mamie began again, with a gesture of triumph; and she pulled a note from her pocket, and waved it triumphantly in Gracie's face. "I've got a note from him already!"

"Oh, Mamie——"

"'Sh, Ma'am Prunes and Prisms—it's only about a summer fan. I asked him to get a kind which I knew had only been made at one place down town, and they were all sold out, so he had to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

write and tell me so. See, isn't the signature nice? 'your devoted servant, Charles Townley'—and such a nice manly hand." And Mamie roguishly made pretence of kissing it, the while her eyes danced with merriment. Gracie looked at her—puzzled; and Mamie only laughed the more. "There, there, don't look so grave, you delightful old darling; it's not so awfully serious, after all—yet." And with the final burst of laughter that accompanied her last word, Mamie danced from the room.

Left alone, Gracie's smile, which had reflected Mamie's, changed to a deeper look, a look that Mamie's face could never mirror. Yes, it was a puzzle, in a way; people so rarely seemed to care for the essentials of things. Gracie's notion of a man was enlightened heroism, of a woman perfect bravery and trust, and the light in the lives of both the light of the world that comes from another, like the sun's. But to these young ladies and gentlemen, the light of the world was the light of a ballroom.

So she sat there, looking northward over the roofs and steeples, to the bright sky-line; and perhaps, if an eye were at the other end of that ray of light that slanted through space to meet her own, it saw a human soul. But to the telegraph wires and brick chimneys, to Mamie and the men near by on the roofs, it was a girl with a pretty face like another.

Human nature, they tell us; and another says, people are all alike when it comes to the point; and the motives of mankind have ever been the same, says a third. The course of history is thus and so; it is human nature to do this, and take this bundle of hay rather than that; and we are all alike, they repeat again; scholars, men, and books repeat again, until we do become human nature—or drown ourselves in preference.

But it is a lie. Humanity is not all alike; it is as a broad plain of grass or weeds; and this is alike. But among it, here and there, there flames a poppy, and above it, here and there, stands up the glorious lily, like a halo on a flower's stem; and beneath it breathes the sweet and gentle violet. Hard by grow the weeds, and dock and hardy thistles; on one stem perhaps with these, unconscious of them.

So mankind is a great crowd composed of common units, all alike; but with them walking, mostly alone, there journeys the hero, and the martyr, and the woman with a soul. And the hero looks straight ahead, sad and strong; the martyr looks up to heaven; and the soul looks about it and breathes its fragrance to its fellows.

But the crowd is so great that these three, though they are many, yet seem few. And they journey as they may, and work, and do, and die; but ah me! they are lonely, for they seldom meet, each one the other; they are fortunate if they see each other's radiance dimly, through the crowded field.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO SONNETS.

By Graham R. Tomson.

TO-DAY.

CLASP close my hand, this little space is ours,
This safe green shore between two bitter seas,
A narrow meadow-land of love and ease,
Made musical with birds and fair with flowers.
For all the fragrance of the rose-hung bowers,
For all the shelter of the dusky trees,
We thank thee, Eros! Yea, upon our knees,
With tears we praise thee for these perfect hours.

Look not where Yesterday's dull current laves
The misty sea-board of our landing-place—
Clasp close my hand, and turn to me thy face,
Before we tempt To-morrow's tossing waves:
Forget, in this dear moment's certain grace,
That Time and Fate press on—and hold us slaves.

TO-NIGHT.

ALAS! my heart shrinks chill before To-night;
The birds keep silence now, the air is gray
And salt with leaping foam of Yesterday,
Lashed into fury with the shrill wind's flight.
To-day hath shrunk too narrow for delight:
To-morrow's billows raven for their prey;
Through gathering dusk, low-gleaming on its way,
The rolling tide advances, wild and white.

Thy mournful face is fading from my sight,
Though still thy hand clings steadfastly in mine;
The dawn draws near to bid us both resign
Our storm-worn shallop to the tide-wave's might—
Yet this, a little while, was mine and thine,—
One green vine-garland, plucked in Fate's despite.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PULVIS ET UMBRA.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

WE look for some reward of our endeavors and are disappointed; not success, not happiness, not even peace of conscience, crowns our ineffectual efforts to do well. Our frailties are invincible, our virtues barren; the battle goes sore against us to the going down of the sun. The canting moralist tells us of right and wrong; and we look abroad, even on the face of our small earth, and find them change with every climate, and no country where some action is not honored for a virtue and none where it is not branded for a vice; and we look in our experience, and find no vital congruity in the wisest rules, but at the best a municipal fitness. It is not strange if we are tempted to despair of good. We ask too much. Our religions and moralities have been trimmed to flatter us, till they are all emasculate and sentimentalized, and only please and weaken. Truth is of a rougher strain. In the harsh face of life, faith can read a bracing gospel. The human race is a thing more ancient than the ten commandments; and the bones and revolutions of the Kosmos, in whose joints we are but moss and fungus, more ancient still.

I.

OF the Kosmos in the last resort, science reports many doubtful things and all of them appalling. There seems no substance to this solid globe on which we stamp: nothing but symbols and ratios. Symbols and ratios carry us and bring us forth and beat us down; gravity that swings the incommensurable suns and worlds through space, is but a figment varying inversely as the squares of distances; and the suns and worlds themselves, imponderable figures of arithmetic, NH_3 and H_2O. Consideration dares not dwell upon this view; that way madness lies; science carries us into zones of speculation, where there is no habitable city for the mind of man.

But take the Kosmos with a grosser faith, as our senses give it us. We behold space sown with rotatory islands, suns and worlds and the shards and wrecks of systems: some, like the sun, still blazing; some rotting, like the earth; others, like the moon, stable in desolation. All of these we take to be made of something we call matter: a thing which no analysis can help us to conceive; to whose incredible properties, no familiarity can reconcile our minds. This stuff, when not purified by the lustration of fire, rots uncleanly into something we call life; seized through all its atoms with a pediculous malady; swelling in tumors that become independent, sometimes even (by an abhorrent prodigy) locomotory; one splitting into millions, millions cohering into one, as the malady proceeds through varying stages. This vital putrescence of the dust, used as we are to it, yet strikes us with occasional disgust, and the profusion of worms in a piece of ancient turf, or the air of a marsh darkened with insects, will sometimes check our breathing so that we aspire for cleaner places. But none is clean: the moving sand is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

infected with lice; the pure spring, where it bursts out of the mountain, is a mere issue of worms; even in the hard rock, the crystal is forming.

In two main shapes this eruption covers the countenance of the earth: the animal and the vegetable: one in some degree the inversion of the other: the second rooted to the spot; the first coming detached out of its natal mud, and scurrying abroad with the myriad feet of insects or towering into heaven upon the wings of birds: a thing so inconceivable that, if it be well considered, the heart stops. To what passes with the anchored vermin, we have little clue: doubtless they have their joys and sorrows, their delights and killing agonies: it appears not how. But of the locomotory, to which we ourselves belong, we can tell more. These share with us a thousand miracles: the miracles of sight, of hearing, of the projection of sound, things that bridge space; the miracles of memory and reason, by which the present is conceived, and when it is gone, its image kept living in the brains of man and brute; the miracle of reproduction, with its imperious desires and staggering consequences. And to put the last touch upon this mountain mass of the revolting and the inconceivable, all these prey upon each other, tearing them in pieces, cramming them inside themselves, and by that summary process, growing fat: the vegetarian, the whale, perhaps the tree, not less than the lion of the desert; for the vegetarian is only the eater of the dumb.

Meanwhile our rotatory island loaded with viticidal life, and more drenched with blood, both animal and vegetable, than ever mutinied ship, scuds through space with unimaginable speed, and turns alternate cheeks to the reverberation of a blazing world, ninety million miles away.

II.

What a monstrous spectre is this man, the disease of the agglutinated dust, lifting alternate feet or lying drugged with slumber; killing, feeding, growing, bringing forth small copies of himself; grown upon with hair like grass, fitted with eyes that move and glitter in his face; a thing to set children screaming;—and yet looked at nearlier, known as his fellows know him, how surprising are his attributes! Poor soul, here for so little, cast among so many hardships, filled with desires so incommensurate and so inconsistent, savagely surrounded, savagely fathered, irremediably condemned to prey upon his fellow lives: who should have blamed him had he been of a piece with his destiny and a being merely barbarous? And we look abroad and behold him instead filled with imperfect virtues; infinitely childish, often admirably valiant, often touchingly kind; sitting down, amidst his momentary life, to debate of right and wrong and the attributes of deity; rising up to do battle for an egg or die for an idea; singling out his friends and his mate with the most cordial affection; bringing forth in pain, and rearing with long-suffering solicitude, his young. To touch at once the heart of his mystery, we find in him one thought, strange to the point of lunacy: the thought of duty; the thought of something owing to himself, to his neighbor, to his God: an ideal of decency, to which he would rise if it were possible; a limit of shame, below which, if it be possible, he will not stoop. The design in most men is one of conformity; here and there, in picked natures, it transcends itself and soars on the other side, arming martyrs with independence; but in all, in their degrees, it is a bosom thought:—Not in man alone, for we trace it in dogs and cats whom we know fairly well, and doubtless the like point of honor sways the elephant, the oyster and the louse, of whom we know so little:—But in man, at least, it sways with so complete an empire that merely selfish things come second, even with the selfish: that appetites are starved, fears conquered, pains supported; that almost the dullest shrinks from the reproval of a glance, although it were a child's; and all but the most cowardly stand their ground amid the risks of war; and the more noble, having strongly conceived an act as due to their ideal, affront and embrace death. Strange enough if, with their singular origin and perverted

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practice, they think rewards attend them in some future life: stranger still, if they are persuaded of the contrary, and think this blow, which they solicit, will strike them senseless for eternity. I shall be reminded what a tragedy of mis-conception and mis-conduct man at large presents: of organized injustice, cowardly violence and treacherous crime; and of the damning imperfections of the best. They cannot be too darkly drawn. Man is indeed marked for failure in his efforts to do right. But where the best consistently mis-carry, how tenfold more remarkable that all should continue to strive: and surely we should find it both touching and inspiriting, that in a field from which success is banished, the labors of our race should not be stayed.

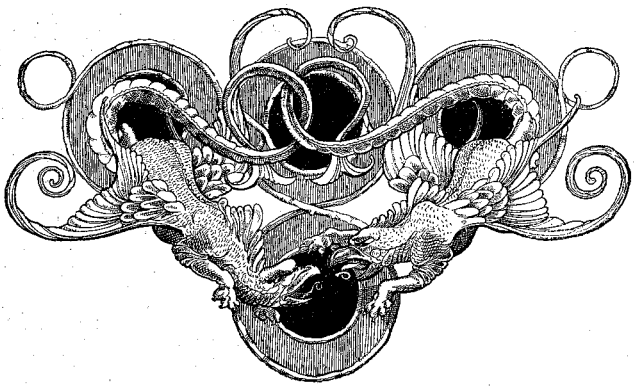
If the first view of this creature, stalking in his rotatory isle, be a thing to shake the courage of the stoutest, on this nearer sight, he startles us with an admiring wonder. It matters not where we look, under what climate we observe him, in what stage of society, in what depth of ignorance, burthened with what erroneous morality: in the Navigator Islands, crowned with flowers and fabricating proverbs; by campfires in Assiniboia, the snow powdering his shoulders, the wind plucking his blanket, as he sits, passing the ceremonial calumet and uttering his grave opinions like a Roman senator; in ships at sea, a man inured to hardship and vile pleasures, his brightest hope a fiddle in a tavern and a bedizened trull who sells herself to rob him, and he for all that simple, innocent, cheerful, kindly like a child, constant to toil, brave to drown, for others; in the slums of cities, moving among indifferent millions to mechanical employments, without hope of change in the future, with scarce a pleasure in the present, and yet true to his virtues, honest up to his lights, kind to his neighbors, tempted perhaps in vain by the bright gin-palace, perhaps long-suffering with the drunken wife that ruins him; in India (a woman this time) kneeling with broken cries and streaming tears, as she drowns her infant in the sacred river; in the brothel, the discard of society, living mainly on strong drink, fed with affronts, a fool, a thief, the comrade of thieves, and even here keeping the point of honor and the touch of pity, often repaying the world's scorn with service, often standing firm upon a scruple, and at a certain cost, rejecting riches:—everywhere some virtue cherished or affected, everywhere some decency of thought and carriage, everywhere the ensign of man's ineffectual goodness:—ah! if I could show you this! if I could show these men and women, all the world over, in every stage of history, under every abuse of error, under every circumstance of failure, without hope, without help, without thanks, still obscurely fighting the lost fight of virtue, still clinging, in the brothel or on the scaffold, to some rag of honor, the poor jewel of their souls! They may seek to escape, and yet they cannot; it is not alone their privilege and glory, but their doom; they are condemned to some nobility; all their lives long, the desire of good is at their heels, the implacable hunter.

Of all earth's meteors, here at least is the most strange and consoling: that this ennobled lemur, this hair-crowned bubble of the dust, this inheritor of a few years and sorrows, should yet deny himself his rare delights, and add to his frequent pains, and live for an ideal, however mis-conceived. Nor can we stop with man. A new doctrine, received with screams a little while ago by canting moralists, and still not properly worked into the body of our thoughts, lights us a step further into the heart of this rough but noble universe. For nowadays the pride of man denies in vain his kinship with the original dust. He stands no longer like a thing apart. Close at his heels we see the dog, prince of another genus: and in him too, we see dumbly testified the same cultus of an unattainable ideal, the same constancy in failure. Does it stop with the dog? We look at our feet where the ground is blackened with the swarming ant: a creature so small, so far from us in the hierarchy of brutes, that we can scarce trace and scarce comprehend his doings; and here also, in his ordered polities and rigorous justice, we see confessed the law of duty and the fact of individual sin. Does it stop, then, with the ant? Rather this desire of well-doing and this doom of frailty run

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through all the grades of life: rather is this earth, from the frosty top of Everest to the next margin of the internal fire, one stage of ineffectual virtues and one temple of pious tears and perseverance. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth together. It is the common and the god-like law of life. The browsers, the biters, the barkers, the hairy coats of field and forest, the squirrel in the oak, the thousand footed scourer of the dust, as they share with us the gift of life, share with us the love of an ideal: strive like us—like us are tempted to grow weary of the struggle—to do well; like us receive at times unmerited refreshment, visitings of support, returns of courage; and are like us condemned to be crucified between that double law of the members and the will. Are they like us, I wonder, in the timid hope of some reward, some sugar with the wholesome drug? do they, too, stand aghast at unrewarded virtues, at the sufferings of those whom, in our partiality, we take to be just, and the prosperity of such as, in our blindness, we call wicked? It may be; and yet God knows what they should look for. Even while they look, even while they repent, the foot of man treads them by thousands in the dust, the yelping hounds burst upon their trail, the bullet speeds, the knives are heating in the den of the vivisectionist; or the dew falls, and the generation of a day is blotted out. For these are creatures, compared with whom our weakness is consummate strength, our ignorance perfect wisdom, our brief span eternity.

And as we dwell, we living things, in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death, God forbid it should be man the erected, the reasoner, the wise in his own eyes—God forbid it should be man that wearies in well doing, that despairs of unrewarded effort, or utters the language of complaint. Let it be enough for faith, that the whole creation groans in mortal frailty, strives with unconquerable constancy: Surely not all in vain.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Pope

FROM A PORTRAIT BY KNELLER, 1716. ENGRAVED BY J. SMITH, 1717. [ÆTAT. 28.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED